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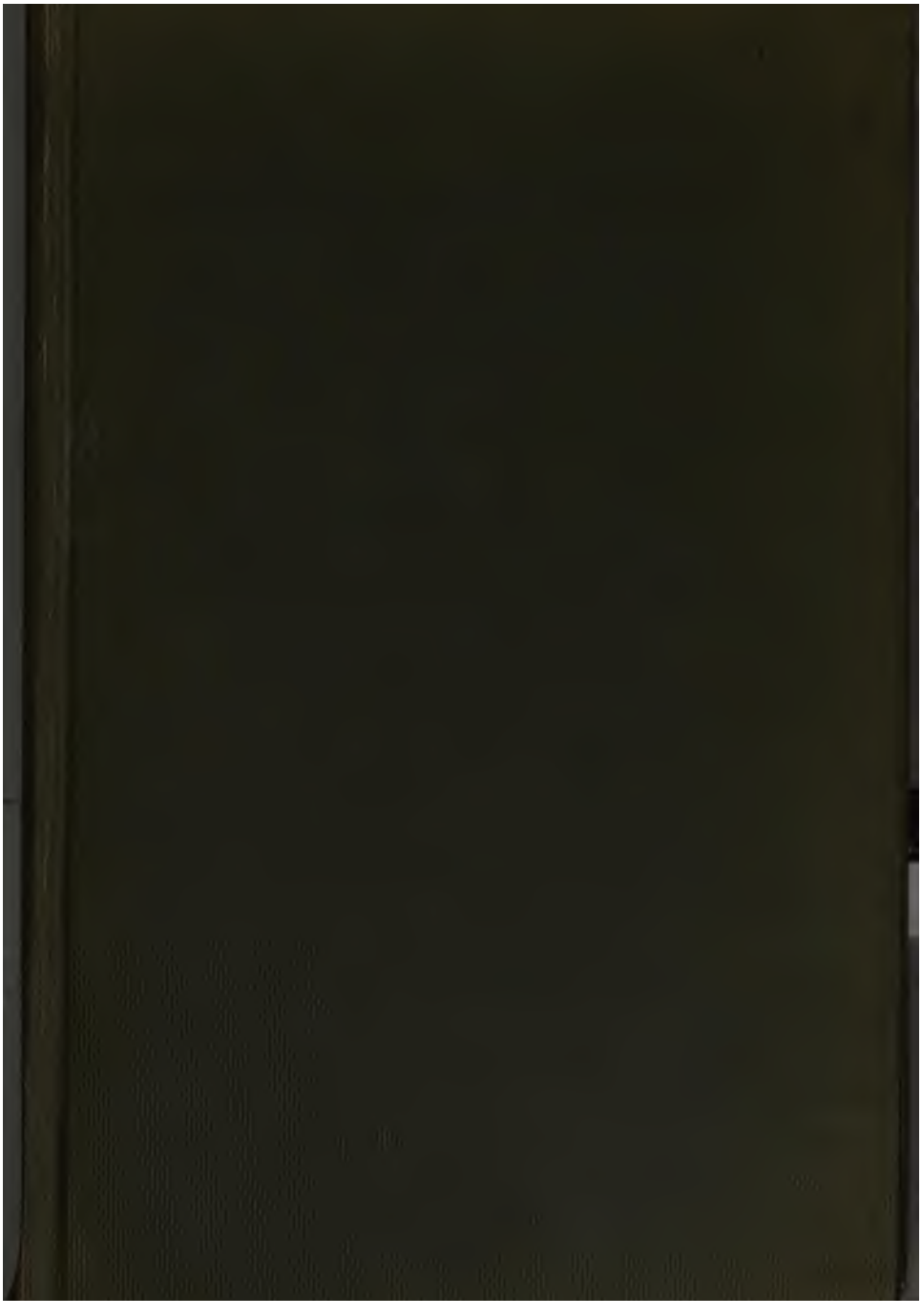

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O THE

# BOYNE WATER.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY MICHAEL BANIM, ESQ.,

THE SURVIVOR OF "THE O'HARA FAMILY."

DUBLIN:

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# INTRODUCTION.

EARLY in May, 1825, I received a letter from my brother, portions of which I here extract.

"I will come out (our title-page still continued) with a tale, in three vols., next Christmas, and I propose that, if possible, you must be the next O'Hara. Your guess about Derry is right; and what you recommend is my own plan, long since chalked out. I will visit every necessary spot in the north and south; Derry, Lough Neagh, from that, down to the Boyne; and then, Limerick, once more. I conceive that I possess, after laborious study, good workable materials for a historic tale. Derry, alone, supplies me with good scenes and studies—I mean in appeal to the human heart—and the name of my tale shall be "The Boyne Water." . . . This is Thursday. I leave for Ireland next Tuesday morning, purpose to be in Dublin (taking my time through Wales) to-morrow week, and shall, when there, expect a long letter from you, addressed to Tom Mulvaney's care. Then, not waiting to get to the North, I will write to father; and, about ten days after, look out for me in Kilkenny. Do you think we can wend to Limerick together?"

From Coleraine I received the following:—

"COLERAINE, *May* 28, 1825.

MY DEAR MICHAEL,

"Lest you should be uneasy at my staying longer than I proposed in the letter from Dublin to my father, I write to

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# INTRODUCTORY LETTER,

FROM

# MR. ABEL O'HARA TO MR. BARNES O'HARA,

GRAY'S INN, LONDON.

*Inishmore, February* 2, 1826.

MY DEAR BARNES,

Happy we are to learn from yours duly received (along with the last transcript of our "Boyne Water"), by the hands of Mr. Denis Mahony, of this place, that you are well, in good spirits, and near the conclusion of your dinner eating; so that we may now reckon on your return amongst us sooner than we had ventured to anticipate.

Mr. Mahony reports you as well perched, too, in a third or fourth storey of the Honorable Inn of Court to which you are appended, comfortable and sleek to look at, when the double door of your chambers has been once gained; but this, he adds, with a sneer (not, indeed, to me, but to others), is rather a task. He is a fat little man, you know, and not much used to bodily exertion; so that no great importance is to be attached to his views of your situation, either in this instance or in others, concerning which (I am further able to learn) he has allowed himself a certain latitude of remark among the curious of your native village. Meantime, my dear Barnes, I hope there is really no bad symptom in the reported elevation you enjoy. Though I know little of the

appreciations of a great city, you are not ignorant that with us at home second floors, I should say third or fourth, if such things were common, are allotted in lodging-houses to persons of limited means, who sink in public consideration just according to their rise in the edifice. Truth is, I am somewhat nettled by the nature of Mr. Denis Mahony's frequent observations on this and other subjects, all faithfully conveyed to me by friends of yours and mine, who make it a point not to leave me in ignorance of one word whispered against either of us.

Can you tell me, Barnes, what literary friends Mr. Mahony has in London? That point I would wish to ascertain. I know that he left Inismore with the same favourable notion of your late success that was entertained by his neighbours. This was proved by his offering (handsomely, as I thought) to take charge of letters for you. But his "literary friends," he now says, have given him quite a new view of things. In this new view, the changed Mr. Mahony is upheld by old Doctor Hummum, to whom, the very first morning of his re-appearance behind his counter, he communicated it; and he made the communication in the presence of a number of newsloving gentlemen, and of two little girls, customers. I assure you, the pronouncement of the Doctor, and his dogmatic repetition of the matter, make considerable impression on part of the public mind of Inismore. The old gentleman, although getting no practice in his own profession, yet enjoys great fame amongst us as an author himself, for the book he published, and which was printed, as you know, by Mr. Isaac Holmes, of High-street. Then, his first-rate skill as a musician; he playing equally well on the flute, violin, and violoncello. Further, his rapid and self-directed progress in the art of painting in oil colours (which he commenced in his fifty-ninth year). Those last-named pursuits add a brilliancy, as it were, to his literary name, and cause much weight to be attached to his literary decisions.

Yet, as I have said, the impression made by Mr. Mahony

and Doctor Hummum is only partial—none but the immediate friends of the two gentlemen being much influenced. The great majority of the public voice of Inismore is still with you, my dear Barnes; your good fortune is still a cause of pleasure to your fellow-townsmen, and (heaven bless the dear, kind-hearted creatures!) to your townswomen, too, of different ranks. It is my pride to perceive that (notwithstanding certain o'erpast backslidings between the ages of seventeen and two-and-twenty, of which "least said is soonest mended") my brother, Barnes O'Hara, has the lively good wishes of his native place.

Nor, after a moment's reflection, can Mr. Denis Mahony's depreciating hints, grounded on his conclusions as to your aerial abode in the Inn of Court, weigh against the pleasing assurances contained in your Christmas letter to your father and mother—that thrice welcome Christmas letter! We got it on the eve of the great festival, just when our uncertainties about you, brought on us by Mr. Mahony and Doctor Hummum, were at their height.

Though father and mother, and sister and brother, had each a private reading, there was no general participation, until the dinner-cloth disappeared the next joyous day. A chair had been placed at your old side of the table, opposite the poor mother—this chair was your representative. Then, Barnes, your letter was read aloud by me, for the general behoof: your mother listened, as if it were quite new to her; sitting back in her chair, with crossed hands, happy as quiet smiles and tears could make her. Mary sat watching the mother's face; and your father often shifting his position, and taking long-drawn pinches of Lundy Foot's high toast. Your letter read, it was placed on the table, opposite your representative, the chair. Then the mother proposed "Health and a blessing to Barnes, this holy Christmas Day; and to make friends, we'll drink Doctor Hummum's health, and Mr. Mahony's, too, and God forgive them both." We clinked our glasses in silence, our

moist eyes exchanging many glances, as we carried our bumpers to our lips.

So, God forgive Mr. Mahony, and his friend, Doctor Hummum, I say, also. And now let me perform my task of adding my final comments, and answering your last questions referring to the three volumes herewith returned for publication.

You may rest assured of the propriety of my Irish tornado, in the beginning of the first volume. Many of our old folk here remember when such phenomena were not unusual in Ireland. But I have better authority for it, very nearly on the ground where I use it, in "The History of Carrickfergus," &c., &c., &c., published by my worthy friend, Mr. Samuel M'Skimin, of that town. To him, indeed, we stand indebted for other pleasing localities introduced. He came to me, at my little Carrickfergus inn, in the honorable primitiveness of the olden time, his coat well bedusted with the flour of the mill, of which he is the esteemed proprietor, bearing in his hand the valuable volume to which I have alluded.

Upon the manner in which one of our characters catches and tames a wild colt, you suspect some question may also arise. I can only assure you, that while I have excellent tradition for attributing to that character the possession, nearly two centuries ago, of such a gift, an individual of our time was greatly celebrated for it, as can be attested by credible witnesses. No one is able, indeed, to tell me the nature of this mysterious mastery over the race of horses; and, although it may be surmised, if not explained on simple principles, yet, with a proper regard to historic truth, I leave it just as I got it—unaccounted for.

Some of the interest of the third volume turning on a mistake which (though with a very different use made of it) is to be found in one of the works of an illustrious story-teller, you fear we may be accused of wilful imitation. I stoutly answer—No! No one charges that illustrious storyteller with wilful imitation of a play of Shakespeare, in

which the same mistake occurs. This hap of close personal resemblance is not of very rare occurrence. We have, ourselves, seen two instances of it, and we may surely be permitted to draw from our own observations. Do not trouble your head, overmuch, on the matter you last wrote about.

You say yourself: "Englishmen of almost every party, who may honour our book with a perusal, are now prepared to recognise the truth of the historical portraits we sketch and allude to." You tell me, "that since some late publications, and, particularly, since the publication of 'The Life of James II., King of England, collected out of memoirs writ of his own hand,' edited 'from the authentic manuscripts,' by the librarian at Carlton House, and published under the auspices of his present gracious Majesty, Englishmen have ceased to attribute to the deposed monarch such civil tyranny, and such plotting against their religion, as his hostile cotemporaries found it politic to lay at his door."

And further, you say, "that inasmuch as the least perfect parts of the British Constitution were not only allowed to remain by James's successor, but other parts, perhaps more objectionable, added to them, Englishmen, at present, see, in the zeal of the adherents of that successor, as much selfishness as patriotism; as much thirst of monopoly as thirst of righteousness; as much hunger for the loaves and fishes as for the bread of life; as much indifference to freedom, when freedom could have been secured, as emptiness in the clamour they raised in her name. In a word, as much pretension as truth; as much of jesuitism as the so-called jesuitism they profess to oppose."

While, from your opinion of English principle and character, you venture, in more of hope than of misgiving, before an English reader, you entertain some dread of an Irish reader. Now, I have been in Ireland all the time you have been out of it—of course, I possess so much more observation of the country; and I am bold to rally your heart

on this point: don't be chicken-hearted, Barnes. In the name of St. Patrick's "green, immortal shamrock," I tell you to go on, and fear not.

No period of our history is, in Ireland, so little understood, so little known, as that we have stumbled on. No period is so much involved in traditionary gossip and popular stories. Through the medium of popular stories, both sides are, indeed, best acquainted with it.

For instance: one side regards William as a persecutor, which he was not; as a Church of England champion, which he was not; and as a religious bigot, which he was not. The other side regard him as an amiable and chivalrous hero of romance; and they will have it that he was an appointed instrument, first to England, and next to Ireland, specially missioned for the purpose of rooting out Popery—and very pious withal. They claim him as a Church-of-England man, because he is eulogised by Church-of-England Protestants, who cannot be supposed to applaud the "piety" of a prince differing widely from their religion, and often heartily disliking it.

James, too, is misunderstood. Both sides are of accord in one point concerning him; namely, that he was a coward, or something like it. His hereditary haters call him tyrant, butcher, fanatic; his most vivid identity in their minds is a brass sixpence, or a pair of wooden shoes; while the descendants of those who fought by his side, scarcely take the trouble of denying one of the leading charges against him, either because they have listened, until repetition worries them into assent, or because, if it be allowed by them that James was a coward, which he was not, they place the odium of defeat on his shoulders, and thereby gratify their own wounded vanity.

Thus, they go on, Protestant and Catholic—

> "Both disclaiming truth,
> And truth disclaiming both."

I will not, Barnes, examine at unreasonable length, here, all the opposing opinions of one party or the other. I have satisfied myself that the portraits held up as likenesses of the rival princes, James II., and his son-in-law, William, are neither of them true pictures. I have taken all due pains, as I was bound to do, to get at the bottom of the (in Ireland) muddy well, where truth is to be found; and my mind is at ease as to the result of my researches. I have the approval of my conscience, touching my desire to substitute facts for loose representations. Let there be realities say I, instead of delusions; and then, sound footing will be preferred to Will-o'-the-Wisp erroneousness.

I will tell you, Barnes, what I would like to aid: I would go far to assist in dispersing the mist that hangs over Irish ground. I would like to see those dwelling on the Irish soil looking about them in the clear sunshine—the murkiness dispelled—recognising each other as belonging to a common country, and exchanging the password, "This is my native land."

If, even through the medium of a work of fiction, we make a step towards the above result, I see no reason to anticipate hostility—we must claim the credit of good intention, at all events.

I am oversanguine, perhaps; but, for my part, I expect that partizans, even, will not cling to error, merely because it coincides with their preconceived prejudices. We, here in Ireland, ought to be anxious to ascertain our position accurately, if for no other reason than that we may give ourselves a common country. At present, the Irish, as a people, have no country, while the children of every other soil boast a proud identity with their native land.

At all events, we have nothing to fear, even from displeasure. We come forward on this occasion with clean breasts. Very likely we may not fit the knuckle of either side: that we cannot help, while we reconcile our humble efforts to our own consciences. This, you will say, is valiant for me. Probably I do wax valiant, when I know that

every statement of facts, or allusion to them, which we are compelled incidentally to put forward, is authorised by historians whom both sides are bound to admit; and nothing can be objected to us, which must not also be objected to Dalrymple, or Harris, or Burnet, or Hume, or Smollet, or James's Memoirs, or Walker's Diary of the Siege of Derry, with many other general and local histories.

When our historical people speak on historical points, we have given them, as often as possible, the words that history puts into their mouths, and never one word which, in our opinion, is not authorised by their characters, sentiments, or actions. In the latter instance, they may be conceived to utter thoughts and feelings too vivid for some who, at one side or the other, love not them, nor their thoughts nor their feelings; but we may plead that a dramatist, while trying to give natural speech to his characters, is not accountable for all they choose to say.

We have unhesitatingly restored to their true shapes and features all those we have found disguised according to the musty fanaticism prevailing nearly two centuries ago; and we hold ourselves accountable for exercising our right to take such freedoms with the dead and gone.

And now get the three unwieldy volumes printed as fast as our respected northern fellow-countryman, Mr. J. M'Creery, can manage it—with my blessing; and my request, too, that concerning the point upon which I have been so loquacious, you will give yourself no farther trouble.

Other parts give me more uneasiness: but no matter now; let them pass to their great account.

Heaven help us! I have gone near to frighten myself, by using at random that last expression. It creates a very uncomfortable sensation—a kind of shuddering about the seat of life.

My dear Barnes,

Your affectionate brother,

ABEL O'HARA.

P.S.—*Apropos*, about the failing at the heart I feel, at the idea of standing before the dread tribunal we are facing, in the person of our present venture. Doctor Hummum predicts it will be worse than our former one, although that was bad enough, he says. Bad as the first tales were, he says, we are not now about to fellow them. How can he and Mr. Mahony's literary friends be so certain? Have you ever let a copy out of your hands, without knowing where it might have strayed? I'm sure I kept those you sent me, from time to time, close enough; yet nothing can be more assured than Doctor Hummum's quiet, settled, and self-gratified conviction. Then the compression of Mr. Mahony's lips, and the slow up-and-down motion of his head, confirmatory of Doctor Hummum's uncharitable prejudgment! This goes to my heart; although I try to convince myself it should not depress me so. Perhaps it is a fate, or a rule laid down by the Doctor, and accepted by his friend —that a poor author's second book must ever fall below his first. If so, heaven help us! I say again. We should be ungrateful, indeed, if a recollection of the highly gratifying, though I fear too high praise, with which other critics have treated us, did not serve to give us hopes, in spite of Doctor Hummum and Mr. Mahony's prophecy. Doctor Hummum's opinion runs counter with other opinions, I think more weighty than his; and he may be mistaken.

You have expressed to me your very profound sense of the kindness and encouragement to which I allude; and if any fitting opportunity should occur for making our joint sentiments known, I hereby request of you, Barnes, to say, in your name and mine, all that the truest gratitude would naturally and simply lead you to say.

A. O'H.

# THE BOYNE WATER.

## CHAPTER I.

It was in the summer of 1685, that a party of travellers, suggesting, in the group, some remarkable contrast, held their way from Belfast to the more northern and ancient fortress of Carrickfergus.

First came on a jennet and steed, of the best kind the country afforded, a maiden and a youthful cavalier, well clad, well favoured, and exhibiting in their air that certain, though indefinable something which proclaims the habits and feelings, if not the birth and lineage, of gentle maidens and gallant cavaliers. The damsel, in her tight, grass-green, long-waisted jerkin, laced and fringed with silver; in her ample cloth riding-skirt, of a graver colour, showing, through certain openings, glimpses of a rich silk under-dress; in her low-crowned, broad-leafed, riding-hat, flapped down, to be secured under the chin; and, above all, in the very delicate, if not very beautiful face beneath it, shaded by loose tresses of a pale gold-colour; she, in particular, asserted, at a glance, her pretensions to gentle rank. And, if her marbly cheek and melancholy brow did not well become a sylph-like girl of sixteen, perhaps they touched the bosom of a beholder with more interest than could the radiance of a sunny face, and a laughter-looking glance.

He who rode at her side, and, with an air of brotherly and affectionate protection, occasionally touched her rein, was not so prepossessing in visage or figure, though he was almost as young as his sweet charge. His features were, perhaps, too rigidly marked, though by no means of a common cast; seriousness, without pensiveness, seemed, at all events now

that he remained unexcited, their predominant character. But his figure, though, even in boyhood, more square and manly than round or graceful, had in it a gallant hardihood that recommended him to notice, and seemed particularly to fit the brother and protector of a girl so delicate and fragile as she who rode beside him. This impression was well sustained by the brave dress he wore; by his fawn-coloured cavalier hat, looped up obliquely in front, and adorned with a long feather; by his close-buttoned green surcoat, moderately slashed in the upper-sleeve, and sufficiently short to show the knees tightly fitted by hose; while a graceful full-topped half-boot fell mid-way down the leg, and a riding-cloak, hung off one shoulder, flowed over the saddle, or fluttered in the light breeze.

Some distance behind this youthful pair, on a peaceably-shaped animal, of that class which one would assign to parish clergymen of all sects who do not hunt, followed a very short, round, elderly man, whose legs, though not crippled by stirrup-leathers, unusually scanty, reached scarce more than half-way down the sides of the beast he bestrode. And those legs looked still shorter, on account of the descent upon them of the over-abundant skirts of the good old-fashioned English coat, which, even ere Charles I. imported the costume of the court whose infanta he failed to charm away, was popular in the sister-country. Again, their full proportion was interrupted by the square-toed, high-heeled, high-mouthed shoes, something of the cut of the Blucher boots of our day: so that, altogether, not more than a few inches of leg were visible, covered by clocked sky-blue woollen stockings. A full tie wig, topped by that curious-shaped, broad-brimmed, pan-crowned hat, which one cannot call round, square, or angular, completed the costume of this remarkable person. His little paunch—little in comparison with paunches, but huge in comparison with his own proportions—rested on the brazen-nosed pummel of his pad. There appeared, in the oozing of his vacant purply face, in the distension and rolling of his grey eyes, in the hard compression of his lips, and in his desperate grasping of the bridle, indications of a mind not well at ease, and as if it were to a task of some difficulty, and much bodily torture, to decently, the character of a cavalier.

By his side, on a steed also of very grave confo

habits, rode a man, his senior in years, and his contrary in person, being tall, gaunt, and spare in the limbs. Behind him, on a pillion, sat a second female, quite as tall, though of a bulk promising, if fairly divided, to make three of such as he; the profusion of cloth in which, down to the toes, she was enveloped, serving to give even an exaggerated notion of her colossal figure.

From the vulgar hardness of his sharp features, as well as from his antique coat of livery, buttoned but too closely, as far down as the hips (thence it spread into voluminous skirts), over his greyhound body, this good lady's conductor, although his great trooper's boots and roundhead hat insinuated a foregone military character, might easily be recognised as an attendant. The Amazonian lady herself might as easily pass for a considerable personage—at least in her own estimation. The impression was not, indeed, conveyed by dignity of deportment, or even the affectation of it, but rather by a solemn, fussy expression of countenance, generally seen with good dames who talk and do a great deal in circles which are bound to admit their preponderance, and who, assisted by worldly as well as natural requisites, have a talent, without positive vociferation, of ruling their humble friends, and sometimes their husbands. Behind the whole party, followed a bare-legged peasant-boy leading a sorrowful donkey, across whose back hung two large, well-laden hampers.

The travellers had left behind the curious Cave-hill, that almost overhangs Belfast. They had come in view of Carrickfergus, with its ancient and well-fortified castle, standing out in the bay, on a nearly insulated rock—an object by no means deficient in importance or picturesque interest, and sympathising so well, in rudeness and largeness of parts, with the primitive pile on which it was based, that thus beheld at a distance, both masses seemed one. For some time all had been silent. Except that, now and then, any increased motion of his steed called from the little round man an involuntary groan, immediately after which he might be seen turning his head over his shoulder, as quickly as he could, to observe whether or no the dame on the pillion took notice of his ejaculation. And if [illegible] case, during all such accidents, he from [illegible] eyes fastened, half in [illegible] never failed, after

another twitch of feature, to look on straight before him, with a face as composed and unconscious as he could well assume. These interruptions excepted, silence reigned among the party, until they had gained the first unobstructed view of Carrickfergus.

Then the two young persons in front found words to express their sentiments on the interesting picture; and, that topic exhausted, continued to converse together. It appeared from their discourse, that they were orphan brother and sister; that the elderly little man, behind them, was their uncle and guardian, and the gigantic lady his spouse. In remark upon a new piece of information with which her brother supplied her, the maiden proceeded to ask—"Our guardian's dame is of London city, then?" When a shrill exclamation of "Paul, Paul!" from the lady herself, in consequence of an unusually loud groan from him who, nominally at least, was her lord and husband, interrupted the brother's answer, and, had Esther Evelyn been skilled in accents, might have fully proclaimed to her the genuine city derivation of her aunt-in-law.

Both turned their horses' heads to the rear; and "Paul, Paul!" the dame continued—"What's to do with thee, now, sweetheart?"

"Nought, coney," replied Paul, in such imperfect delivery as denoted the almost total absence of teeth—"nought, truly; only my beast stumbled."

"And let him stumble," Mrs. Evelyn went on, contemptuously, "over every stock and stone on this wild road; could'st not hold thy hand tight on the rein, and the breath tight in thy body, and not fright folk with such a holloring?"

"I but feared he might fall outright, Janet. And it seemeth to me," venturing a glance downward, "I am at such a height above the road, that it might have done me an injury forsooth."

"Tut, no, sweetheart," she said affectionately; "thanks to thy good wife's care, thy bones are so well wrapped up, it would have done no more hurt to thee than to a bale of broadcloth."

He made no answer, contenting himself with keeping up a decent composure of face, notwithstanding the refined torture conferred by every step, even the gentlest, of his steed. The dame continued:

"Tho' much, doubtless, is the peril of [illegible]ing o[illegible]

roads, in such a country, and on beasts such, only, as it can afford us."

"They're jest too good fur hur likes," said one of the few native peasants of the district, who was passing, and heard the observation.

"There," remarked Mrs. Evelyn—using gross language, no doubt, yet the common language of her day, even in parliament—"there goes a Murdering and Damnable Papist."

"An' there hur sits, a Heretic Jade, wid the fire ready kindled an' roarin' fur hur," retorted the man, also using the charitable expressions in vogue amongst the vulgar and bigoted of his persuasion. At the same time he turned up a wild bridle-road, and left them.

"Ah!" resumed Mrs. Evelyn, airing a set speech, the conclusion of which she had learned from public manifestoes, and, for many years had been in the habit of rehearsing; "Never can the land have roads or ways, men or beasts, as it should have them, until Popery and Slavery be rooted out, with all Jesuits, Plotters, and Suspected Persons."

"Never," said her attendant, who rode before her, also indulging in some favourite allusions, while his sentiments imparted to his long and wrinkled face its hardest expression; "never, till the auld Forty-One comes round again. Whilk time, as an humble doer for the Lord, forbye a Corporal muckle in favour wi' that zealous man, tho' an Erastian, Charles Coote, I returned to the Papists and Malignants, hilt-deep, the Sword they had unsheathed amang the Lord's people."

"The Papists," Mrs. Evelyn went on, not at all indulging in commonplace, "who plotted their Damnable plot to poison the King, murder us, and make us subjects of Antichrist, the Pope; who ran thro' the body, with his own sword, that good magistrate, Godfrey, at Primrose-hill; and who burned down the city, till the flames stopped at London Bridge, as may be seen on the Monument to this day." (The lady spoke truly, not only of her own day, by the way, but of ours; for there, indeed—a century at least after all men who can read or think have laughed at the misstatement, there it remains graven in stone, to be spelt over by the mere ignorance and folly of the land, and perpetuated on minds as hard as the stone itself.)

Young Evelyn had not been indifferent to the conversation here noticed. With a tone he might properly assume to an

old attendant of his father, though, in reality, he intended the remonstrance for his Aunt-in-law, now said—

"Oliver, it were wiser, more seemly, and more Christian, that you forbore such observations. The times are altered—and altered, I hope, for the better—since they afford opportunity to men of all parties to hold out to each other the hand of Brotherhood. A Popish Sovereign now fills the throne of these realms; he has ascended that seat of his fathers in peace; and in welcome, too, from persons of every persuasion—"

"From Backsliders, Papists, and Malignants—" "From Plotters, Papists, and Jesuits," interrupted Oliver and Mrs. Evelyn, in a breath.

"We owe him our allegiance," young Evelyn went on; "with it our honour and respect. And it cannot be respectful—no, nor lawful—to insult with our speech the Religion our Sovereign chooses, and is permitted to profess."

"Doubtless, no," said uncle Paul, anxious for peace.

"What, Paul!—what say'st thou?" exclaimed his consort; and Paul winced more than if his fat horse had—which it could not do—bounded under him;—"honour and respect for that which is damnable and idolatrous, plotting and murderous, poisoning, burning, and jesuitical—say'st thou, man?"

"No such thing do I say," replied the husband, meekly.

"He wha touches pitch is defiled thereby," said Oliver, "and he wha denies the Lord will, in his day, be denied by Him. Wherefore, anent yon man James, whom Malignants and Papists, Erastians and Prelatists, call King—"

"What mean'st thou by Prelacy, fellow?" interrupted Mrs. Evelyn; "what mean'st thou by joining that with Papists and Jesuits, Plo—"

"And," continued Oliver, raising his voice, and in his turn interrupting, as the better way to get out of the mistake he soon saw he had committed; "and whom they go forth to proclaim with the sounding of brazen trumpets, and the tinkling of timbrels, and with a loud voice thro' the city, and a cry among the people, saying—"

"Good fellow," here interposed a stranger, wearing a close, black cap, and a full riding-cloak; the voice sounding jus Oliver's ear, and startling him, although the speaker h some time accompanied the party unperceive if you do not hold your neck to be too stra

your back to require a clawing, best keep silence so near yon loyal town." The travellers had, indeed, now approached very near to Carrickfergus.

"What have I said, that I should keep silent?" asked Oliver, wrathfully, and still half nervous.

"Treason," replied the other, "if 'twere worth the telling."

"Truth," retorted Oliver, "and the words of truth. Peradventure you be, yourself, of the children of abomination, the sons of darkness and of Belial; but even to thee will I testify against this breaking into the fold, this slumbering and backsliding of the shepherds—"

"This introducing of popery and slavery;" echoed Mrs. Evelyn.

"Silence, Oliver!" cried her nephew-in-law.

"Fools!"—exclaimed the stranger, in a tone as intemperate as that used by those he addressed—"Fools, as well as Blasphemers and Heretics."

"Heretics!" said Oliver, stopping his horse to confront his new companion; "whom call you by that name, brother?"

"You, and all like you, who have departed from the bosom of holy Church, to set up the false lights of your own weak judgment, and bow down before them in presumptuous self-worship?"

"You, and all like you," rejoined Oliver, "whether Papists or Prelatists."

"Sirrah!"—exclaimed his burden, turning fiercely on her conductor; "again I ask what would'st thou by that word?"

"Even those," he replied, forgetting, in extreme zeal, his former caution; "wha, against the voice of the Covenant, give ear to the words of men in sleeves of lawn, and long garments, sic as are called Bishops and Archbishops, Deans, Deacons, and Rectors; poor remnants of the tricks of Satan, and the deceptions of the Scarlet—"

"Beshrew thy knave's heart! thou art worse than a Papist, thyself!" cried Mrs. Evelyn, "none but such could hold such language of the pure, Reformed Religion."

"No!" said the stranger, "alas, he is no more of the true, holy Faith, than thou, thyself, unhappy woman!—I know you, now, old Noll; you were yon, at the Gobbins heughs, in the Forty-One;" alluding to the massacre of Roman Catholics, differently accounted for, which took place in Island Magee during the dreadful year of 1641, or 1642.

"*I return thanks to the Lord,* I was," said Oliver. "We

mickle sorrow that on that good night you stood not before me. For now I no longer doubt you; you are a professed Papist."

"I am an unworthy son of holy Church," answered the stranger, devoutly crossing himself; "and now, of the triumphant Church, too—Hark to that! Long live King James!" he continued, as a shout, that he seemed apt at interpreting, reached them, through a gate of the town, from the far end of a street, the suburb extremity of which they were just entering. At the same time, the speaker, letting go the folds of his cloak, which he had hitherto kept closely grasped, displayed the habit of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic of the regular order.

"A travelling friar!" exclaimed Oliver.

"A Jesuit! a Jesuit!" screamed Mrs. Evelyn.

"And now I know you, too," resumed the old trooper, "your name is O'Haggerty; a fire-brand amang the people; a sore affliction to the Covenant; and weel disposed to do scaith on my head for the words I have spoken. Do thy best—I defy thee."

"Heretical Idiot!" said the young friar, for young he was, and of a tall, robust person, and rather coarse features, "for the sake of the well-intentioned youth who is thy master, and whose remonstrance with thee I have heard; and also for the sake of yon sweet and delicate young lady, whose health and spirits do not seem well to brook such wrangling; I will spare you. Your ancient companion I spare for her own sake; this is a day of triumph, not of struggle. Attend to what is now to be acted, and suffer in spirit all I could wish to inflict." At these words, the ecclesiastic gave spurs to his horse, and was soon lost in the crowd that, amid a great din of shouting, accompanied by the squeak of a cracked trumpet, and the rub-a-dub of an old kettledrum, on which a fresh sheep-skin had just been badly strained for the occasion, advanced towards the travellers.

Our party were obliged to draw up inside the rude gate of the town, which they had just entered, in order to give place to the throng, that almost immediately halted about the spot.

Thus, however, they were afforded opportunity to observe what was going forward. In the centre of the concourse, Evelyn could recognise the mayor of the town, attended by the recorder, sheriffs, aldermen, burgesses, and the c
porate and official persons, all in their

horseback. Before them was the town-clerk, accompanied by the trumpeter, as crazy as his instrument, and the drummer, as wrinkled as his sheep-skin; and, after a pause, this important officer crying silence, proceeded to read, in a loud voice, and with vile pronunciation, made up of two parts of Scotch, and one of Irish brogue, a paper that proclaimed James the Second, King. All had stood uncovered during his oration; and, at the end, the mayor, recorder, &c., joined in his "God save King James!" waving their cocked hats, their wands, and other badges of office; whilst, at the same time, the ever-willing crowd threw up their greasy caps, and contributed three separate shouts.

Evelyn looked attentively to try if he could discover in the faces of the officials, or of the crowd, much hidden opinion at variance with this outward manifestation of joy; but, among the former, his physiognomic skill did not enable him to detect any contradiction. Even the crowd, though in that northern town chiefly Protestants of one sect or other, seemed generally sincere and gratified. On their outskirts, indeed, might be observed more than one inferior group of old and young, male and female, individuals after the hearts of Noll and Mrs. Evelyn, who joined but faintly, or not at all, in the common shout, their heads turned, and their eyes fixed scoffingly on the corporate officers, or as scoffingly, and more expressively, on each other. But such variations from the prevalent feeling, Evelyn did not fail to set down as the exceptions that attend every general rule, and most particularly every general rule in religious politics. He omitted, indeed, to consider them as the unnoticed sparks that, after a half-consumed city is supposed to be safe from further harm, still live in the midst of security, awaiting but the breath of a fresh wind, or merely the progress of their own ignition, to burst forth in treble vigour.

But, so far as his calculations at present went, Evelyn was correct. Since the monstrous excesses committed on both sides in the year 1641, and afterwards on one side only, by the ruthless Cromwell, Ireland had, down to the moment we speak of, enjoyed more peace, or, at all events, rest, than could be recollected in her previous history, from the time of Henry II. The efforts to set aside Cromwell's settlement, [illegible] in slight ruffle to the national tranquillity. But question became decided, and that the disap-

pointed Catholics were content to bear in silence the bitterness of the arbitrary decision which, from the son of Charles I., they saw little reason to expect, all parties relapsed into quietness, and seemed willing to tolerate, if not esteem each other. In aid of this sentiment, now came the lively declarations of intended impartiality and protection, made by the new King to his privy council, on behalf of his Protestant subjects; the good hopes of a happy reign derived therefrom by all sects in the mother country, and the sincere expressions of loyalty and attachment consequently manifested in addresses from each, could not fail to command a correspondent feeling throughout Ireland. Men were tired, too, of a mere religious struggle, principally, perhaps, on account of the hopelessness, at any side, and after considerable efforts on all sides, of religious extermination. Since they could trust their Prince, they seemed indifferent to his worshipping God after his own fancy. And thus the mixed crowd, that, in a small town in the north of Ireland, shouted up James the Second, might be heard re-echoing the watchword of security which then ran through all the British realms—"We have the word of a Prince—a pledge never broken—Long live King James!"

Yet were there noncontents: amongst them, none more consistent than Oliver and Mrs. Evelyn, and, so long as he remained under her jurisdiction, Paul, her spouse. As the party stood looking on, Evelyn waved his hat and cheered; but his aunt-in-law scowled at the town-clerk, and once, when in some evident return of displeasure he met her eye, she shook her head and hand at him, uttering words that it was perhaps well for her the noise of acclamation completely drowned. Oliver, too, though contenting himself with severe silence, remained covered, till a person, passing on horseback, twitched off his hat, and cried, "Shout, roundhead, shout!"

"There's na muckle treason in a guarded mouth," replied the old Covenanter, coolly taking his hat from some benevolent person who had stooped to pick it up.

"Look on, and you shall soon know," resumed the voice of the young friar, now recognisable; and he again turned off to join the crowd.

The corporate procession had begun to return down the street, in progress to some other established place from which

to make its proclamation, when a portion of the people whom the friar joined and spoke to for a moment, separated from the rest, and, hoisting an individual astride on a pole, advanced with him, borne on their shoulders, towards the travellers.

"That's *ridin' the stang*," observed the urchin who had in charge the donkey and hampers.

"And what means it?" inquired Evelyn.

We answer for the boy, by informing the reader, first, that the phrase, translated into English, meant riding upon a sting, as, we presume, the galling seat of the rider might justly be called; second, that it was a local, popular punishment, inflicted by proxy for such offences as were not cognizable at common law. Some low fellow, representing the offender, was mounted, as in the instance to be noticed, upon a pole, and thus making avowals, in the name of the real aggressor, of his adopted guilt, was carried about the streets, until at last he reached the house of the delinquent, where he proclaimed anew the misdemeanor which had given offence, and then, with loud shouts, the ceremonial ended.

"An' its ridin' the stang," continued the donkey's guardian, "only yon thief isn't the true one," and he looked up significantly at Oliver.

The minor crowd approached with their burden, a very nasty, ill-looking fellow; and, ere our travellers could follow down the street the main body of the people, they were again surrounded.

"Wha are you? wha are you?" cried many voices to him on the pole, as they halted before the party.

"Wha am I but auld Noll, that was a militia trooper in the Forty-One?" he answered.

"Thou liest, even as the prince of lies, wha is thy father," said Oliver, calmly scowling at his ragged representative. The crowd took no notice, but continued: "Make full and penitent proclamation of the guilt whilk gars you ride the stang!"

"And what for no, since I hae gotten the grace to repent me? I just ride the stang anent yon time when I would na doff my bonnet for good King Jamie, foul fa' me for a graceless loon, that did na better mind it!"

"And do ye mind it noo? and wha is King noo?"

"King Jamie the Second is King, and I, Noll Whittle, of the *Forty-One, I mind it weel*—huzza for King Jamie!"

"Huzza! huzza! huzza!" echoed the crowd, as releasing their substitute criminal, they followed rapidly, and with loud peals of laughter, the main concourse. Oliver just commanding as much prudence as made him feel that it might be inconvenient to suffer himself to be provoked into overt words of disloyalty. But, not so Mrs. Evelyn, who, despite the mortal fears of her husband (in suspicion that a trot over the paving-stones, on the *stang*, would be more inconvenient even than the paces of his steed), and the earnest expostulations of her husband's nephew, continued to vent her zeal and wrath as the party moved down the street, in quest of a house of entertainment.

"Cross me not, nephew," she said, as they passed by the pier, or quay wall, and rather near to it, "a woman, at least, can use her tongue."

"Troth can she," said the barelegged attendant, coming back from a group of people whom he had interrogated as to the meaning of a second approaching clamour—"Troth can she, if she likes the rest o't; mind this, jest," pointing to the noisy throng that now passed our travellers.

In the centre was an old woman of very low stature, and mean apparel, whom the united efforts of three strong men, obviously town-bailiffs, could scarce drag onward towards the quay wall: although two of them held each a hand of the pigmy fury—a necessary measure to prevent a renewal of the favours which it was evident those hands, assisted by their proper nails, had recently conferred on their faces—and although the third exerted, by passing a rope round her waist, considerable influence over her motions, she tugged and twisted, and jumped up and down, and to one side and the other, making various attempts to bite with the few teeth she had left; or, bending her body, and opposing the amazing resistance of her strength and weight, little as both might appear to be, suffered herself to be trailed a few steps on her heels or knees; her features all the while distorted with frenzy; her stringy neck swollen like a bundle of small ropes; her clothes torn and bemired, and her once shrill pipe grown hoarse with execration.

"Let me go! let me go!" she exclaimed in passing, "ye tools and ministers of Beelzebub, ye upbanders of abomination, ye servants and torturers for Sathan! To the water's brink ye shall never gar me go! I will have strength for resistance—yea,

the strength that comes frae above is given me; let me go, ye outcasts!—ye cast-a-ways!—ye Papists and Malignants! I say to you he is no king, but a fause idol set up for saul-killing worship! I uplift my voice—"

"On with her! on with her!" cried a person higher in authority than the bailiffs, and looking like the mayor's clerk. "Come along, old Alice, and be thankful for the mercy that decrees you but this punishment; to-day you have spoken treason, for which the twisting of your old neck were proper reward, only that his worship's honour is too Christian-like, and judging your clack but as the clack of a common scold, wills you no more than the quieting of one. Silence in the court till the town law for such offence be read!"

And thereupon this person read from a paper he held in his hand, often interrupted by the violence of Alice, the following Carrickfergus statute:

"October, 1575, Ordered and agreede, by the whole court, that all manner of skoldes which shal be openly detected of skolding, or evil wordes in manner of skolding, and for the same shal be condemned before Mr. Maior and his brethren, shal be drawne at the sterne of a boate in the water, from the end of the peare rounde abought the queenes majesties castell, in manner of ducking, and after, when a cage shal be made" ("ithas been ready these hundred years," remarked the mayor's officer, parenthetically), "the party so condemned for a skolde shall be therein punished at the discretion of the maior."

A general shout followed the promulgation of this salutary law; and once more, Alice, who had had the advantage of a halt, while it was reading, experienced the attentions of the bailiffs, her voice now completely unheard in the grand uproar, and her resistance proving, from exhaustion, less than before. Yet, ere she quite passed from the place on which our travellers had drawn up, she made one final effort, in the shape of an appeal for the intercession of all the Lord's people.

"To so many of ye as have heard the word, and now hear me, I uphaud my voice for a deliverance! Tak me out of captivity, and let your hands undo the bonds of a hard bondage! Ha!" she continued, recognising an old acquaintance, "sit you there on a war-horse, armed to go forth and conquer, and winna you smite wi' the sword, Oliver Whittle, in my cause, and in the cause of a broken Covenant?" another long

tug forward, which, notwithstanding his sincere zeal, Oliver did not regret, "and the winsome leddy that bides on the back part of the steed ahint you."—The bailiffs looked ominously at Mrs. Evelyn; Paul also looked at his consort—she was pale as death; "oh, winna she uplift her voice for the Lord's bondswoman? Avoid ye, evil ones!" another successful tug—"Agents of darkness!—hell-servants!—let me go! let me go!"

Her voice here became finally lost, and all resistance, too, seemed at an end, for the bailiffs, and the whole crowd around her, hurried on with increased rapidity, amid the screaming of women, the piping of children, and the barking of a hundred curs. Evelyn and his sister then turned their horses towards a house of entertainment; and Mrs. Evelyn, uncle Paul, and Oliver, followed in profound silence; the titter of the donkey's guide, and almost at the same time, a lengthened bray from the donkey's self, being the only sounds uttered by any of the crestfallen party.

## CHAPTER II.

AS evening approached, the travellers resolved to spend that night in Carrickfergus. After they had together partaken of an early supper, Oliver being allowed to sit at a corner of the table, they separated into distinct parties. Mrs. Evelyn and her husband—we always put, by impulse, the dame's name first—fell asleep, opposite each other, in two rude arm-chairs; Oliver Whittle stalked out of the room to seek his own chamber, and there pour forth his soul in extempore prayer; and young Evelyn and his sister adjourned to a private sitting-room, where some discourse occurred between them, which, as during this evening of inaction we think it useful for our purposes, the reader will be pleased to peruse, in a very short chapter.

"Nothing interests you, Esther," said the young gentleman; "that is too evident. You answer my questions, indeed, or agree in my remarks, or even start one of your own, but the sigh that always closes your lips, tells how indifferent to your

thoughts is the passing discourse; and despite my assurance of your affection, almost tempts me to fear that even my own presence is indifferent."

The young lady smiled faintly, but very sweetly, as she answered: "Robert, *that* you must not say; God knows, except yourself, there is now no being on earth dear to the heart of Esther Evelyn."

"Again that heavy sigh, dearest Esther, and that sad drooping of your head—how shall I reconcile these symptoms with your words? Were we not brother and sister, I might be at liberty to reconcile them by, doubtless, a very flattering inference; but you know you must not be in love with me," he added, in a little effort to rally her spirts. She smiled again with more animation than before, and her brother continued:

"And this minds me of a question I have once or twice intended; but look honestly at me, Esther, that I may judge from your eyes and cheeks, rather than from your words, of the fact;" she turned her face up in calm surprise, and looked fully at her brother. "Aye," he resumed, "excellently acted; be sure, all this convinces me, you do not even guess what I would ask. Well, well, no use of any more amazement, I *am* convinced; and now, fair sister, is your little heart still your own?"

"You mean, am I in love, as it is called, with any one?" she asked, simply and quietly.

"Even so; in love, as it is called."

"Indeed, indeed, brother, I am not."

"Never yet saw the man you could love?"

"Yourself apart—for we talk not now of brother's and sister's love; and since an event I cannot name"—tears gushed from her eyes, "never, brother, never."

"My dearest Esther," the brother continued, much affected also, "this endless and unavailing sorrow is sinful and selfish—No, not selfish, I did not mean that; but how unfortunate I am in all my little efforts, Esther, to amuse you!—Even now I believed I had chosen a theme as wide as possible from any afflicting recollection, yet how unhappy it has proved. For God's sake, sister, for both our sakes, take up the consolation that religion enjoins, and that your duties and affections make imperative."

"I have struggled to take it up, brother; but you know I am not in very good health. Along with being, or having cause

to be, unhappy. And the weakness of the body increases the weakness of the mind, and the sorrows of the heart. But when I get better you shall see a change."

"Thanks, Esther, I expected no less from you; and you shall, you must, get well. Your youth, your prospects, and the advantage of this seashore residence, whither we are journeying—everything, to say nought of a brother's love and duty—everything must give you the health and spirits you merit to enjoy. But how now?"

Notwithstanding the maiden's effort to suppress her feelings, the string of her griefs having been once touched, she could not check its vibration. While her brother spoke, her head drooped on her bosom, her hands on her knees, and, in a shower of tears, she exclaimed—"My poor father!"

Evelyn was instantly at her side; but he did not now offer a word of a consolation or remonstrance, content to let nature exhaust her own paroxysm. And his silence was, perhaps, the best appeal to his sister's recollections, which, in a little time, overcame her extreme sorrow, while she continued to address him.

"I am weak, Robert, very weak and blameable; but to me, who have no recollection of a mother, what a loss was that father!—mother and father, together! Never had child—that child a girl—such a parent. You, who, for your education and improvement by travel, were often away from us—you cannot imagine half his tenderness and goodness; besides you are a man, and cannot feel half so desolate."

"Being a man, Esther, the more my joy and pride, and the less should you feel desolate, when I am your brother, too."

She admitted the force of this remark, and once more looked up, while, although it came through tears, her smile was unusually brilliant, as she replied:

"It is so, dearest brother, it is so; and I am truly selfish and sinful not to prove I know it; for my natural return of affection for affection, apart—how much heavier, indeed, might be my lot, had I not such a protector—friend—relative. I know not how, Robert," she continued, "but, although *his* connexions must ever command my respect and esteem, I cannot love our uncle and aunt—not with the fulness of heart that gives satisfaction and happiness."

"And you know, dear sister, how I answer you on that head. Nothing bad, or even unkind, have I seen in either;

yet assuredly, enough to suppress warm affection. It is disagreeable to observe the unwomanly sway our aunt holds over our uncle; and still more offensive to note his unmanly taking of it. Then, her religious prejudices are too strong; much too strong for the good opinions that persons of all creeds, except the ignorant and violent on every side, begin to entertain, or wish to entertain of each other. I did not think that one professing the same mild reformed faith with you and me, could hold such rancour as our aunt does hold against papist fellow-subjects, especially in this kingdom, which—although here in the north, Presbyterians, with a few Episcopalians, be the majority—is almost wholly possessed by people of that persuasion. Such unchristian and unseemly opinions, if, indeed, opinions they may be called, ought to be left to the very ignorant among the Covenanters, some of whom live around us, and who have been as remarkable for hostility to our own Church, as to that which our aunt denounces."

"I understand little of these matters, Robert, but would gladly be guided by your information and instructions. He who is gone, never cared to bring such subjects before me; or when he did, his words only breathed charity and forbearance to all God's creatures. Nevertheless, many have instilled into my mind a fear of danger to our good religion from the crowning of a popish King;—much dislike, I know, has lately been shown against the Duke."

"The King, now, Esther."

"And many struggles made to keep him from the succession;—was there no real danger? And now that, as you say, the obnoxious Duke is King, is there none?"

"Wise and good men of different sects see none. The cry of danger was raised by the heads of a party, and caught up by their prejudiced and credulous adherents. But that party is now silenced in the general voice of the nation, which hath at length broke out; and, strengthened by King James's own promises, all welcome to the throne of his fathers a King, whose only crime, as yet, it is to run the risk of their displeasure rather than lay down his conscience."

"But, had he not part in the plot, brother?"

"Even when the plot was believed to exist, his worst enemies did not directly charge him with a part in it; now that it and its promulgators have passed into disrepute, there can be less reason for objection to King James on that head. I



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see, sister, you have taken no note—alas! why should you?—of what has lately chanced in the world; but learn, that since the trial and acquittal of Sir George Wakeman, in the teeth of the depositions of that human monster, Oates, no man of ordinary reflection or honour places reliance on his assertions. So that his whole plot, with its circumstances, now seems but a terrible fabrication, badly and clumsily put together, with all the flagrancy, but with not a particle of the consistence of imposture."

"Alas! and is it only now, after the spilling of much noble blood, the desolation of many noble families, and the wrongfully accusing of millions of fellow-creatures—is it only now that wise and good men find out that which, had they eyes in season, might have saved them bitter and awful recollections?"

"Only now; and doubtless, the credulity that blinded them, heretofore, and the rancour that begot such credulity, make the foremost stain on the reflective and merciful character of the great nation, whence we derive our ancestry. Mayhap, too, of its kind, we should say, the only one."

"Yet, even now, brother, I rejoice to be set right on this matter; for it will teach me a kinder thought and more Christian bearing towards the people I have wronged in my ill-formed judgment. Would that our aunt could hear patiently the words I have heard from you!—yet, living in the world, she ought to have heard them, with profit, from many other tongues; and that she still maintains her unchristian temper, is a certain cause for my withholding the love I before told you I could not pay. Indeed, though from the beginning I knew my feelings towards her, this is the first true ground I could assign to rest them on. I have seen so little of our aunt and uncle, that my knowledge of them must be little. Ere you could return from your travels, after our sudden loss, I mourned alone in our desolate house, by fair Lough Neagh: when you came, we mourned together. Our father's brother, and his lady, were then in America, as I was told, and a year elapsed before they visited us, since when, only some weeks have passed to make my observations in. But you often saw them in England and in Derry-city—did you not?"

"Often: yet my sentiments of them are the same with yours."

"How chanced it that, ever since I was a giddy child—

infant almost—I did not see my uncle in our father's house, until his late visit, made to assert his duties, as our guardian?"

"You know, sister, that, as eldest brother, our father succeeded to the almost entire possession of the estate bequeathed to him by the brave ancestor, who, in 1172, at the side of the great De Courcy, Lord of Ulster, won it with his good sword from the uncivilized natives of this northern country. Our uncle being, therefore, without competent independence, was forced to push his fortunes in the world by means of mercantile pursuits and honest industry. Many years ago he settled in London, and there, marrying his present lady, acquired by her, and by his own efforts, much wealth, and also became possessed of ships, which our uncle Jeremiah, still younger than he, long commanded in their voyages to and from the western continent and islands."

"I remember uncle Jeremiah well; indeed, I know him well; and, I believe, love him, too, better than our newly-arrived relations: for, although somewhat too much of a humorist, I think his heart warmer, and his manner kinder. But our guardians have been some time in Ireland, residing in Derry-city, as I have heard?"

"Yes; settled there, two years, or thereabouts. Before their last western voyage, their wealth was applied to the purchase of lands and houses, and our uncle became an alderman of that city. But what with their frequent visits to England; the retired habits, and different style of mind of our father; and, withal, the bad state of the northern roads lying between Derry and our residence, so irksome, as you may have seen, to any but youthful travellers—it is not matter of wonder that, since their removal to Ireland, our uncle and aunt should not have visited us."

## CHAPTER III.

THE travellers left Carrickfergus next morning, in prosecution of their route along the coast to the little village where Esther was to reside for the advantages of change of air and sea-bathing.

Passing out of the town through Glenarm, or Spittal-gate, one of four then existing in the old walls, the party continued their way along the district called "Scotch quarters," from a colony of Argyle and Gallowayshire fishers, who came over in 1665. These visitors might be heard alluding to "the Irish folk," in their neighbourhood, with a mixed air of indifference and toleration, such as would have been more natural on the part of the natives towards themselves: this, however, was only a specimen of the solemn self-conceit of the old Puritans. After a few miles' riding, our friends passed the limits of the county corporate, or county palatine of Carrickfergus; for the district, although included in the County Antrim, and extending only about four miles square, has an independent civil existence, thus variously designated. With respect to the last designation, it may be proper to inform the reader, on the authority of Spencer, that counties palatine were formed after the first colonization, and granted "great priviledges," to enable the settlers, "subject to continuall invasions," to defend themselves against "the wilde Irish." And, perhaps, this way of putting the question of colonial residence, will not, on reflection, seem a whit less modest, than the view subsequently taken of the matter by the Scotch adventurers, which has been mentioned.

The road onward, as well as that from Belfast to Carrickfergus, lay very near the coast. It passed, at Kilroot, a quarry of columnar basalt, as perfect as any specimen at the Giant's Causeway, although the distance between both places is, at least, forty miles; but, at the time of this tale, the quarry had not been discovered. Leaving Island Magee to the right, it then wound, rather more interiorly, towards the village of Larne. Of Island Magee—which, by the way, is, now at least, no island—notice has already been taken, as the

scene, about the year 1641, of a midnight massacre, perpetrated by some Scotch troops, regardless of sex or age, on the primitive and unarmed inhabitants. It has also been mentioned, that different parties give different accounts of this affair, their differences chiefly applying to its date; and this date involving the question of whether or no it was retaliation or unprovoked aggression—one of the consequences, or one of the causes of the Irish massacre, upon which Hume is so indignantly and truly eloquent. In the main facts, however, that the slaughter took place, and that those slaughtered were unoffending and unwarlike people, all writers agree; except, indeed, Hume himself, who, amid the splendour of his angry rhetoric, while holding up to the detestation of ages the atrocities of Irish bigots, omits to mention the atrocities (committed at the very same time) of Scotch bigots. Though, before he gave way to passion, and indulged in his imperfect statement, it might be supposed that historical dignity called on him to seek out or recollect the attendant truths that might have served to check the one and enlarge the other:—but we digress. The principal facts admitted on all hands, men whose views of human nature are not controlled by the prejudices of a country, a time, or a sect, will care little about the minor contradictions, however fervently they may be urged. The side that retaliates a barbarity, is surely little better than the side that originates one; and we allude to the circumstance only for the purpose (as is our duty, or the necessity of our plan) of placing before the reader a true and real picture of the general state of men's minds and feelings some years previous to the time in which the events and persons of our story are to occur and act. Perhaps the unhappy matter should not at all have been noticed, but that in getting—across the little gulf that separates Island Magee from the main land—a glance at the spot on which it happened, a grim and recollective smile struggled through the hard features of Oliver Whittle.

At about the same moment, others of the party were enjoying another view, of, at least, more harmless and agreeable impression. It was formed by different points of the mainland to the right, and of the promontory, as it may more truly be called, to the left, sweeping into the gulf, at different distances, and all wearing the family likeness that, not disagreeably however, characterizes basalt hills. That is to say,

an almost flatness on the tops, continued along the extent of the outline, and, just when they are about to shoot into the water, or dip to the plain, an abrupt convex curve. The point that, nearer than the middle distance, concealed the village of Larne, also concealed, from its stretching out to meet the opposite headland, a continuous view of the sea. And thus, the gulf had quite the appearance of an extensive lake, bound up by those successive piles of precipice, of which Ballygelly Head and Garron Point, were the most imposing.

Continuing their route, the travellers, leaving to the left some close scenery of mixed beauty and ruggedness, halted and took refreshments at Larne; and soon after proceeded towards Glenarm. The road from Belfast to Carrickfergus, had—to do common justice to Mrs. Evelyn's past observations—been bad enough; from Carrickfergus to Larne it was worse; but from Larne onward it was worst of all. Not to speak of its ruggedness, it scaled, in the first instance, the barrier (a little inward) of Ballygelly Head, looking, when seen even from the brow of an introductory ascent, as if it ran zig-zag for mere wantonness higher than birds of grave habits need desire to fly. Then there was a descent of course; again, a tremendous rise; and, more provoking than all, a second descent into the village, upon the slope of which, the fat horses of the elder party, particularly that which bore the double weight of Oliver and Mrs. Evelyn, could scare find footing. Of the increased contortions of face and multiplied groans of Paul, little, therefore, need be said; or, except when a moment of utter peril caused her to keep in her breath, of the incalculable velocity of his good lady's tongue. There never were such roads, she averred, nor such a country, up and down, hill and hollow, nor such a people, that would not level it. In the neighbourhood of London, from one side to the other, there was but one hill, and that you need not climb if you did not like; except that during the plague the citizens were fain have recourse to it for safety, being forced to run out of the city; and when (according to an old poet, rather than Mrs. Evelyn)

> "Some climbed Highgate-hill, and there they see
> The world so large, that they amazed be."

But what chiefly inconvenienced Mrs. Evelyn—and, indeed,

irritated her so much that she often repeated it—was the reflection of the utter uselessness, to say the least, of creeping up one mountain, and scrambling down at the far side, solely for the purpose of creeping up and scrambling down another and another. But, perhaps, the frequent appearance, to her right, of the great sea, caught through partial depressions of a continued line of rock or swelling grounds, very near at hand, and a dizzy height above it—perhaps this, suggesting a recollection of the real peril of her situation, struck into Mrs. Evelyn's heart a more appalling sensation, although it was too sincerely felt to require the usual avowal.

No selfishness, or ignorance, or even misgivings of personal safety, had, however, the effect of closing the eyes and minds of Evelyn and his gentle sister to the interest of their situation. With feelings of mingled awe and delight, they found themselves shut in, as they gradually ascended, between precipices and swelling grounds of amazing magnitude. The solitude, the ruin, and the savageness of their mountain-road, had due effect upon them. From about the summit of the last fatiguing ascent between them and Glenarm, the scenery had expanded, only to assume a more vast and entrancing character. To their left, swept the mighty hill that bounds the Great deer-park of Antrim Castle, crossed and overtopped, at the distance of some miles, by another of a more sterile and blacker aspect. To their right, the land fell down to the level of the unlimited ocean—extent, though of a varied kind, being still the character of the scene. With, at the opposite side of Glenarm's beautiful bay, the huge headland of Garron Point, now beginning to show its rude variety of feature; ships and little boats ploughing or glancing across, or resting near the shore—the little village itself, newly rebuilt after the burning by Robert Munroe and his puritanical soldiers, and now, therefore, looking more neat and cheery; and the old castellated mansion of the Earl of Antrim, detached from the village, and standing in a great solitude. When this picture at last came on their view, the brother and sister felt more than repaid for any inconvenience that might have attended their progress towards it.

Another rest at Glenarm, and, notwithstanding the advanced hour of the day, our travellers remounted, to gain, after eight additional Irish miles, the little hamlet of Cushindoll, which was the object of their journey. The crossing of Garron

Point proved a task of such difficulty, and to the heavier mounted of the party, danger, as even their former experience of the road could not have enabled them to anticipate. The way clambered with difficulty at the bases of the last precipices which, a little inland, topped the point: and those terrific precipices were rent into a thousand masses of rock, great and small, toppling over, or clustering down the side of the descent, in all that primitive and awful state of rest in which, during the mighty convulsion that shaped them, they had caught, and, no eye could tell how, balanced and sustained each other. Often, too, they jutted out upon, and prescribed the course of the only strip of ground available as a road over the point. And through the minor inequalities to the right, one could always behold the tremendous descent that, at only a short distance, still shot down to the sea, sometimes pushing it too fearfully forward.

At about the place where, in consequence of those intrusions, the road grew narrowest, and approached nearest to the precipice on the right, was the termination of the clamber up. Then, almost immediately, commenced a descent nearly to the level of the sea, so very abrupt, that before any of the party would venture upon it, all halted and held a consultation. The result, in the first instance, was a determination to have the horses led down, whilst, one by one, the travellers should follow them. First, then, the barelegged boy volunteered, with a sneer at the precautions adopted, to show the perfect safety of the road. Allowing his donkey to follow at his leisure, the imp ran headlong from side to side, in the kind of movement always preferred by sagacious horses in similar situations; with the exception that they creep, while he bounded as freely as if the ground were quite level under his feet. When safe at the bottom, he cut some self-flattering capers; and, after waiting, a few minutes, the arrival of his charge, who followed exactly in his track, though ten times more slowly, he joined the party at nearly the same speed in which he had left them. Young Evelyn then led down his own horse, while the boy accompanied him with those of uncle Paul and of Oliver. Both presently returning, it was finally arranged that, after such encouragement, Paul himself should be conveyed by the urchin, and his lady by Oliver, while Evelyn should render Esther the same assistance.

Operations commenced by Paul reluctantly giving his left hand to the boy, while he further propped himself on a cane held in his right. The first few steps were favourable; but when the poor little man found himself launched on the very sudden declivity, with a vast extent yet to be got over, and—from the rocky smoothness of the road—no hope of retracing his way upward, courage forsook his heart. His little legs—at the coolest moments none of the most steady—tottered under him; his purple face strove to grow pale; he himself strove to stand still. At this his consort assailed him from above, and the little guide (though, as they stood together, no difference could be observed in height, at least), at his ear, with cries of expostulation to proceed; the one exerting a loud voice of command, the other speaking and laughing in a breath. Paul growing more nervous and confused, yet tried to do as he was bid, and immediately put his feet in motion; but whether he was in too relaxed a state to govern their motions, or that the mischievous imp pulled him downward instead of checking his natural readiness to descend rapidly, true it is, that the moment he trusted them from under him, his legs set off at a pitch of speed too amazing to be voluntary, until at last they failed him altogether, and down came uncle Paul, grasping the guide in his arms, and rolling with him, over and over, to the bottom of the declivity.

The party above were necessarily much alarmed at this accident; Mrs. Evelyn screamed incessantly as her lord continued in motion; and it was not till the boy, starting to his feet, on the level road, and raising uncle Paul with him, repeatedly asserted the safety of both, that tranquillity could be restored. But these assurances, and, at length, even their confirmation by Paul himself, could not now prevail on Mrs. Evelyn to take her turn down the hill with Oliver. The brother and sister tried to urge her, but in vain. No; it was a plain tempting of Providence; a plain hazarding of precious life;—Mrs. Evelyn would never stir a step farther on such a vile road—such a papist road—back she might go,—though even that was foolhardy and presumptuous—just to enable herself to get out of the country altogether: but down!—down that precipice!—never. And to manifest her determination, the lady squatted herself on a low flat stone by the road-side.

Evening had for some time been approaching; but now, a shade of twilight, too deep to be in regular gradation with

any that had preceded it, fell suddenly over the mountain-way. Evelyn, looking on the sky, saw it assume a lurid, bronzed aspect; and, at the same time, his eye caught and followed up a fearful phenomenon. Upon the summit of a hill, some distance before him, he observed a large black cloud to settle, the only one that intruded on the dull monotonous colour of the heavens. Presently, dividing into two parts, one part retired from his view behind the hill, while the other approached towards the party, marking its course with horror, and so far as the almost uninhabited state of the country can permit the term, with devastation. It was a tornado cloud, then not unknown in Ireland. Even at a distance Evelyn could note its effect along the sandy beach, or over the fern-clothed bosom of the hills. The sand rose in clouds or pillars; the fern, first uprooted, and then collected, ascended high into the air. As it came nearer, the few old trees on its course were torn from the rocks to which they clung, and whisked about like straws, and many of the rocks themselves unbedded, and hurled to the sea; while the roof of a cabin, perched on the superior precipice to the left, was uplifted, on the wings of the cloud, to an amazing elevation.

Terror, at this unusual sight, seized on all. Evelyn, endeavouring to check his own sensations, held tight the rein of his sister's jennet, as she was the only individual of the party who had not yet dismounted. Oliver and Mrs. Evelyn (at last silent) fell on their knees, imagining to themselves the end of the world, or else conjuring the very top of Garron Point into the valley of Jehoshaphat. The cries of Paul and of the boy, their common tears and childish lamentation might be heard from the road underneath, and perhaps, as they were rather nearer to the danger, they had most immediate cause for outcry: particularly when the crash of falling rocks came very closely on their ears.

Still the black and giant cloud sailed on to the travellers, although occasionally diverted by its own wayward impulse to the right or the left. On!—on!—and it hovered over the spot where uncle Paul and his treacherous guide were stationed. Fortunately for them, the mountain to their left presented, on its sides or summit, but few trees or rocks to the fury of the tornado; but their friends above could see them, first prostrated, and then caught up several feet from the ground—*dropped, again raised*, and again dropped, as an eagle might

tantalize a lambkin. Long before Paul was a second time treated in this rude fashion, he had become insensible to his danger and sufferings, so that the tornado might almost as well have vented itself on a bunch of fern, the stump of a tree, or any other passive subject.

The terrible wonder began to ascend to the summit on which rested the remainder of the travellers. Increased darkness attended it, and the tumbling and crash of loose rock, again found on its course, showed its unabated power. Evelyn and his sister, Mrs. Evelyn, and Oliver, saw death approach them; one and all they conceived, from what had already been manifest, that in its passage over their heads, the huge masses of rock, which before seemed to require but an infant's touch to get downward motion, must inevitably become loosened, and so whelm them in destruction. As the certainty of immediate fate closed on all—all, except Mrs. Evelyn, prepared for it in silence. Her uninterrupted scream rose among the rocks and hills around, and she fell prostrate, as if, by anticipation, she would bury herself in the earth, and so shorten the period of suffering. But, half way only over the ascent the cloud had advanced, when it became stationary—opened—belched forth a sheet of flame—exploded in a tremendous thunderclap, and, rolling over the precipice to the right of the party, and hurrying with it many masses of rock, spent itself in the ocean. The quailing waters rose at its summons, in unnatural intrusion into the region of another element, or, heaving laboriously and blackly, seemed to evince their terror at a visitation so ominous.

Though, with the first thunderburst, all certain danger removed from the travellers, still was their consternation rather increased than diminished. The explosion was so near, and the reverberations through the rocks and mountains were so astounding, as almost to add frenzy to their despair. As the fragments of precipice continued, even after the passage of the tornado, to crash downward to the sea, it seemed to them that the solid bulwark under their feet, and all around them, was torn piecemeal by tempest and thunderbolt, and about to crumble into one general ruin. Nor had they much pause to relieve themselves from this state of overexcitement, when—as if the one tongue of flame which had issued from the cloud only served to ignite the whole surcharged atmosphere—flash followed flash, and peal followed peal, the one fiercely

relieved by the increasing darkness, and the other sustained and exaggerated by the voices of mountain and precipice, until nothing but blaze and noise could be seen or heard.

At the moment in which such effects were working most powerfully on the feelings of all, and of Mrs. Evelyn in particular, Esther's horse became ungovernable in its fright, and, despite the resistance of young Evelyn, backed from the place where it had hitherto tremblingly stood. The brother called to Esther to throw herself off;—her limbs were strapped, for safety, to the saddle, and she could not possibly do so. Still the animal pranced and backed; and now, for the first time, its fair rider screamed. Mrs. Evelyn caught up the signal, and recommenced her own shrill vociferations. They were answered, among the heights over her head, by a scream also, but of a cadence so wild and unnatural, that, for an instant, she held her breath to look up. Standing upon the edge of a large rock, in an attitude and manner of the most violent energy, she there saw a man, of, it might be, about fifty, with a profusion of wild hair streaming about eyes of almost maniac character, and holding a gun in his hand, while he beckoned rapidly, and, she thought, angrily, to Evelyn. One look at this person, who appeared so suddenly but a few yards above her, was enough for Mrs. Evelyn; she instantly uttered a louder cry than ever, and darted across the road in the direction whither Evelyn and his sister were forced by the affrighted horse. Almost as instantly, the wild-looking man sprang like a beast of prey after her—cast away his gun—seized her by the arms, and pulled her back. Mrs. Evelyn resisted; and, gigantic as was the strength of her captor, he had a struggle for it, before he succeeded in gaining sufficient mastery over her actions, to whisk her round, and rush headlong with her down the steep road. At the very time that this scene was enacting, and while Esther's horse still plunged backwark, two other voices cried out, exactly in the quarter from which Mrs. Evelyn had been startled, and two other figures sprang up exactly where she had seen the first; but two others of a very different kind—a girl and youth, about fifteen and eighteen. The lad also held a carbine in his hand, and wore the Scotch bonnet and trews; the girl was prettily attired; both had an air of interest, if not rank, about them. And, both starting up on the ledge of rock, together directed their looks and voices towards Evelyn and his sister, in the expression of

utter alarm and horror. "Keep back the horse! keep back the horse!" they exclaimed in a breath, the very instant they appeared.

"Keep him back!" continued the beautiful girl, clapping her hands in agony, "his hoof is almost on the last sod between ye and your ruin!"

"The sea-precipice!—the precipice!"—re-echoed her young and nearly as handsome companion, as he bounded like a wild deer from his place, and rushed towards the brother and sister.

Upon the first announcement of the dreadful peril they had before only apprehended, Esther swooned in her saddle, still held in it by the straps, and Evelyn, abandoning the rein, made a last desperate and instinctive attempt to catch at one of the animal's fore feet, and thus, if possible, bring him to the ground. The horse reared up the moment he was touched—for the brother so far succeeded in his first effort—and flinging Evelyn a good distance from him, moved back more alarmed than before. Again, the young girl cried out in treble terror, and, abandoning her station, descended after the youth. Evelyn, starting up from the confusion of a moment, found himself too far to re-attempt instantaneous assistance; yet he ran, or rather staggered onward; the horse still backed; he could now, himself, see the edging horror, and he could see the animal step another step towards it—when, like an arrow, the youth shot across the road, came up with the horse, put his carbine to its head—discharged it—and the animal fell, quite dead, going down on the side that left Esther free of his fall. She was safe.

In a moment the young man released her from her fettered situation in the saddle, and, kneeling, presented her to the attention of the girl, who was now by his side, and who, kneeling also, tenderly and anxiously received the charge. Evelyn, tottering forward, had fallen almost senseless by his sister; the youth raised him also, and supported him in his arms. Oliver had remained praying since the first appearance of the storm, and in pious abstraction, selfishness, or cowardice, never moved till all the succeeding dangers were over. Now rising from his knees, he approached the group of young persons, and forced down Evelyn's throat some brandy, which he produced, in a black bottle, from a side-pocket. He wished *Esther to have a little also, but* her youthful supporter would

only use some in chafing her temples. Both applications did good service; the sister and brother revived almost together, and flew to each other's embrace. When they sufficiently recovered their recollections, and that Esther learned by what means she had escaped a dreadful death, she turned, with Evelyn, in all the gratitude of human nature for life preserved, to thank the stranger, but he was gone.

"My brother," said the girl, "has walked down the hill, to inquire after the dame who accompanied you."

"He should have waited to accept our warmest and most grateful acknowledgments," said Esther.

"They would please him, I am sure, but still he thought not of them," resumed the girl; "his service had been offered here, and while another occasion might elsewhere happen for it, was he not right to go?"

"Then, you, at least, maiden, will take, in your brother's name, all the thanks, the tears of thankfulness, that are his due. For yourself, too, accept our thanks; now I can recollect that your kind arms were around me when I revived."

"My brother is overpaid in your words," replied the young stranger; "and as for myself, the highest pleasure you could do me, I had felt in receiving thanks for him, even before you noticed my own petty service, which was nought, nought, indeed. I did not even attempt a good; I but cried out to fright him when he was about to do one; and I have but the pride of seeing such a brother act as became him."

"A noble young creature," whispered Evelyn to his sister.

"Yes, and withal a pretty and graceful," Esther replied. Their observations were, indeed, called for. Although rather below the middle size of woman, and not promising ever to reach it, the sister of their young deliverer looked, while thus speaking, what they had described her. Standing straight as a poplar, with her head elevated, her neck curving like a swan's, and her shoulders so knit as to produce a fine curve in her back, there was about her figure and air, and in the all but haughty out-turning and curling of her parted lips, as well as in her slightly aquiline nose, her full quick eye, straight eyebrows, and broad forehead, much that would have well characterized a girlish Juno. When she moved, too, her step was firm, though graceful; and, child as she might be, she commanded interest, and enforced respect.

"I can honour your sentiments, dear girl," Esther smilingly

resumed, anxious to continue the conversation. "And if you will come and sit by me, and a while longer give me your sweet support, you shall know particularly why."

Their former attitude was in a moment resumed, the younger lady complying with the request of Esther with a manner as smiling and as kind as it had before been dignified, and perhaps distant. But her little attentions were by her offered, and by her new friend received, in a way that was a tacit assumption of something superior, either in rank or spirit, on her part, and a quiet admission of it on the part of Esther. In fact, it was the immediate ascendancy which a stronger mind asserts, even at the first moment of contact, over a weaker one.

"Now, know," Esther continued, "that I have especial cause to love and honour your admiration of your brother, because I, too, am a sister—aye, sitting by my brother's side —and can therefore feel your feeling."

"I saw this young cavalier strive for your safety like a brother, indeed; and should he not, for so fair and sweet a sister?"

"Aye; but we have, moreover, the ties of sorrow as well as of love to bind us. We are orphan brother and sister," said Esther, while her eyes filled with tears, and she instinctively pressed the hand of her new friend, as if to prefer a claim on her sympathy. The pressure was gently returned, as the other said, in a soft, rather than a sad voice:

"We, too, have known an early sorrow; but not to such an extent. In the last fall of the leaf, Edmund and I lost a mother!" She paused a moment, closed, and then lifted up her eyes, as if silently repeating a prayer, and added, "May she rest in peace!"

The wild-looking man, who had before terrified and roughly treated Mrs. Evelyn, here started up on the bit of level road which afforded rest to the young party, and with continued energy of action, looked earnestly around him. Seeing the group, he uttered a cry of the same strange kind which had hurt that lady's ears, and quickly advanced to them. Neither Evelyn nor Esther had seen him on his first appearance, and while the one now rose in some alarm, to prevent his too near approach, the other clung in terror to her companion.

"Fear him not," said the girl; "he is my father's brother, and comes on a good intent. Some service he has already

done you, by placing out of the reach of danger, on the lev road below, your matronly friend. Do not mind his look or action either; God has afflicted him—he is deaf and dum and, like most in his situation, the earnestness of his looks a motions seem wild, perhaps dangerous, at the very mome that they mean a service."

The gesticulation of the man when he came up to the grou seemed, although extravagant, to prove the truth of the observations. He first ran to his niece and kissed her, utte ing strange, and, to him, unconscious sounds; then he toc Evelyn's hand, and shook it violently; then Esther's; an having first raised it to his lips, he passed it, where he ha found it, round the neck of the young girl, causing her al to pass her arms around Esther; all this affording him, as w evident by his smiles, and the vivacity of his eyes, the greate pleasure.

After a few moments, his niece and he rapidly conversed b signs; and she gave her friends to understand that her unc had been sent by her brother to warn them of the necessit of immediately descending the hill, rejoining their party, an seeking shelter for the night, which, although the thunde storm had long since ceased, now set in, black and lowerin with a threat of heavy rain. Indeed, the big drops whic rather unusually, had, during the thunder, omitted to fa now began to recommend this advice to Evelyn. So tha with all possible despatch, he led his sister down the stee descent, the fair young girl following unassisted, and Olive after the manifestation of some timidity, encouraged by th dumb man, almost in as rough a manner as that which ha marked his offer of service to Mrs. Evelyn.

On the level, or nearly level ground, they found uncle Pa already re-mounted, and awaiting, in silent consternation, th further will of fate and the elements; Mrs. Evelyn, too, w on her pillion, awaiting Oliver, though not in a mood qui as silent. Esther was lifted to her brother's horse, while h assumed his place on foot, at her bridle; the other siste locked her arm in that of the other brother; and all we very soon ready to start, when the young man inquire whither he should have the pleasure of conducting them.

"To a cottage they had lately engaged, by the seacoast Evelyn replied, "which could not now be far distant; but th *boy would* answer particularly."

The boy, however, did not appear.

"Paul, Paul, what hast thou done with the stripling, sir?" asked Mrs. Evelyn, losing patience. Paul did not know. He believed he had run away in fright; and thankful he ought to be for the ability to run away. That the urchin had at least played no trick in this instance was evident, as the donkey still attended with his hampers, although his master was gone.

"This is most embarrassing," Evelyn continued; "we have never been to this place, contenting ourselves with sending forward a friend, indeed a relative, to take charge of it for us; the urchin was by that friend despatched from the neighbourhood, chiefly to guide us hither; now that he has disappeared, we only know that the residence is in the vicinity of Cushindoll."

"And on such imperfect information, would it be well to wander about in such a night?" asked the youth. "See, the rain begins to thicken; we can offer you a roof, though an humble one."

"And, however humble, it is certain, and to be gained in a certain time," added his sister. "Good lady, consent; you are not formed for ill-weather."

Esther did consent, and her brother too; and the young girl then asked, "Edmund, what think you of sending our poor uncle to announce us at Glenarriff?" Edmund assented; she made a few signs to the dumb man, who, the moment he understood the nature of the arrangement, showed the most excessive symptoms of gratification and welcome-making. Then, though by no means a young man, he hurried off at a very rapid and bouyant pace, leaving his nephew to conduct slowly, over the rough mountain-road, the fatigued and frightened party.

## CHAPTER IV.

IMMEDIATELY after crossing Garron Point, and falling, as before observed, nearly to the level of the sea, the road, following the indentures of the coast, turned quickly to the right, almost at a right angle with its former course, and held that line for a considerable way, thus describing one side, and that the longest one, of Red Bay, of which the figure is, very nearly, three sides of a square. All along this line, the travellers kept parallel to the inland continuation of the point; but at the next sudden and angular turn, which followed nearly to its edge the second side of the bay, their backs were to that chain of mountain and precipice; on their right was the open bay, and to their left a spacious valley, formed on the one side by the running, still more inland, of the continuation of Garron Point, and on the other, by a range of hills, of equal, if not superior, magnitude.

After pursuing this course for some time, their conductor halted and informed the party, that with little deviation their present road would bring them, round the bay, to Cushindoll; but that they must again turn to the left, into the glen, to insure the asylum he had offered them. He added, that the glen-road was less fatiguing, and, indeed, less dangerous than that by which they must go in search of their own residence. Accordingly, all turned off the coast with him.

Nearly at the moment of thus changing their route, they were faced by considerable precipices of earth and soft stone, which had fallen down upon the road they should have taken to their cottage: these formed its left-hand limit, for some distance running with it, and at their bases showing two or three large excavations, the work of the adjacent sea, when at some former period its tides and storms had perseveringly lashed the precipice that must then have been its boundary. Through the larger of these caves issued a red glare of light, which, from the dimmed effect at the entrance, seemed to come a good way from the inside, and thus gave the idea of a rather extensive interior. In turning upon the glen-road, the travellers were leaving to their right these caves, and a little

behind them, when a voice was heard in that from which the light appeared, speaking loudly and dictatorially, but in a language unknown to the strangers of the party. Immediately after, the light increased in the mouth of the excavation: finally a woman approached from the entrance, with a piece of flaming wood in her hand, continuing to speak, and now evidently addressing the group.

"We may just stop and speak to her, Edmund," said the young girl, "for the rain blows off."

"Why?" asked Evelyn, "and why does she speak to us?"

"She asks us," Edmund replied, translating literally, from the Irish, in which the woman had addressed them, "on pain of the anger of her whose anger is a cloud and a blast, not to pass her house without bidding, God save her."

"And this cavern is her house? Who or what is she? and why this unusual interruption?"

"She is a creature without friend or relation, fortune or home, except that the charitable or credulous administer to her wants, and that this seacave, whence she has lately expelled the owls and bats, affords her a chilly shelter. What she thinks of herself, and what others concur in thinking her, it would not be for her safety to declare. For my own part, I sometimes think her mad, although more close observation banishes the idea: perhaps, to extreme ignorance, her mind joins much enthusiasm and more cunning; and hence is she able to impress the character she generally bears, and to which, for your information, I have, doubtless, sufficiently alluded."

During this speech, the woman had advanced to meet, half way, the party who were in motion to her. In age she was about twenty-five. In height rather tall, in person slight, in feature spare and pallid. Her black hair was uncovered; and over the vulgar female dress, that scarce ever varies in any time or country, fell the old Irish mantle, heavily hooded, and of a dark colour.

Having stood before the young man, her flaming brand held up, she asked him, in Irish, to bid God save her. He did so. She made the same request, with the same success, of his sister, and then turned to Mrs. Evelyn; but that lady's "go, woman, go," uttered half in fear, half in anger and disgust, was all she could in this instance accomplish. As to Paul, he was *completely silent.*

"Then," said the woman, in Irish, "the heaviest suffering you can both feel, be upon ye!—Starve!"—and she turned from them. The young man and his sister, who understood what she had uttered, laughed at a malediction that, to all appearance, could never have effect; but neither Mrs. Evelyn nor her husband felt so comfortable, when it was translated for their advantage.

The strange woman passed Oliver without stopping to command his benison, as if she made very light of it, and once more halted before Esther, holding high in her hand the blazing wood, in order to afford herself a good view of the young lady's face, who, it will be remembered, was on horseback. But no sooner had she got a glimpse of Esther's features, than she uttered a low howl, and running back to Edmund, spoke to him in a very animated tone and manner, as if endeavouring to impress upon him something which he seemed either careless or unwilling to admit. Again she returned to Esther, and again manifested the same unaccountable sensation. Finally, she stood before Evelyn, and with more respectful demeanour than she had hitherto shown, asked, and under the instructions of Edmund, received his "God save you:"—and then she continued to speak in Irish, which we still translate.

"Now go your ways, and let nothing fright you through the clouds of the night; I have your good word, and it will rest with me; they say it does not rest with me, and that I often need it, from the Christians, to charm me against what does. Go your ways,—unless that you cross the cold threshold of my house, and taste the cup, or break the bread, to speed you on your road, or sit down with the old and crippled who talk to me all night long, and tell me what I should not listen to, tho' 'tis known I do."

"And who are they, Onagh?" asked Edmund.

"One that, when I came to my house, I found already in it; and another that was sent far to us. But go your ways, since you will not enter; go, with a curse for some, a sorrow for more, and a blessing for a few!" She walked slowly and heavily to her cavern, thus leaving behind her a prophecy that, inspiration apart, any one might venture to apply to the future fortunes of any half-dozen of human beings.

The party entered the solitary valley of Glenarriff, just as the moon was risen to faintly show as much of its general aspect as mist and shadow did not envelope. A short distance

up the glen, Edmund and his sister were rather startled by the re-appearance, at their side, of Onagh of the cavern. They had for a moment fallen behind the party, and she came up with them unperceived by the strangers.

"What means this, Onagh?" asked Edmund.

"I speak not to him," she replied, addressing his sister, "for he has already scorned my words. But you, Eva M'Donnell, who, tho' you love and like me not, have ever shown the open hand to Onagh, you I command to remind him of my warning. Tell him it is the very face I saw, tho' he could not see it, last Allhallow-Eve, when, together, we sowed the rape-seed by the river-side, while the moon was shining for us; and tell him to shun that face."

"What face, Onagh? and what warning am I to repeat to my brother?"

"He will remember it; for yourself, Eva,"—she took the young girl's hand, drew her aside, and added in a low whisper —"your fate is near you, too, but you need not shun it. You will love him, and you may."

"Absurd!" Eva said, and was about to add more comment, when the self-important Onagh rapidly left her.

"Dear brother, what of all this?" she then asked, rejoining Edmund.

"I care not; nor should you care to know or ask, Eva; certainly not now, when yon strangers require our guidance to the Strip of Burne. Let us forward to them."

Up to this moment Evelyn had been observing the features of the glen, so far as they were revealed by the moonlight. Close at the right, arose from the very level of the road, piles of swelling ground, upon which, midway, a thick white mist rested, but not so steadily as to withhold, when occasionally agitated by the high wind, faint indications of immense precipices, shooting up behind into the loftier clouds. On the left, the ground fell to the bottom of the glen, until it met a river, of which some sparkling glimpses were to be had, some rippling sounds to be heard: beyond the river, uprose, again, vast mountain swells; the mist here interrupting, likewise, a continued view of their utmost ascents; or, as at the other side, only permitting a dreamy glance of cold pale summits, half touched by moonshine. Straight onward, the glen spread out and ran to a distance. Its sides, as they curved, appeared to meet; *the moon settling, with* an undisturbed breadth of light,

on the top of a distant hill, that seemed to close the grand, the silent, and shadowy vista.

As he looked down the valley, Evelyn's observations were broken by the glare of a number of lights, and the sound of many voices.

"Yonder is the Strip of Burne," said Edmund M'Donnell, "and these are my father's people come out to welcome us. But let my father's son first have the honour of welcoming you to a home too humble for your apparent rank, and, indeed, for the early fortunes of his own family."

The lad, with a blush so positive as to be visible even in the imperfect light, yet with a grace and ease that more than balanced such a departure from courtly manners, took off his Scotch bonnet, and bowed separately to the travellers.

"And you, lady," said Eva, "welcome with all possible joy to a night's rest under a roof that I am still too proud to call too humble;"—she playfully waved her hand, and Esther as gaily stooped from her saddle to kiss the young girl's cheek.

"Our father himself is, as he should be, at the head of his own people," Eva resumed, as the advancing party came up; and soon, indeed, the old man was visible, with his dumb brother by his side, his white head uncovered, his hale, fresh-coloured cheeks glowing with unusual brightness, and his mild and still fine eyes anticipating the expression of the sentiments he was about to speak. Bending low to the strangers, he first uttered a sentence in Irish,—which Edmund thus rendered:

"My father says, that, while he joyfully welcomes you to a house he might once have been ashamed of, he blesses the day on which his brother and son, going out to shoot sea-fowl, have been so happy and honoured as to do you a service."

While Mrs. Evelyn, her husband, and Oliver held profound and, it might be, uncourteous silence, the younger strangers fitly expressed themselves in return to this address. Then the rude-looking kerne in attendance shouted joyfully; old M'Donnell, taking Evelyn's hand, led, with the other, Esther's palfrey; his son led the horse that bore Mrs. Evelyn and Oliver; the dumb man took in charge Paul and his steed; and the two united parties proceeded to the "Strip of Burne."

This name seemed to be given to a spot of broken, though not very abrupt ground, lying, as Evelyn could indistinctly observe, immediately under a tremendous precipice, perhaps the steepest part of the range they had found on their right

since entering the glen. A small streamlet, deriving its source from the rocks above, made way through a deep rock-strewn channel in the middle of this ground: on the near side of it stood the lone residence of the M'Donnells, a thatched dwelling, of about three times the size of those inhabited by the peasantry of the country, with a few pines and mountain-ash behind, that, at different heights, found root in the barren soil, or in the crevices of the rock. The house was nearly at the edge of the road by which it was approached, and some distance from the precipice.

With repeated, yet not irksome, assurances of welcome, the strangers were ushered into a large apartment, that seemed to serve as kitchen and common residence, except during the hours of rest, to the servants as well as the heads of the family. At the end blazed a turf fire, lighted on the hearth, and finding vent up a capacious chimney, over and about which hung, interspersed with sides of bacon and haunches of dried venison, many old swords and pistols, otter-skins, fox-brushes, and the antlers of the deer. Along the walls stood a dresser, containing the then necessary articles of culinary and table equipage, two rudely-shaped presses, a few chairs, as rudely fashioned, and a range of forms. The floor was earthen; and, overhead, appeared the joists, wattles, and thatch, as naked as the interior of a peasant's cabin, with the sole difference, that they were not blackened with smoke and soot. Otherwise, from its extent, furniture, and particular cleanliness, the apartment bore little resemblance to the more humble huts that were sparingly strewed in the district about.

At the fire, an old woman, assisted, or rather interrupted, by one or two wenches, comely and barelegged, was employed in cooking. Around her, at by no means a respectful distance, sat some men, retainers or servants of the family, who had not, for special reasons, accompanied old M'Donnell to meet the strangers. The hobs were also occupied. On one reposed a tall, gaunt man, about sixty years of age, whose haggard face and sunken eye bespoke an ill state of health, while his manner, and a slight peculiarity in his dress, betokened a person distinct from, if not superior to, those around him. On the other, his knees crippled up to his chin, a large piece of oaten-cake in his hand, and his jaws employed with the celerity of those of a rabbit in making way through it, sat

the chief cause of almost all the delays and perils that had overtaken the strangers—the donkey's guardian.

The moment Evelyn entered, the little rascal's eyes met his, and he instantly ceased the rapid motions of his jaws, looking as conscious as a monkey detected amid the sweets of a pantry. Evelyn instantly closed on him, whip in hand, with an angry query as to the cause of his sudden disappearance at Garron Point. But ere he proceeded to inflict any real punishment, the boy flippantly explained, that having first run for his life from, as he called it, "the muckle mirk cloud"—a proceeding that no gentle or Christian could blame him for—he thought his better plan then was to hasten to Evelyn's uncle, Jeremiah, who kept possession of the cottage at Cushindoll, and inform him of the distress of his friends. That, Jeremiah being out (he believed supping with the priest), he was returning to Evelyn, accompanied by friends of his own, when, passing by Onagh's house, he saw the party, along with their new acquaintances, whom he knew well, speaking to her. And that, not liking to come in her way, he just bid his friends good night, and ran on to Randall M'Donnell's house, whither, he plainly perceived, all were travelling.

This statement appearing, on the whole, reasonable, Evelyn restrained his hand, and as the imp, with a self-gratulatory chuckle, recommenced his attack on the oaten-cake, he turned to his host to request from him a guide, by whose assistance he might immediately visit his uncle Jeremiah, and ascertain at the same time whether or no the road between them permitted a speedy departure to his own cottage, in which, if possible, he was now determined, with his friends, to lodge for the night. At this intimation, when he understood it, old M'Donnell looked blank, his son grieved, and his daughter haughty; while the dumb man, as soon as he read their countenances, looked every kind of extreme astonishment, anxiety, and it seemed impatience, if not anger. Mrs. and Miss Evelyn, with uncle Paul, just entering, he sprang to the fire, at which, as before noticed, some men were seated, hurled them from it to the other end of the apartment, returned to the ladies, and, seizing a hand of each, led them to the seats the former had occupied. Uncle Paul he also twirled to a seat at the blaze, with a hospitable energy rather inconsiderate; and, finally, having placed Oliver on the hob, with the boy, and Eva by the side of Esther, he took his station at the back of

his brother, seemingly in a mood at once offended and determined.

But, for the time, disapprobation or entreaty were equally ineffectual to prevail on Evelyn to alter his plan. He averred that, all along, it had been his intention to avail himself of the hospitality of M'Donnell's roof, only during the time necessary to ascertain the situation of his own, and whether or no he could that night properly conduct his sister to it. Perhaps his glance at the seeming want of accommodation for so large a party, might have served to confirm this resolve; and, perhaps, he was further assisted in it by a disposition naturally distant, averse to accept unnecessary favours, and fixed in its bent by an English education. So, with a manner that appeared somewhat churlish, though he was really unconscious of the appearance, Evelyn, pressing his request for a guide, obtained one in the person of the dumb man, whose offer of service was voluntary, and not to be refused.

Both instantly got on horseback, and, retracing the road through the glen, passed Onagh's cavern, and then encountered an up-and-down and rock-strewn road, which, ere Evelyn had half mastered it, made him speedily come to the opinion that, until morning, and recovery from her previous terrors and fatigue, he dare not venture to convey Esther to her own home. An interview with his uncle Jeremiah he was, however, resolved to obtain, and therefore continued on to the little hamlet of Cushindoll, then consisting of a few wretched cabins, lying at the bottom of the rugged ascents over which he and his dumb guide had, for some time, been journeying, although the curious traveller of the present day will find it a smart, neat village, with, by the way, more than usual facilities to "take his ease in his inn;" with a smooth seashore road leading to it, sometimes cut through vast rocks, or having them scooped out into an archway over his head; and, altogether, holding out to him the attraction of a most delightful residence on one of the grandest coasts in the world.

Before leaving his brother's home, the dumb man had understood, on the report of the boy, that he was first to lead Evelyn to the priest's house, in search of his uncle. Thither he accordingly bent his course, Evelyn, though all along not without a mixture of vexation, misgiving, and a sense of the ludicrous, passively following in his track.

They gained and dismounted before a thatched dwelling,

which bore, however, some appearance of comfort and n ness superior to the cabins around it, having a wall in fr with a cross-barred gate, that the visitors found well secu The dumb man knocked loudly, but no one came in answ he knocked again and again, and still they remained at wrong side of the house; until, losing all patience, he t his own and Evelyn's horses to the gate, and rapidly beck ing him to follow, approached the back of the cottage, wh by a stile, he introduced himself into a little kitchen-garc and, through it, to a poultry-yard and back-door.

The moment Evelyn entered the garden, he heard uncle Jeremiah's cracked voice performing, at its loud pitch, a favourite song, of which the well-known chorus as follows:

> "So let old ship go up or down,
> And her flag be of red, or black, or brown,
> Blazing away, or sailing merrilie,
> Merry, merry, ever let her jolly-hands be."

In this he was faintly, and as if only through courtesy, joi by a voice still more cracked than his own, although, betw them, they made a good shrill chorus of it; and, at the e two persons might be heard quaffing, separately, a l draught, and afterwards smacking their lips.

Evelyn's conductor seemed, almost as soon as himself become aware, though it was hard to tell how, of the sc that was going on within; for he had scarce entered the y when, pointing to an open window, through which l issued, he made signs to his follower to step cautiously; setting the example he wished to have imitated, s towards the window, with strange convulsions of feature, betokened great, though checked delight. Both thus gai a spot from which, unseen, they might easily observe tl inside.

Evelyn's uncle Jeremiah sat, with his jovial side-face them, at a small table, on which was provision for the g humour he so earnestly inculcated. A little man he clad in a sailor's tight-bodied blue cloth dress, gathered ro the hips into something of the shape of a kilt, and allowing to be seen the origin of his Jersey carnation st ings, with great clocks in them: he was nearly as short *as round as his* brother Paul, and had, like him, a but

nose, studded with grey bristles. But in the twinkle of his merry and sensual black eye; in the half-gaping bacchanalian expression of his mouth; in his placid forehead, hale, weather-tanned cheeks, and long, white locks, despising a periwig, as well as in the well-braced air of his limbs and body, no further likeness appeared.

Opposite to him sat his host, seemingly an unwilling one. A very little man, too, as chance would have it, and nearly twice the age of his guest. That is, he could not be less than ninety. His features were of a large intellectual order; his head (covered with a black skull cap, of some hard, rough substance, having an iron ring in the top, large enough for a trap-door) sunk between his shoulders; his neck and body stooped; and a violent palsy shaking every joint, limb, and part of his body. This old gentleman seemed, we say, as if he had not invited Jerry that evening; as if the visit at supper-time had been unlooked for and unwelcome; but, now that the matter was to be got over, as if he strove to make a virtue of a necessity; and lastly, as if it was not in his nature or habits to express chagrin or dislike in an uncourteous manner.

"That's a spice of a good song, holy brother," continued Jeremiah, "tho' it be none of thy business to say me yea. Ye would fain ever hold us sorrowful, ye chaplains, with your preaching up a bit of a good life; never a hearty one;—but hark thee again:

> "The black-gown swears 'tis wail and woe,
> And raves if we drink and doubt him;
> But let him to his prayers go,
> And we'll be merry without him;
> For a merry, merry, we will ever be,
> Tho' he lay on his back at the bottom of the sea;"—

"Never meaning so much of your reverence, seeing that thou art a hearty old mate, too good to work ship with the galley-foist crew of 'em; and seeing, moreover, that I be merry here, this night, under favour of thy locker. Fill, brother."

"Fill thou for me, admiral," answered his host, "and mind not my cloth if I pledge thee. I dislike two things in this mortal estate; sin, first—austerity, second; with mayhap, a third, and that is an over-indulgence in good liquor. But for a *healthful cup, especially* when the blood grows old, and

requireth gentle wrestling with, I can give it or take it. I have seen France—ah, [illegible]—her velvet claret cervelles all other beverages; and even there found reasonable potations at external fashion. I have seen the world near to one of its crazy corners, and never found any but fools or knaves to say it was bad. Does not king Solomon himself aver that no pleasure surpasseth in the heart of man, that of fair wine, with the face of a friend?—I am a Jew."

With these words of mixed encouragement and caution, the fine old gentleman surrounded his cup with his ever-shaking hands, and scarce venturing to lift it from the table, gradually bore down his lips to the brim, at last made a successful lodgment on it, and then quaffed the grateful beverage.

"To *vôtre santé, Monsieur le Juif*," replied Jeremiah, in broken French, which, along with scraps of many other tongues, he had picked up during his roaming life; at the same time that he drained to the dregs his own mantling measure. "And I have seen France, holy brother, and mayhap touched at Portugal and the Canaries, to speak nought of a bit of a cruize about the main, long before I turned skipper to brother Paul, where, peradventure, I saw spilt some good red stuff, that was not red wine, neither—but let that pass; a closed mouth mars no secrets. I was only a saying, that wherever old ship tacked—whosoever were my mates, Dutch, English, French, or—no matter whom—let it pass, I say; a good flagon and a pretty face—no treason meant, though your reverence guess of what sex—and, 'hearty and merry for ever and a day,' (singing) that was my word, and never have I seen the man I could love that did not steer by just such another—fill, I entreat thee, brother."

"Thou shalt fill thine own cup for mine, this round, admiral, if it be not irksome," answered his host, vainly hoping to convey a hint in a hospitable guise.

"Think not of it, holy brother; I would obligate thee more, in the way of a real service, credit me;" and Jerry's cup was again filled and emptied. "But," sounding it against the table, as to provoke anew some courteous entreaty, "touching pretty faces, saw'st thou ever such a lack of 'em as is encountered in this northern country?"

"What, sir?" cried his host, very simply taking fire at any, *matter* what slight, cast on the place of his birth and

affections; while his disguised impatience of his guest assisted, perhaps, the sudden humour. Jeremiah went on.

"Why, beshrew my merry heart, if I met, from Lough Neagh to this port, a bit of a sail that was worth the hailing. Not one that an old seaman would board for the asking; to say nought of a chase, which all the world knows is the very sweet of the action. Credit me, holy brother, never met I on any sea—except, mayhap, while we touched at the Cape—such ill-built, ill-rigged, ill-mizened—"

"What, what the deuce, sir!" again interrupted his host, looking flushed and angry, while excitement added to the palsy of his hands and arms, as he strove to gesticulate with them, "what would'st thou say? pretty faces!—Sir, I will get thee, in my own parish—sir, if thou hast the grace to attend my congregation, the next sabbath, I will show thee such features—such faces, angel ones, divine ones!" the simple-hearted old man went on, unconscious of the questionable zeal with which he expressed his raptures, and volunteered his services—"Yes, sir, and this moment have I under my roof a cherub, sir, my own great grand-niece—whose mother—and whose mother's mother—here, Peggy!—and whose aunts, sir, and relatives, to the twentieth—Peggy, I say!"

While speaking, the old gentleman arose to approach the interior door, as a light foot came tripping from the remote part of the house towards it; but a stop was put to his further speech and demonstrations, by a prodigious laugh, of unnatural sound, which burst from the dumb man, just outside the window; and at nearly the same moment, Evelyn knocked at the back-door. The host started; and ere he would reply to the knocking, strove, requesting Jeremiah's assistance, to huddle together and remove out of view, all evidences of unseasonable merrymaking; Jeremiah only tardily assisting, however, and repeatedly urging the retaining, without ceremony or pother, in the face of any serious fellow who might enter, the means and the disposition to be merry.

When the door was at last opened, the dumb man, pushing in first, and receiving a hearty welcome from the priest, to whom he was known, proceeded to acquaint him, in his own language, with the cause of the visit of Evelyn and himself. While thus engaged, the young gentleman also entered, and advanced with a grave brow to greet his uncle Jeremiah.

"*A-hoy! ship, a-hoy! welcome*, nephew, welcome to port!"

cried the really good-hearted little sailor, grasping his hand. "What—art thou hearty, man? art thou merry?—eh! what's to do here?—no, hearty nor merry thou art not—is all square and tight, eh? How's Essy? safe in port, too? eh, nephew?"

"I fear, uncle Jerry, any evil might have befallen her, or any of us, while you were revelling it here, instead of looking out for us on the road, or, at least, remaining to welcome us in, for the time, your own house."

"Tut, now, be not serious, goodman nephew; thou knowest I hate it, and thou wert wont to be the last to bear a hard hand. Uncle Jerry I may be, a poor tar paid off without pension, and threatened with the hulks; but no matter for that—

> "While his name is Jerry, he will be merry,
> Without a sous in poke, still merry, merry Jerry."

"Thou knowest I hate it; and thou knowest, too, I could not tell when thou might'st ha' hove in view. An' as to manning the new sloop by myself, and looking out a-head, day and night, for the whole fleet o' you, beshrew my heart, 'twas what would never do me no great good. So I even scuttled across to the chaplain, here, to rack off a little; and every one must rack off a little, now and then; 'tis natural, isn't it?"

The clergyman, having derived sufficient information of the case from the conversation of the uncle and nephew, as well as from the mute statement of the dumb man, advanced to pay his respects to Evelyn; regretting that his poor house—

But here he was unseasonably interrupted by his dumb friend, who, first shaking violently by the hand the astonished and yet pleased Jerry, ran to the very cupboard in which the bottle and wine-cups had been deposited, and, with extravagant gestures and cries, meant to be a pleasant attack on the priest's caution, replaced them on the table, sat down, and motioned all to join him in a hearty draught. Evelyn requested their host to express his disinclination to a carouse, on account of his great anxiety to return to his sister; but Jerry, his eyes fixed on his new acquaintance, in admiration of his movements, readily took a seat at the table.

"Be not surprised at his manner," said the old clergyman, supposing Jerry's attentive observation to proceed from mis-

giving, of some kind, and not—as it really did—from pure delight—"the man is deaf and dumb, but harmless."

"Be he deaf as a mast, and dumb as the sea in a calm, I say he is hearty; your health, my tight lad," Jerry continued, nodding graciously, a full cup in hand, to his companion, who returned the salution with many, many nods, and many grimaces, too, of excessive pleasure.

But this could not last. A few words of emphatic request from Evelyn, and uncle Jerry was soon sprawling on the back of the priest's horse, attending his nephew and guide back again to the Strip of Burne.

They had scarce begun to ascend the first toilsome and, now and then, perilous inequalities on their road, when a stranger, also on horseback, joined them at a brisk trot. By the light of the moon, he appeared to be a young man of about Evelyn's own age, but shorter, perhaps, and slighter, with a pale face, and features which, although not by any means of a handsome cast, yet wore an impression of grave, abstracted, and intellectual melancholy, that was interesting. At his back hung something enveloped in a dark cloth. "The blessing of the night on ye," he said, as he drew up and joined the party.

"This fellow is not hearty," said uncle Jeremiah, after looking in his face; and again, when he had seen the appendage at his back—"a poor serious pedlar, I reckon."

But the dumb guide cried out joyfully, the moment he perceived the stranger, and stretched forth his hand to greet him; and, as soon as he heard the cry, the young man as joyfully shook the proffered hand, and said—

"Ah, my poor Con M'Donnell, is it you?—*Dieu-uth, Dieu-uth*, and God look down on you!"

"Do you take our road, friend?" asked Evelyn.

"If your road lies straight to Randall M'Donnell's house, in the glen, as I suppose it does, by finding this afflicted creature in your company, then we are to be together," answered the stranger.

"I am glad of it," resumed Evelyn; "as, however good his intentions may be, it is rather comfortless to be guided on such a road as this by a man deaf and dumb."

"He has a quick eye, sir," said their new comrade.

"Doubtless, sir; but I should prefer the guidance of one

that can speak to me with sufficient plainness and quickne to point out a danger; yourself, for instance."

"I shall do my best to serve you," resumed the young ma smiling expressively, "but do not depend on me too far."

"You know the road, do you not?" asked Evelyn.

"Well, sir, every stock and stone on it; or I could not ve ture out alone in such a wild quarter."

"May I inquire if you are a native of this part?" still que tioned Evelyn.

"No," answered the other, with a sigh that spoke de feelings and sad recollections of home—"I was born far fro the black North. But, to begin my safe guiding, mind you self, now, sir," he continued, altering his tone—"as we ha got under the darkness of the rocks, and there is a lar black stone, hardly visible, just to your right."

Evelyn looked, and saw, indeed, by attentive observatio the almost hidden danger.

"Thanks," he then resumed; "and you have spoken b lightly of your own ability as a guide; for, tho' Con M'Do nell has, truly, a keen eye, and tho' my own may serve turn, I should have been on that rock but for your wa ing."

The young stranger smiled again with peculiar meanin and rejoined: "Be it as it may, sir, I say I shall do my be to please you; and now, again, hold to the right as much you can; for at this place the road has no left-hand fen and slants very suddenly over the edge of the hill; but p haps I had better lead the way."

Spurring his horse, he accordingly took the lead, and continued, during the rest of the journey to M'Donnel house, occasionally exhorting Evelyn, over his shoulder, pull up in one place, and turn aside in another; and Evely feeling all along much gratified to have, at last, for a guid a person who could intelligibly point out dangers, and use h eyes so well.

When all halted together, at the Strip of Burne, his gui fell back, to disengage from its envelope whatever it was th hung at his shoulders. The noise of the horses' hoofs broug out, to the door, old M'Donnell, his son, and a crowd people. Just as they appeared, the young man had got small harp in his hand; he touched its chords; they stood *if spellbound* on the threshold—listened a moment to cat

the continuation of the air—then at once recognised the visitor—and—

"Carolan! Carolan!" was shouted by every voice—

"*Cead-mille-phalteagh*, Carolan!"

Evelyn's late judgment of the efficacy of his guide's eyes, misgave him as the name struck on his ear. He had before heard—as who in Ireland had not?—of young Carolan, and always as a man blind from his early age: now, by the full light of the flaming stakes the men bore, he gazed attentively at him. The eye-balls of the youthful bard were, indeed, blank; and Evelyn had the mortification to know, that he had been indebted for safe guidance over a perilous road, not merely to a dumb man, but to the deaf and dumb, and to the blind, together.

"Am I a good guide, sir?" Carolan asked, as they entered the cottage, turning to him with one of his expressive smiles.

## CHAPTER V.

"CAROLAN!" said Jeremiah, as all entered; "a right hearty fellow, doubtless; I have heard his name, and more than that of him, too;—there is Carolan's Receipt—a merry air as man ever drank or danced to;—Master Carolan, your hand."

Having received from the harper a warm return of his greeting, Jerry's eye lighted on Esther; and—"Aha! fair niece, bless the little heart in its body, art thou well, woman?" he went on, kissing her chirpingly—"welcome to port. Not yet safe landed, indeed; but yon's land, and its only putting off in the jolly-boat on the turn of tide to-morrow morning;—eh?—art better? art merry? that's the word. Sister Janet, art thou hearty?"

"No, Jeremiah, I am *not*," answered the lady, bitterly, who, since his entrance, had been

"Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

"Then thou might'st have been, for once in a whole voyage,

were it only to try how thou hadst liked it—deep sea take my tongue to pipe the word to her," he continued, between his teeth, but still in pure good humour; "when she knows not even its meaning. Well, brother Paul," (cautiously) "art thou?"

"I believe," answered Paul, glancing inquiringly at his spouse, "I believe—I am, brother Jerry."

"Marry—come up and amen!" observed Mrs. Evelyn; "and why should not all ruffle it bravely, who can, for sooth?"

Jerry understood this allusion, but, for the hundredth time, let it pass without any notice. Just then, Carolan, after speaking a moment with the other members of the family approached Eva, his little harp in his hand, and asking her, in a rallying tone, how many hearts she had subdued since their last meeting, struck up a sprightly air, which, he said, he had composed while thinking of her, and of which the accompanying words may be thus translated from the Irish:

My bright young eyes, my bright young eyes,
No earthly use they be;
From morn to night they make no prize,
For none they ever see.
My cherry lips, my rose-red cheek,
My bosom, lily white;
No lover's heart for them will break,
For none comes morn or night.
With my bright young eyes, my bright young eyes,
So swimming, soft, and blue,
My lips and cheeks and simple sighs—
What shall I, shall I do?

Supper was now laid out upon the table, and old M'Donnell, standing at the head, pronounced in Irish, and with much earnestness, a thanksgiving. Immediately around him sat intermixed with the strangers, his brother, son, and daughter. The table reached to the other end of the extensive apartment, and at the bottom, with a little space between them and the party at the top, clustered almost all the rude men who had attended M'Donnell up the glen, together with those whom the travellers had found in the house, the household women, old and young, and him of the donkey. The materials of the supper were fresh red trout, dried salmon, venison, from the deer-park of Glenarm, and oaten cake and p*ridge in superabundance*; qualified, at pleasure, by a sto

of canary, and brandy and hollands of such a flavour as Jerry well knew could have been had only in a certain way.

The meal proceeded, if not in great order, at least in harmony. Even Mrs. Evelyn, whose nerves had been much outraged by witnessing the cooking of it, and who could therefore promise herself little enjoyment from a participation in such a Scotch-Irish hodge-podge, silently acknowledged to her own heart—assisted, perhaps, in the concession by a keen appetite—that, ultimately, it was worth tasting. The meal was done—the table cleared—the cups and horns filled to the brim; and old M'Donnell rose, and, with him, all his family and people, to give—(Edmund supplying a translation)—

"Welcome and honour to the strangers in Glenarriff!" He was pledged in a joyful echo of voices, that rose almost to a cheer. Again the cups were mantling; and again the old man rose:

"Welcome and honour in Glenarriff to the bard: may he that gives joy in song, never know sorrow in the heart!"

All, including the travellers, rose to acknowledge this pledge also. Even the ladies of the party, following the example of young Eva, stood up, and raised high their cups; and she—the enthusiasm of her heart coming in tears to her eyes—added, ere her lips touched the brim:

"The praise of women and the honour of men! Sorrow should not darken his soul, who can change into Pleasure the Sorrow of others."

The old man looked fondly and proudly at his daughter, and tears filled his own eyes. Without speaking, he extended his arms, drew her towards him, and placing her head on his shoulder, as he sat, and as, when she was more a child, he used to do, kissed her, and once more uplifting his cup, gave:

"*Chorra-ma-chree, ma colleen!*"—"The pulse of my heart, my child!"

Evelyn, surprised into an enthusiasm rather unusual with him, started to his feet, along with every man present, and as Carolan exclaimed, and all echoed him—"M'Donnell's only daughter—the place and the wealth she has lost, for her!—a throne for her to do her honour!"—he drained to the bottom his overflowing cup, and waved it again and again. As he sat down, he caught Eva's eye fixed on his, with a depth of expression that found way to his soul. But, in an instant, she removed *her glance, kissed her father's cheek, and resumed*

her seat at the table, gracefully taking the hand of her new friend, Esther. Carolan spoke on. We must be candid enough to declare, that we do not follow him, word for word as he delivered himself. Having rather advanced in boyhood before he began to learn English, Carolan, to the time of his death, spoke that language but indifferently; and as other individuals of less interest than he may serve to illustrate the blunders—always attended by a portion of the ridiculous—into which one so situated must fall, endeavouring, while he thinks in one tongue, and speaks in another, to express the conceptions of a rapid and poetical mind, we may be allowed so far to show our respect for the bard, as to save him, by passing over his verbal errors, the chance of a dishonouring smile; not wholly giving up, meantime, the native phraseology of his discourse. Nearly as follows, then, he continued to speak:—

"For my own welcome, M'Donnell, thanks to you and yours; and thanks for the kind wish, too;—but you know it is spoken in vain—God frees none of his creatures,—the King no more than the Beggar—the Bard no more than him whose soul is dark to song—from the common lot of sorrow and suffering. You know why I am away from the pleasant places, the hills and rivers of my childhood—the only hills and rivers I ever saw, or, now, can ever see! You know I am in the north, and in your house to-night, because, for a time, I would strive to forget sorrow, by wandering far from the old haunts and the old voices that make it ever flow afresh. You know that he who gave me the song—that was the light to my clouded mind—my old master, friend, and brother, is gone from me; you know that O'Kief is dead:" He added, tears gushing quickly from his sightless eyes, as, his voice sinking, he let his head fall on his breast.

There was a pause, which no one interrupted by a word; the young bard's sorrows were too sacred for commonplace condolence. He continued:

"We parted but one summer; I came back to meet him, to take his hand, to hear his pleasant voice, to join him in the song again. My heart was happy within me on the road; I felt the breeze blowing from his glen, fresher on my brow than the breeze of any other spot the sky covers. At the turn of the churchyard I met a peasant, and asked him for O'Kief. *'I am looking* on his grave,' he said, and wept."

Again there was an unbroken pause of some length; even the strangers of the party, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions, sufficiently estimating what they heard to pay it the proper respect. The appearance alone of all conveyed their feelings. Eva, holding Esther by one hand, had passed her left arm round her neck; and now, while the pale cheeks of her companion were moist with tears, and her head drooped in the expression of the native softness and tenderness of her character, Eva herself looked wistfully at Carolan, through brimming eyes, that scarce ever gave a full loose to womanly showers. Old M'Donnell, sitting back in his chair, turned away his face, as if in shame of what he felt. Edmund had grasped the young bard's arm, as they sat together, and—his figure twisted almost round—seemed closely to watch his sorrow (they were affectionate friends, and brother-minstrels, too, since Carolan's arrival in the north). Evelyn looked downward, his hand resting on the table. Con M'Donnell gazed, like his niece, on the features of the blind musician, plentiful tears rolling over his harsh cheeks. While the rude group, in their mixed Irish and Scotch costume, leaning across the board, also fixed their eyes on the same person, or else sorrowfully and expressively on each other. Eva first spoke.

"Since the cause that brought Carolan to our glen is sorrow to him, we must regret even the coming of the joy of his harp, altho', else, we should never have felt that joy."

"Is not the instrument well known in this country?" Evelyn ventured to ask.

"No," Eva replied; "the common music in our glen is, I suppose on account of our old Highland descent, the bagpipe."

Evelyn, for the first time getting a clue to many novel appearances of dress, manners, and habits, which, in contrast with the general aspect of the north, well known to him, had, in this mountain district, forcibly struck him, wished to continue his questions; but Eva anticipated it by more directly addressing the young harper.

"Did your time pass pleasantly in the castle of the old M'Donnell of Glenarm, Carolan?—and how is our noble cousin of Antrim?"

"It was not that good lord's fault if my days were clouded under his roof; and he is well, Eva, in peace, plenty, and a green old age."

"*His lordship is also of Highland* descent, then, being your

relative?" Evelyn inquired, again endeavouring to conversation.

"The answer is a long one," said Edmund, "and the fortunes of our family. The ancestor of the pre trim, Surlebuoy, or yellow Charles, was a Scottish chieftain, who, in the old feudal times, coming ov head of his clan, M'Donnell, wrested, from native p what has since continued to be the property of his des and the descendants of his people."

"It was a great battle the two chieftains fought,' rolan, "the battle of Orra; and on the top of Orra h only a few miles from the house we sit in, the cairns who fell are to be seen to this day. I know a story, about that battle; it was told me yesterday by the One of your name, and of his own name, too—for y M'Donnell's—came suing to him for a new grant of first grant being worn out; the earl was fretted wi thing else, and spoke short words to put the man he was not to be put off; he asked him the bo and again, saying he was a M'Donnell. The temper, and told him there were too many M'Donne the man, fixing his eyes on him, answered, 'There too many at the battle of Orra;' and so turned off him."

"M'Donnell is not the right name," observed the ta looking man we have before taken notice of, when l the hob;—he spoke in Irish, which was translated strangers, as we translate it for our readers;—"nei Surlebuoy a true Highland chieftain, nor his clan Hig Here is the story:—'The great grandfathers of those the lands to Surlebuoy, had, a long time before, taken lands from his great grandfather, and driven him to lands, with his sept. Both were Irish septs then, conquered sept were O'Donnells, part of the great O of Innishowen, *not* M'Donnells. But their children's and the children of them again, living so long in the H took the Scotch Mac, and laid down the Irish O. So t Surlebuoy came over to fight a battle for his right, M'Donnell, instead of an O'Donnell. Sure he brou marks of the Highlands as well as that; his philibeg bonnets, that are hardly yet worn out; and his la Irish, to corrupt our pure tongue.'"

"The words of Manus Oge have weight," said Eva, addressing Evelyn; "he is a descendant of the undoubted old Irish who, before the battle of Orra, wholly possessed this glen. His fathers have, for centuries, been famous for correct tradition. As authentic reciters of the poems of Ossian, they are also celebrated; and he inherits their lore and their character."

"However authentic his tradition may be as to the original derivation of our ancestors," resumed Edmund, "or the true sounding of our name, I believe I have correctly informed this gentleman of the manner in which the present Antrim estate came into the hands of the first known possessor. To continue:—One of the most powerful of Surlebuoy's clan, and one of his nearest relatives, was the founder of our family in Ireland. He received a good portion of the conquered lands, after the chief had possessed himself of enough for an earldom. He had his castle, his estate, and his own clan, a short distance from our present home; and they continued in the hands of his successors, descending to my father, the old man who sits there before you, until Cromwell, because my father fought for his liege King against a bigotted and bloody conspiracy, took them from him, and bestowed them, up and down, upon some of the very rabble of his army."

Young M'Donnell began this statement with the modesty, hesitation, and even blushes, which marked his usual demeanour; but, as he proceeded, his voice grew firm, his words flowed, his mild blue eyes opened and kindled, his round, boyish cheeks reddened with a blush different from that which usually dyed them; he sat erect in his chair, shaking his yellow hair in parted curls about his face and forehead; and, in an instant, started into such interest and importance of character, as fixed upon him the regards of his whole auditory.

"Yes," Eva added, with calmer energy; "and now, Edmund, you must touch your bonnet, on your own lands, to the son of an old trooper, and I must—that is, it is expected I must, if I could—abase my eyes before a trooper's daughter."

"Anent that righteous division of lands," Oliver began, from the end of the table, when, the moment he had so far proceeded, Con M'Donnell, directed by the eyes of the party, sprang from his seat, gained his side, and seizing him furiously by the arm with one hand, and with the other covering his mouth, *signified, by shakings* of the head, frowns, and

abominable grimaces, that he should on no account utt another word.

"This," Oliver tried to mumble, notwithstanding—"this a plain"—but immediately experiencing such a shake by tl arm as set the bones rattling throughout his body, and cate ing, at the same time, the expressive observations of tl group of wild fellows who sat about him, he held his tongue i good earnest, contenting himself with despatching a long loc to Mrs. Evelyn, who sat as pale as death. The dumb ma then released his arm, and took a seat by his side.

"But," Evelyn rejoined, too deeply interested with the pr vious conversation to take much notice of the interruptio "why was not your family assisted by the act of royal grac towards his suffering Irish subjects, which marked the rest ration of the late King? Many noblemen and gentlem then recovered their properties from the confiscations of tl Protector."

"Not many, after all," replied Edmund, "and few of the Roman Catholic families, although to Roman Catholics, almc exclusively, Charles owed gratitude for the struggle made, a the miseries and losses incurred, in Ireland, on behalf of l father. Their Lordships of Clanricard, Carlingford, Cloncarth and Lord Dillon, of Costelloe Gallen, received back, I grant, as much land as they had possessed before 1641; more, p haps, if the truth were known, and justice done. But what sh we say of the great body of the rightful proprietors of thi provinces out of the four, which make up our kingdom, wh Cromwell had, nearly to a man, disinherited, and driven in Connaught and the county of Clare? The very stateme issued in the name of the restored Prince, of the reasons confirming the dispossession of this great majority, says, tl such a measure was called for, because the most powerful a armed party in the country were the usurpers, and necess to support English ascendancy amongst us. And that th whose lands they had usurped, though they did not merit lose their birthrights for the cause alleged by Cromw namely, their support of Charles I., yet merited it, becau long before that struggle, they had stood up on their o account against the tyranny of the very government that few years after, cut off Charles's head. Was this reason for the son of Charles? or if, speaking generally, it was—h *can it stand* when limited by this particularity, that, in 16

the Irish Catholics, chief movers in the insurrection against that government, concluded with the lieutenant of Charles I., the great and good Ormonde, a treaty sanctioned by his master's name, and which conferred on them pardon and indemnity for all that had gone before? Be assured, sir," continued the youth, now naturally warmed with his subject, "that the best English ascendancy to have kept over us, would have been a sense of English justice, if not gratitude."

"Yes," said Evelyn, "supposing Irishmen to have natural affections for liege fealty, or common reason to calculate their own interests."

"One of our relations," old M'Donnell here observed, having been all along aware, partly by Eva's assistance, partly by a general comprehension, though he never attempted to speak in English, of the subject of discourse, "one of our relations was more fortunate, though not more deserving than we of Cromwell's indulgence. He got back his estate for giving him a good hard blow on the head; and it is well-known we did our best to give as good a one."

"I know that story, too," said the chronicler of Glenarriff—we scarce pause to say that he, as well as old M'Donnell, continued to speak in Irish, which, as usual, was rendered for the strangers, and this shall be our last notice of the fact—"I know that story, too, Randall M'Donnell. The cousin you speak of is Daniel M'Donnell, who holds Layd from M'Donnell Antrim, the cousin to both of you, again, for five hundred years. Layd," he continued, addressing the strangers, "is on the north side of this glen, divided from us by the river. Well, when Black Noll first came over, no hand was so hard against him as Daniel M'Donnell; he made a vow to look for him all over the field, whenever there was a battle, and take his life, or do his best to take it. And, sure enough, they met often in the fight; Cromwell, in time, knowing him well; until, at last, Daniel gave him a sharp cut in the top of the head, but no more. Soon after they met again, in the same way, and had another trial for it, but this time Black Noll was the man; for he struck the sword out of Daniel M'Donnell's hand, brought him to his knee, and uncovering his own head with one arm, and with the other holding him tight, asked, 'What ought to be done to the man who gave that blow?' '*The devil confound him,*' answered Daniel, 'for not

sending it down through skull and jaw, to the chink f' ı which, they say, his land was left him."

"Since we lost ours," resumed Edmund, "we have l in this glen, among a people the most congenial to us of in the north, endeavouring to support life by such agı tural pursuits as the times, and the aspect of the cou render available. That is, my father and uncle have re here more than thirty years. But when my sister a were children, we went to Spain, to a relative of some in tance in that country, for the purpose of receiving an e tion, such as our reduced circumstances, and, alas! our reli did not permit at home. We have also been in Englan

"It was mostly as a husbandman," said old M'Dor "that I strove to make a poor living for my poor chil and we prospered well enough, as long as we were allow send our cattle to England. But since the churlish passed by the English parliament against us, in that t even our little cabin often felt distress, and the most we do has not always kept the wolf from the door."

"It was indeed a churlish law," said Evelyn, "calcu to keep this country poor, while it could not enrich the c at least to any extent; and also serving, as I believe my of Ormonde represented to his master, to cut the bo mutual interests, if not kindnesses, between both."

"It was, sir," said Edmund, "a tacit declaration that would hold us only at the point of the sword; that, if kept us at all, they would keep us down. It came, too, i diately after the final decision that dispossessed us o hereditary estates; thus seeming to intimate that we sl not live independent, either by our fortunes, as gentl afterwards even by the humbler efforts of buying and se That having, without one just or generous plea—without the right of conquest—made us poor, they would, by means, hold us so. We were even cruelly and tyrann insulted by hearing that parliament call our trade 'a nuis and this language was addressed to men—to men of g blood—who, without one disrespectful murmur, had jus mitted to the decree that, on account of their loyal Charles I., made them paupers, and who, manfully resistir struggles of old pride and old recollections, had just c scended to embrace the industry of which the law, conta *that insult,* forbid them the practice. But well did suc

and words become the spirit of almost the same men who murdered their sovereign, and who, when Ireland sent over her best soldiers to fight for that sovereign, on his own ground, passed another law forbidding any quarter to be shown to Irish royalists—a bloody mandate, well obeyed by the Roundheads, until the gallant Prince Rupert made some terrible retaliations."

"Least of all people in Ireland," said Eva, who, with glistening eyes fastened on her young brother, had heard his unusual warmth of statement; nor was the gentle Esther indifferent to it or to him—"Least of all people in Ireland did the northern M'Donnells merit ingratitude from the restored son of Charles I.—is it not so, father?"

"Many of them," answered old M'Donnell, "were in the army that the English parliament doomed to be slaughtered in cold blood. And Montrose could not raise his head in Scotland, till he received an Irish levy, mostly from this part of the north—who, when all other friends fell off, stuck to him through every change of fortune."

"My father," said Edmund, "was the King's soldier on both the occasions he speaks of. He fought under Montrose, in that very army, sent to him by our cousin, the old Earl of Antrim, which, with a reinforcement only equal to its own number, defeated the Lord Elcho, at Perth; and which, by the falling off of Scottish allies, afterwards left almost alone, put to route the great chieftain of the Campbells, at Innerlochy, although he had nearly three times as many as they were, and although Seaforth, at the head of six thousand men, was within hearing of the battle that day."

"I put a sudden question," resumed Evelyn, "but my interest in all the information you have given me, will, I hope, excuse it. Have the people of this immediate district ever changed their religion since the possession acquired by the chieftain Surlebuoy?"

"No," Eva answered, emphatically; "while the banishment or extermination of the natives took place, at different periods, all around them, the inhabitants of Glenarriff remained, and still held, at least, their religion, their manners, and their native simplicity of character. While colonies of strangers overran, almost entirely, every other part of Ulster, or became so mixed up with the remnant of the old people as, in a few years, to confound all distinctions between both, this glen continued *shut out from them*, and has since continued shut out,

keeping its own customs, its own language, and its race."

"That is singular; I was, indeed, struck with the differ even in the dress of the people, from that worn throug other parts of Ulster I have seen. It closely resembles costume of the peasantry of Louth, and of counties n southern, except that there is some intermixture of High dress, which your former anecdotes explain. But noth have yet heard explains the chief wonder, that during colonizations and transfers of property and inhabitants, northern province, I should here meet a considerable nu of people who have never been affected by such changes."

"I admit it is singular," said Edmund, "and, perhaps, at a loss, as well as yourself, to explain it. The fact of lands, themselves, having never changed their head pro tor, would, however, much assist in resolving the quest As my lord of Antrim had the luck to be recognised Charles II. for his good services in Scotland, he might have had the power of saving from expatriation, or worse, own people, and the inhabitants of Glenarriff among number. And, thus permitted to cling together, perhaps isolated situation of the place, its remoteness from large to and, withal, its mountain aspect, held out no inducemen the new settlers, whether Scotch or English, to intermix the prosecution of manufacture or agriculture, with old natives."

"What kind of Irishman are you at all, from your story?" asked Carolan; "Irish-Scotch or Scotch-Irish, or wh

"Irish," answered Eva, "to the last drop in our hearts.

"I was sure of the women, Eva, as long as you are am them," he resumed; "it was of the men I put the questio

"Irish, then," cried Edmund, "and, as poor Eva says, to last drop of blood within us. If, indeed, our first deriva was from Scotland, the memory of it has passed away this," stamping his foot on the ground—"this is our na land. Irish we are, in feeling, and, I will say, in generosity Irish enough to forgive and forget all the wanton cruelties have been practised upon us;—to forget the rank we l lost, and be content with that which we toil and swea earn, if, indeed, that poor privilege of humanity be left to I would not draw a sword, this moment, for the recover *my old right,* when blood and convulsion must be the co

quence. Sensible of my father's loss I must be, and prompt to speak of it, warmly. But I find myself born under a new order of things: the voice of law, and of a king, have sounded in my infantine ears, to command obedience to that new order; and I say to myself: As my ancestors gained their lands, so I forfeit them. It is the chance of the world, and I am content."

"The words of a good man, a wise man, and a Christian," said Carolan, who, by the way, was remarkable for the unanimity and piety of his character; "and I do not mean to raise myself when I so agree with you, Edmund; as you know that I was born at Nobber, on the lands of Carolanstown—the very lands taken from my people in a time farther back than you speak of, and given to the family of the Nugents. But what have I to do with that?—I never enjoyed those lands, and so never miss them; and God has given me a gift I *can* enjoy, and—let the poor harper speak—am more proud of. For, does it not get me the praise of lords, and—look at me, Eva M'Donnell—the smiles of ladies? Does it not make my welcome from the castle of the chief to the cabin of the peasant? And sit ye not here around me, this night, who will swear, and, if need be, fight to prove, that already it has hung a wreath on my harp, which shall hang green, there, in the days to come, and call me to mind among the unborn children of my native land?—Oh!" the minstrel continued, excited by the theme he had thought but to sport with—"Oh! let that be the fate of Carolan—let him have fame in green Ireland—let him leave behind some strains that will gladden or touch the hearts of her future sons and her fair daughters, and little will he think of any loss beside."

All, except Mrs. Evelyn and her husband, who had both fallen asleep, rose, delightfully affected with the simple pathos of the harper's feelings, and once more pledged his health.

"I am poor, and I am blind," he continued, and, worst of all, I have lost a friend. But, come!—I will try to be merry—Edmund, put the cup in my hand."

"Thou need'st not try, thou *art* merry," said Jeremiah, his eyes running over with good feeling.

"Well, I am, then. What is it to be poor in wordly wealth?—give me the riches it cannot buy. What is it to be blind?—my eyes have only passed into my ears, to give them a double *sense of soft sound*. And why should I even grieve

for my old master! he is happier than he was here. So-mhic —what was now, I wonder the last—ah!" He stood up, his face and particularly his eye eloquent with expression that made the want of eyes forgotten—"I give the *Laoidh* of Irish song—the son of Finn—the son of Cumhal—Oisin, Oisin!"

It was chanted in a tone to which Evelyn himself contributed. Carolan biography spoke on:

"Manus Oge! come here, old Manus Oge." The chronicler of the glen rose and advanced: his very tall figure was somewhat stooped from illness, his long limbs moved gracelessly, his long arms swung or fidgetted about, and his shoulders often shrugged up and down, perhaps from an inward impatience of indisposition—"Sit down here, near me, and sing us the *Laoidh* of Oisin that we all like best;" the bard went on: "Edmund, get your large harp, and accompany him; you know the old chaunt; I will help you, now and then, with this little Clarseech; tho' no man can play even my own airs worse than myself. I have often told you I only use the harp to assist me in composition; running over it with my fingers, in search of the melody that is in my brain and heart. Come, your harp, and sit down by Manus Oge."

"Is it the *Laoidh* of Con-More-mac-an Deirgh, you want, Carolan?" asked Manus—"or the *Laoidh* of Cagavra, where Oscar was killed by Cairbre, the king? or of Conloach-Mac-Cuchullin?" and so he continued to run over the names of poems, others of which, as well as those mentioned, were on subjects which another chronicler has since given, in an adapted shape, to the world.

"It is Conloach-Mac-Cuchullin I want, Manus Oge," replied Carolan; and the selection being thus made, and Edmund's harp ready, Manus began the recitation of a poem, which, in a different style of language and arrangement, may be found among the collection of Ossian's poems, before alluded to; but which, it is our impression, has not been improved in the hands of the Scotch editor, or in the hands of those from whom he received it; though, even at this day, it may be obtained in Irish, very nearly word for word as it shall now be translated, from the lips of the descendant of Manus Oge, and on the very spot which is the present scene of our story.

## "CONLOACH-MAC-CUCHULLIN.

"From Scotland came a haughty young hero, the valiant champion, Conloach, unto the grand court of pleasure, Trachtisha, in Ireland.

"Connor, Ulster's king, quickly sent a messenger to inquire the cause of his visit, whence he journeyed, and what was his name.

"'I am a messenger sent by Ulster's king, to thee, young warrior, to inquire the cause of thy visit, whence thou comest, and what is thy name.'

"'The cause of my visit does not concern your king; my name is of little import; yet there lives no king or champion to whom I will disclose it.'

"The king, when he heard these bold words, to his valiant heroes spoke again:

"'Who will force this youth to answer? who will make him tell his name?'

"Out spoke Connell, the ever-dauntless hero:

"'I will bring back a true answer; I will tell you why he has come to Trachtisha.'

"'Welcome, gay glittering warrior, brave youth, the comeliest of men; but I see, by thy coming towards us, thou art out of thy intended way.'

"'I come from the east; from the brightest bower of the earth, resolving to try my arm amongst the chieftains of Erin.'

"'Shun that dangerous course, in which great heroes have fallen, or else your tomb will soon be raised where theirs have arisen.'

"'Is it thus ye have done in former days? did no hero escape your sword?—yet will I subdue ye, for all others, from this day to the day of doom.'

"Connell of the mighty hand arose upon hearing the young man's speech; but before his mighty hand was lifted, Conloach, the fierce and nimble, at Trachtisha, (tho' it should not be told) bound Connell, and part of his men.

"Then the king spoke again—'A messenger from us to Cuchullin!'

"'I am a *messenger sent from* Ulster's king, to thee, great

Cuchullin, the victorious, to tell thee that Connell and pa
his men are bound by the stranger at Trachtisha.'

" Cuchullin instantly moved: he came from Dhoon-Galla
of the pleasant bowers, to Trachtisha, of the great warri

" 'Welcome to thee, noble hero; but too late hast
come to our aid; for Connell, and many of his men,
bound, unless you give them freedom.'

" 'Tis hard for me to see in bondage the friend who w
free me in distress; but 'tis harder to combat with the s
the heroic man who has conquered Connell.'

" 'Refuse not with him to combat; let thy spear and s
be reddened for Connell's bondage.'

" — Conloach spoke as he came—'Peace between us, n
hero; look not on me as an enemy; let our tongues s
in prudence, and thou need'st not fear our combating.'

" 'I never feared; and surely must I fight with thee, u
thou showest thyself a friend; tell thy name, young ma
combat with me.'

" 'The voice of a parent has bound me not to tell
name to any; if I could tell it to one under the sun,
should'st be the man.'

" Then the two heroes engaged. Equally strong and l
was the desperate conflict: for of equal courage and
mind were the two most mighty champions.

" When Cuchullin saw that he could not soon quel
stranger, he a sudden spring made to the stream, and re
ing swift as an arrow, then cast the fatal spear—with a
might and strength he cast it—and pierced was the yo
body thro'.

" 'Brave young hero of the east, behold thy mortal wo
thy tomb will now soon be raised, thy name conceale
longer.'

" 'I am Conloach—never,—tho' 'tis my own boast—
before overcome in fight, and who would never yield t
hero, tho' I yielded to thee—father!'

" Conloach!—the son of Cuchullin?—the rightful he
Dhoon-Gallagan?—the sacred pledge of fame I left i
womb, when from Skiach I parted?"

" 'Conloach I am, the son of Cuchullin; the rightfu
of Dhoon-Gallagan; the pledge thou didst leave in the w
when from Skiach you fatally parted.'

" *Oh, my* dark fate!—Oh, my mild Conloach!—heir

rown—brave—peerless!—oh, that I had met a dreadful death before I pierced thy beauteous body!"

"'Oh, Cuchullin, my gentle father!—now is thy knowledge of me too late; but I knew thee, and therefore weakly raised my sword, and let it fall harmlessly! Oh, Cuchullin, my great and wise father!—who ever overcame difficulties! Now that thou may'st know thou shalt be without a son, behold the ring on my finger!—oh, Cuchullin, the most active and mighty, since I am weak and dying, take off the ring and chain, and bear them with thee; my sharp spear, and my keen sword, and my red shield, that lies low and lonely!—Cuchullin!—father!—how hard a lot is mine!—accurst be my mother! she it was who laid me under a vow, and sent me to thee, Cuchullin, to try my persuasion on thee!'

"'A second curse attend thy mother! ever was she evil and deceitful: it is the greatness of her many faults that has covered my son with blood. Oh, that she was now here to behold the fatal end of her counsels! Still lean on me, Conloach.'

"'Let me now fall forward, since thou hast said thou art truly my father!—altho' no other man lives in Innisfail for whom I could yield or fly! My blessing with thee, loving father; it is all thou canst now have of Conloach. I am devoured by a raging agony: I came to meet and to love thee, father!'

"—'Oh, that thou wert still safe without a wound, in any wide country of the earth, still absent from me, so that thou can'st not to kill thy father's soul! But it is good for the Dane—or for Spain, of the armed king—or for the chieftains of fair Scotland—that my mild Conloach by them did not fall! And it is good for Connor of the Red Branch, the chief of the host of champions—it is good for him and for them, that it was not by his means my only son did perish! Hadst thou fallen by any other hero, from any other quarter of the world, I would, to satisfy thy death, sacrifice countless thousands!—or if I and my beautiful Conloach were in one cause, no two heroes of the earth, without treachery, could do us harm! If I and my beloved Conloach were together on a hill-side, united Erin, from shore to shore, between us we would make tremble!

"'Five heroes have been born to me; the last, under my eyes, lies cold and mangled! The other four fell in many

fields: but I am the miserable father that has slain h child, with the spear that overcame the mighty! Fr hour that this black deed is done, as black be my he ever! Oh! the dark grief chokes my voice, and smoth bosom. The head of my only son hangs lifeless on o and his bright shield and weapons on the other!"

## CHAPTER VI.

NOTWITHSTANDING some anticipations of want of r M'Donnell's humble abode, Evelyn, when the party se for the night, found himself well disposed of. Mrs. and her husband had first retired; and as the lady re quiet after leaving the sitting apartment, it was to be for granted that she condescended to put up with her modation. Jeremiah, heedless of the weather, retur Cushindoll, to keep possession of the cottage; and E Esther into her own chamber—a small one, indeed, bu rated in a style of neatness and simple ornament that well of the taste of the young and fair possessor. was the season of flowers, every fragrant one that ga its perfume to the dells and mountains of Glenarriff ha culled to grace the lowly bower of the hill-maiden, and bunches around, and even hung wreathed in garland her couch. The pale primrose, flower of mildest abounded, and looking still paler and more delicate light of a lamp, seemed fitly to adorn the midnight s of a girl so young, so pure, and so innocent. On th hung some shelves, containing books, a picture of the fixion, and a Spanish guitar.

After a little pretty gossip, which the fair reader n assured was even then in fashion between two young preparing for slumber, the maidens knelt to perform in prayer, though not in the very same words, or accor the same prescribed form, their sincere devotions to common Creator, and then lay down to take their in sleep, sweetly kissing each other's lips (sweet creat *Esther held* in the arms, and pillowed on the bosom

ew friend. It is amazing how suddenly young ladies hate r love one another; they would seem, indeed, by their promptess in coming to the point with their own sex, to make up or their unintelligible dallying with ours; but, however that nay be, never was seen a more sudden friendship than, ere hey closed their damask eyelids, this night, sprang up in the osoms of Esther and Eva. Perhaps, simple and sincere as both were, they had their own little reasons for fully encouraging the separate impulse. But, as this supposition is treason to the magnanimity of disinterested female friendship, we shall, for the present, press it no further.

It should have been before noticed, that, from the return of Evelyn to M'Donnell's house, until the hour of repose, the rain that, during the early part of the evening, had been blowing off and on at intervals, had come down with constancy, though not with violence. At the grey break of morn, Evelyn's ears were filled with a tremendous noise of rushing waters, that, as he sprung up in alarm to ascertain the cause, he recollected was not to have been heard the previous night. Running to the little window of his apartment, which was at the back of the house, and looking up to the precipice that, at but a short distance, overhung the glen, he saw a torrent shooting down its perpendicular face, with a fall of more than a hundred feet. The mists of the previous evening had ascended nearly to the summit of the wall of rock; but as they still hid the topmost outline, extending themselves, in monotonous grey, over the sky, Evelyn, unacquainted with the real boundaries of the great objects around him, could not calculate how much more of the precipice remained hidden from his view. And as the origin of the cataract was also concealed by those wreaths of mist, imagination began to refer it to an illimitable height, or else to suggest that it was poured forth by the swollen clouds, from the bosom of which it took, indeed, its first apparent source. In removing his eye to the bottom of the precipice, a like mystery enveloped the certain depth of the torrent's fall; for it glanced and disappeared, behind a natural parapet of rock, in a sheet so unbroken as to give no idea of any rest or interruption, a considerable way downwards. The noise was, to an ear unused to it, appalling; but, after some observation, Evelyn became aware that the chief roar of waters was caused by the furious stream that *struggled along, over rock and* inequality, in the deep gully

beside which the house stood, and which, the evening befo contained but a puny rill, that, almost unheard and unp ceived, wrought its way to the distant river.

He was interrupted by the entrance of Oliver Whittle, much solemn agitation, for which it is convenient, under t reader's favour, to account at some length.

The house that gave shelter to the benighted personages our story, did not appear to have been the work of a first simp idea, but rather as if it were constructed at different times, whim, necessity, or reflection, caused the proprietors to reco sider, after a part had been perfected, the plan in hand. Th middle of the building, that which inclosed the common apar ment, or room of all work, seemed to have been the primar structure : at the end of it, and facing the huge fire-place, a doo as nearly in the middle of the wall as could reasonably be ex pected, opened into a narrow passage, at either side of whic four others gave admission into four opposite chambers. A though it could now afford lodging to all the immediate mem bers of the family, together with their guests of the night, th wing appeared a second thought.

At the right-hand side of the fire-place, a small door also le into a second narrow passage, which again opened to the nigh chambers of the menials—a large apartment, at the back of th fire-place, receiving the males; and one as large, divided fro this by a good substantial wall, inclosing the females. In the latter it is none of our business to enter; but into th former, preceded by a grey-headed retainer of the family, wh had been with old M'Donnell in the wars of Montrose, an who, after the peace, had taken upon himself, without an special appointment, but by a kind of acknowledged right, general superintendence of everything about the reduced esta lishment of his old commander—preceded, we say, by th aged follower, bearing a rude lamp, and using much dum show of courtesy, stalked Oliver Whittle, whom we are liberty to accompany anywhere.

He strode into the room with a face as long and as su picious as if he were about to put up his quarters among t spirits of those he had helped to slay at the Gobbins Heug The large chimney of the outer apartment protruded into th *chambre-à-coucher;* and at one side of the bulk, where the h penetrated for his benefit, nestled, on a bed of fresh heath *the donkey's* driver, in what he denominated "a cosey noo

While around the rough walls, as Oliver stood erect in the middle of the floor, he could discern some dozen large heads of hair, shading as many harsh visages, pushed from under coarse coverlids, which screened the giant limbs of a like number of stalwart kernes of the sept M'Donnell.

"Whilk is to be my place of repose, brother?" he asked, solemnly, after a pause.

"Phat will hur say?" asked his seneschal in return.

"Whar maun I stretch my limbs? Whar am I to taste sleep?"

"*Kaw shee aun suh,*" (here it is) thrusting his lamp under the waggon-like structure intended for a bedstead, the sole resemblance of that article in the place. Oliver only understood the accompanying action. While looking at his couch, his glance became riveted, and he resumed, in mixed gruffness and nausea, "Tak' away from my eyes yon symbol of idolatry," pointing to a roughly-sculptured crucifix that dangled over the head of the bed.

The major-domo stared; and "hear til him, noo," said the donkey's driver, in the corner. One of the listening kernes inquired in Irish what Oliver had said, and on a translation given by the young promoter of mischief, three or four jumped, primitively naked, from their heather couches, muttering no very peaceable intent. Oliver's brow assumed a deeper curl, but it was a valiant one; his hand flew to his sword; he confronted the row of hideous apparitions before him; and blood might have flowed, had not the old man compelled them, by a few words in Irish, once more to ensconce themselves beneath their coverlids. Then he placed the lamp on a large box near at hand, and after hemming, and stopping more than once in his effort to speak English, "God lend hur the good night's shleep," he said, and retired.

Oliver bent his knees against the bedstead, and giving his shoulders a prepatory shrug, and swallowing his saliva before he began, performed, in a loud dolorous pitch of voice, a long-winded extemporaneous prayer. Then throwing a suspicious glance around, and ascertaining that all slept, or appeared to sleep, he drew off his great trooper's boots, and, his eye again scowling around, stole his great sword under his head, and crept, like an old wasted spider, into the recesses of his nightly *habitation.*

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, his fears and disgust kept him waking; and, some time after he lay down, he perceived the old servant steal in, shut the door softly, and walk watchfully across the room. Half-closing his eyes, Oliver closely followed the motions of this person. The old man approached the bedside, and reached his arms over him; then Oliver grasped firmly the basket-hilt of his sword; but the aged servant only took down the rude crucifix, placed it on the box, knelt before it, and with a prefatory flourish of his arm, that Oliver construed into determined insult, went through the ceremony of, as it is technically denominated, "blessing himself," while the accompanying words were uttered in Irish:

"*In-om-in-a naigh, augus a-vich, augus a-spridth naiv,—amin;*" an invocation, separately, of the persons of the Trinity; and then he continued to pray fervently, in the same language, often thumping his breast.

"Idolatry—papistry—abomination;" groaned Oliver; the words, however, indistinct. The object of his aversion turned his eyes towards the bed; another loud "*in-om-in-a-naigh*" finished his orisons, exciting another "abomination," and another groan from the bowels of Oliver. Finally, the old man arose from his knees, took an earthen jar off a shelf, spilt some water from it into the hollow of his hand, sprinkled his own forehead, then the couches of the kernes, then all round the room, and then giving the jar a second good stoop into his palm, he approached Oliver, his evil intent manifested by the zeal of his glances.

"Aye, jest sprinkle him weel wi' the holy wather, to kill the muckle de'il that's in him," remarked the imp of the donkey from his "cosey neuk."

"*Holy* water!—the waters of filth!—I'll have nane o't!" roared Oliver, springing up in a sitting posture. But the words came too late. The man conceiving he had moaned in his sleep, in consequence of some bad dream, charitably came to drive away the fiend with an ablution that he deemed a specific for the purpose; and, ere Oliver could prevent it, the deed was done. A good splash visited his face; he sputtered, shut his eyes, made various grimaces, and hastily wiping away the water—

"Defilement!" he exclaimed—"the waters of the sink of Sathan!—I say, begone awa' wi' your abominations, or the

hilt o' this sword"—here he was stopped by the re-appearance at his bedside of two gigantic kernes, each with a rude dagger, or skeine, in his hand; and again there might have been bloodshed, but that the old servant, as on the former occasion, impressed on his allies, that, according to the command of their chief, no insult must be offered to the stranger. So, they a second time retired, muttering, to their repose; while he, in unintelligible English, proceeded to offer an apology to Oliver, and moved him to lie down. After some time, his intreaties were successful; and at last he extinguished the lamp, and, to Oliver's continued annoyance, took a place by the side of his guest.

The old man's snore soon gave testimony of deep sleep; the other sharers of the apartment were not long in supplying evidence of the same fact; the donkey's lord contributed his minor note to the grand bass concert around; and, through the solid thickness of the far wall, the gentle maids and matrons of the neighbouring apartment, sent in an echoing chorus. But the unlucky Oliver closed not his eyes. He was haunted by the nightmare of popery; he imagined he still felt the holy water trickling over his defiled brows; he panted for the cleansing facilities of some ample, clear, running-stream; and the summer morning found him still waking.

As, with the light of day, children lose the terrors of supernatural appearances, so the morning beams gave him a little confidence, and he just hoped to settle himself to repose, when his mates of the night jumped up, hastily donned their rude gartments, and, along with the boy and his own bed-fellow, withdrew from the chamber. During this disturbance, it was impossible to sleep. When he was left in solitude, sweet visions again began to float round his pillow, but the sharp tinkle of a little bell once more roused him; he started at the sound; it was incontestably popish; his ears opened to listen; and, just then, the imp of the donkey re-entered.

"Come to the Mass, Oliver Whittle," he said, "the Mass is going to be said, mon; and it will mak a gude body o' you—that and the holy wather."

"Awa' wi' you, limb of darkness!" cried the tortured trooper, bounding out of bed; and his grinning tormentor skipped off.

It was Sunday morning. The celebration of Mass was, by law, a serious *offence, subjecting* the officiating clergyman to

heavy punishment. Of late, however, the matter, if done privately, had been tolerated; and the priest, either not having a regular place of worship, or else afraid to use it, generally attended at the house of some one of his more considerable parishioners, to honour the Sabbath according to the rights of the Roman Catholic Church.

In the large apartment of the house, old priest M'Donnell had furnished up a rude kind of altar. A high chest was covered with white drapery; on it were laid candles, the chalice, and the book, with the other essentials used in the performance of the Mass. The aged priest stood before it in coloured silk vestment, having a large cross described on the back; two little boys, in white surplices, kneeling at each side, attended him for the purpose of making the prescribed responses, of occasionally adjusting the book, or of giving the elementary wine, or the water of ablution. Around knelt old M'Donnell, his brother, son, daughter, servants, and followers; while a considerable group, collected from every cabin in the glen, reached past the door, which faced the temporary altar.

The deliberate clang of Oliver's boots announced his approach to the little congregation; and presently he strode in among them, scowling around, his face more haggard even than usual, and his eyes bleared for want of sleep. Assuming the kind of superiority which impudence accords to such as he, and indulging in the terms of insult and threat which improved good sense has since rejected, but which, by the way, were perpetuated in that day by a sense of impunity—the members of the degraded creed not daring to utter a word—

"I set up my face," he cried, "against this open idolatry—this unloosed wantonness of the scarlet strumpet. Retire ye to your homes: gi' ower; avoid ye! or verily I say unto ye, my voice shall be raised in testimony against ye, before the counsellors of the land."

All eyes were instantly fixed on Oliver; some half understood him—some not at all; but his manner was intelligible to every one. Edmund M'Donnell arose and approached him.

"You must needs retire, good fellow," he said, "nor disturb nor insult the devotions of the household."

"It is to retire that I cam hither," returned Oliver. "Whar is the chamber of the youth, Robert Evelyn?"

Edmund took him by the arm, and led him to the passage.

Evelyn's observations, from his window, of the novel and interesting objects we left him contemplating, were, even previous to the entrance of Oliver, interrupted by the voice of his aunt-in-law, sounding through the partition that divided him from her room.

"Paul, Paul," she cried, in a tone of steady authority; "awake thee, man; thou'rt but a drowsy knave, and sleepest the morning away."

"I am awake, Janet, dear wife," snuffled Paul.

"Open those eyes of thine, then."

"They are open, Janet."

Evelyn guessed she had already arisen.—"Hear'st thou nought to stir alarm in thee?"

"What should alarm me, dear wife, and thou so"—

"Ask you what, man? Hear you not waters rushing and roaring, as tho' they would sweep the dwelling hence?"

"In sooth I believe there be such noises, Janet," putting on a childish face of mock terror.

"Rise, man; rise, and let us speed away, then, from the dangers of this wild place."

Oliver here entered Evelyn's apartment.

"It is not good to abide here," he said; "the wrath of the Lord may, peradventure, overtake us for the same."

"What mean you, now, Oliver?"

"I mean," he replied, raising his voice, "that the idol of the Mass—the calf—the Dagon, is set up beneath the very roof wi' us."

"Mind me, sir," observed Evelyn, angrily, "neither you, nor I, nor any man, holds a right to scoff at the devotions of others: therefore address me not, in such language, and beware how you offend those whose roof gives us a hospitable shelter. Begone, sir."

"If it likes you to sojourn here," Oliver answered, "you canna' mak me abide by your shouther; wherefore I will awa' frae the accurst hoose;" and he stalked out of the room.

"And hear you that, too, husband?" resumed the voice of Mrs. Evelyn, who had overheard this discourse, as she ran to meet Oliver at the door of her chamber.

"Dinna come *forth*," *he said*, addressing her; "rest you in

your ain place of secrecy, that your eyes may not be defiled by saul-killing abominations."

He strode on, but Mrs. Evelyn strode by him, and entered the outer apartment, Oliver closely following. The old priest had just commenced, as they made their appearance. Mrs. Evelyn stared about her with a look which she intended should convey dignified importance, but which might be construed into vulgar arrogance. She beckoned slowly to Edmund, who was again on his knees; he arose and approached her, modestly wishing her a good morrow, in a low voice, out of respect to the occupation in which all the others were engaged.

"Youth," said she, coolly, and without deigning to answer his courtesy, "is not this the superstition of the Mass I see before me?"

"The Sacrifice of the Mass is about to be celebrated, madam," he replied, colouring with indignation, yet his boyish respect for the catechist's sex curbing the expression of it.

"And is not yonder the Jesuit Priest to minister in the idolatry?"

"Yea," said Oliver, "robed in the robes of—"

"And is this Treason and Superstition to be done under our very eyes?" interrupted Mrs. Evelyn. "Could you not have tarried, youth, with your damnable practices, till we had retired from hence?—Paul!—Paul!"—striding back, and thrusting her neck into his chamber, "speed you, man, speed; and now, at the least, let us take the road."

Evelyn came, at this instant, upon the scene of foolish insult. The old clergyman had turned round when the first words met his ear; and the hectic of unwilled resentment flushed his pale cheek, and his frame shook with more than age's palsy. Eva started to her feet, and stood with her brow bent, her head erect, her cheeks and lips blanched, and her bosom panting, while she grasped her father's arm, who, also standing, and one hand catching his long white beard, frowned on the intruders. Con M'Donnell approached Oliver, as usual, with ominous looks, till he was beckoned back by Edmund; while a group of harsh-featured mountaineers more obstinately surrounded the old trooper, seeming to await but a signal to punish him for his temerity.

"What is the meaning of this, madam?" asked Evelyn of his aunt, at this juncture.

"The rather do I ask where be your eyes, nephew," she answered, "that they see not here the popish—"

"Madam, madam," he began, abashed and confounded.

"The jesuitical treason of the Mass," his aunt-in-law continued.

"Madam, this must not be—allow me to lead you to your chamber."

"No, nephew; I will depart forthwith from the roof that covers them. Paul! Paul! I say—lazy churl, why tarryest thou?"

"I am here, dear wife," he answered, just then tottering in.

"Hie thee, hie thee, man," Mrs. Evelyn went on, striding through the crowd, that, aware of the danger heretofore incurred by attending a prohibited mode of worship, quailed under the frown of the Amazonian lady. It was an evidence of the terror arising from acting by stealth, which, with other causes, has broken the spirit and debased the demeanour of the peasantry of their country.

"Oliver!" Mrs. Evelyn resumed, outside the door, with her husband.

"Abomination!" cried Oliver, striding through the crowd, after her—"Stench!—the scarlet woman!"

"Niece! nephew!" continued the lady.

"Your husband's niece and nephew will stay where they are," answered Evelyn, "and endeavour to make some apology for the rudeness—your pardon, madam, for the most fitting word—which you have shown to the hospitality of this roof."

"Young sir," demanded his aunt-in-law, "darest thou insult a lady, and thy relative?—darest thou afford countenance to jesuits and plotters?—mayhap, it is thy intention to conform: but, have a care, young sir," her wrath somewhat aroused by a resistance she did not expect, and was not in the habit of experiencing; "fly not in the face of your lawful guardians, I say; hither with thee, presently, or my lord the Chancellor—the parliament—the King—no, not the King—but all else you should fear, shall hear of it."

"Madam, I rest where I am; you are not my guardian."

"Command him forth, Paul."

"I do command him, Janet," but with a voice and a face little expressive of authority; in fact, he looked about to cry.

"Take thy sister's hand now, youngster, and come forth, or abide the *consequence*."

"I will not stir, madam; neither shall my sister; an will abide the consequence."

"Naught is this, stripling, but Papistry, and Treason, Conforming; and all because of yonder jesuit maiden, on wh I saw thee look so loosely last night."

"Come, madam," he replied, at last provoked bey bounds, "we here interrupt most indecently the devotion people whose creed is only between their God and th selves; you are welcome to depart in search of my house, soon as you list, and I wish you a pleasant ride so early the morning—come in, poor people."

He waited till that part of the crowd who were with had got under the roof of the dwelling, and then closed door; his aunt-in-law bursting at the moment into bitter te in which Paul joined her.

"Excuse this, M'Donnell," Evelyn then resumed, as yo Edmund met him in the middle of the apartment; "c into our sleeping chamber"—they gained it—"excuse th extending his hand; "it has happened in none of mine o my sister's feeling; nor in my uncle's feeling either, if dared assert himself. Forgive us if you can; and do not woman's freak come between you and me, and the high est I must ever feel for those who have borne themselves tow us all so kindly."

"It is entirely forgotten," answered Edmund, his brightening up;—"we are, alas! too well used to such thinking slights, for I use no harsher name. I am only s the observance of our duty should have caused any disq to your aunt: indeed, the Mass was begun very early order, if possible, to be done with it ere she or any of had left your chambers."

"And, believe me, she would have slept long enough for her fright of the falling waters. Please now to retur the outer apartment: I shall stay here till you can a conveniently join me. Hark! there my aunt rides off, with uncle and attendant—can my sister and I break our fast he

A ready and pleased assent naturally came from Edmu

"And tax you for an afternoon repast?"—his young looked more and more gratified. "Then let my aunt er tain herself till the evening at least; some show of spirit necessary to make to her folly. Thanks, M'Donnell, *farewell* till you are at leisure."

The Mass was said; Edmund returned to the sleeping chamber, and, accompanied by Esther and Eva, the young men went out to enjoy the morning air and prospect. Esther's statue-like beauty of face, and her usually sad eye, were now excited into some glow and sparkle from the novelty of her situation.

All mist had by this time rolled away from the mountains and precipices; the sun was up; the sky blue and fleecy; the glen visible in all its extent and grandeur; the river, almost unseen the evening before, swelled into a wide inundation; the hoarse voices of many other torrents than the near one Evelyn had seen from his apartment, heard at different distances around; and, altogether, the character of great mountain scenery fully developed. With their back turned to the house, the young party looked down the glen, as it swept and opened to the bay; its far side running out into the expanse of the ocean, and ending in Garron Point; the barrier to the left turning before its termination could be seen, but taken up at a distance by other heights, on which stood the ruined fragment of Redbay Castle, and also running into the blue sea; while the remote distance gave glimpses of the sister country of Scotland.

They returned to the house, and met, at breakfast, old "Priest M'Donnell," of whose irritability of the former night Evelyn could perceive no symptom, in the bland and venerable demeanour which now marked the character of, with all his age and infirmities, a travelled and educated man. Breakfast—dinner was done; and, ere the evening should overtake them on the road, Evelyn and his sister mounted their horses, at last to join Mrs. Evelyn's family circle. Their parting from the M'Donnells was warm on both sides; some tears, even, were dropped between the maidens; those of Esther coming most abundantly. Eva was besought to name a day to make her a long visit at her cottage; Edmund was also prevailed upon by Evelyn to accompany his sister on that future occasion; and Carolan, repeatedly solicited by the young strangers, consented to accompany both. Finally, they left the Strip of Burne, convoyed through the glen by even a greater body of people, with the M'Donnells at their head, than had come out to welcome them on their arrival. As the road approached the coast, farewells were renewed, and, with a *single guide, they thence* proceeded to their own cottage.

Mrs. Evelyn received them with sullenness, intended for dignity; but Evelyn could perceive that this was only a disguise to cover the real crestfallen consciousness of his good relative. He had expected such a pleasing result; for, young as he was, he knew human nature sufficiently well—even that half of it which is honoured by being of the fair sex—to calculate on a victory over noise and words by a seasonable show of resolution. In fact, he now had, what is called, the upper-hand; and he wisely determined to keep it, in his own house; trusting that, for the time he was compelled to live with his uncle, and therefore with his aunt-in-law, it might serve to obtain him some quiet. Nor was he mistaken in his views. Still wrapping herself up in much dignity, Mrs. Evelyn grew meek as a child. If she was sublime, she was, at the same time, silent; or, in their hours of connubial retirement, satisfied herself with revenging everything on her husband.

The day appointed for the visit of the M'Donnells brought them, even with the full assent of Evelyn and Esther's guardian, to the seashore cottage of their young friends; and the harper accompanied them. The weather was now beautifully fine; the walks by the coast delightful: Esther rapidly improved in spirits and health. Carolan composed airs to words of Edmund's writing, and both played, while Esther and Eva sung them; peace was with them, and about them, as well as over the whole land—even the rare peace of sectarian toleration. They were all young; all, in different shades of feeling enthusiastic; all imaginative and simple-hearted; and—they all loved.

"'Tis an old tale, and often told,"—

and a curious thing to account for, how young hearts get entangled with each other, and beating and swelling for each other. Apart even from the great solution of the riddle proposed in speeches about sympathetic minds and souls, by which is meant minds and souls very like each other, it has remained for us, we think, to discover the true solution—proximity. They were together, and they loved; that is our syllogism. If it be combated in favour of the old doctrine, we rejoin, by first asking, rather tritely indeed, how could they ever have loved, had they never come together?—Next, if similarity of character was to have done everything, and proximity nothing, how could the fiery-spirited Eva have loved the matter-of-fact

Evelyn? And the weak, tender Esther have loved the bold, manly, although modest Edmund? And how could the poor harper have pined—we were about to say, indiscreetly, for whom he pined; but as it was not so quickly ascertained, in the reality, neither should it be all at once declared in the story. Moreover, since his own tardy declaration of his feelings was the immediate cause why others admitted the state of their own, the whole matter seems to require a progressive and circumstantial development.

Evelyn and Edmund had gone for a day to hunt the deer in the great *chasse* belonging to Antrim Castle; and their sisters thus left without any company but that of Carolan—(they did not admit that Jerry, Mrs. Evelyn, or her husband, were company)—walked out, arm in arm, to enjoy the air and the shade in one of their usual haunts. It was a little dell, formed by high and sloping ground on every side, which entirely shut out, at certain points, the sea, the mountains, everything but the sky. The hoarse roar of the ocean came subdued to the lonely place, and its own insect-buzz, and the hum of the wild bee among its primroses and buttercups, were the predominant sounds that filled the ear. The young harper, acknowledging a fit of musical impulse, had parted from them to reach a favourite retreat, which was sacred to his hours of melodious study; so that they were completely alone.

Hitherto the maidens had never trusted to one another a hint on the state of their hearts; each plainly seeing the love of each, yet sure that her own bosom was perfectly disguised. They had been unusually silent during their little walk; and having gained their resting-place, they sat down without a word. At last Esther asked rather suddenly:

"Do you remember the strange woman we met on the way to your house, Eva, the first evening I saw you and your brother?"

"Yes; but I have since scarce thought of her."

"I have, often. You remember her extraordinary manner when she looked in my face?—What was her cause for that?"

"Something very absurd, doubtless, dear girl."

"But why did she speak of me to your brother, after her strange scrutiny of my features? You were near enough to hear what she said, and you know her language—what said she?"

"It is not worth the while to know, Esther; and it be idle in me to inform you."

"Anything is worth the while to ask or tell on th day—inform me, pretty Eva."

"Never a word, for that base flattery."

"Then, Eva only, or dear Eva, let me hear; the matt lain on my mind, and made me uneasy."

"And for that reason I must not tell you a foolish Had you thought nothing on the matter—had you a mi different to such childishness—I would freely impart that idle woman said; but, as it is, I will save you imaginary flights, that cannot increase your happ Esther."

"Now, indeed, you startle me. The occurrence I wit had no such effect as your reasons for remaining silent, nor can your free confidence and speech, whatever yo disclose, do half the injury to my mind and spirits, tha allusions have done already."

"I see, indeed, I used an injudicious method of dis with you, and am sorry for it, dear Esther; and perha speaking freely will, as you say, now do less real harm my silence: but can you faithfully promise me to laugh do, at the whole you shall hear?—'Tis silly, Esther, fro ginning to end, with nothing to depend on but the ra or, perhaps, wilful falsehood, of that poor woman."

"Be assured I shall treat it as lightly as, on such sh it deserves, or as you do; but go on."

"You know that on the eve of All-Saints' Day, alon acting some harmless pastimes, it is the weak, and i sinful, custom of the peasantry, to invoke the Evil name by its influence, they may see the shadowy resemblance person they are doomed to love. Well; on the last e of that blessed eve, as my brother and I, and a cir young friends, sat around the fire in my father's house, ( of the cavern lifted the latch of our door, entered, ar down silently amongst us. She had great fame with th people, for her knowledge of the little ceremonies to be through on All-Saints' Eve, and it was her custom t different houses that she might direct them; but this w first visit to us. Her pale, undisturbed face, and her si had a disagreeable effect on our sports; yet we proceed *them, while Onagh* looked on. We hid the ring, melte

lead, sent the blindfolded seeker of his fate to the four plates of salt, ashes, water, and earth, burned the nuts in the names of any two we destined for each other, with other like things. Still Onagh did not speak a word; and at last, affected by her strange demeanour, we became as silent and inactive as herself. Then, however, she found her tongue. 'All is done that you can do,' she said, 'and yet nothing that was worth the doing. I can show, any time, till the cock crows for midnight, the man or the woman any of ye are to love.' A girl of the house, taking her at her word, rose with Onagh, and both retired into a chamber, dark but for a dull fire that was allowed to burn out in it. I suppose you know as well as I the various forms in which the wicked invocation is made;—in the present instance, Onagh caused the young girl to take off and wash a part of her dress, and then spread it out on a chair to dry before the fire. Soon after they had retired, we heard a scream, and the silly girl ran to us from the dark chamber, saying, that a strange man had, while she and Onagh stood with their backs to the door, advanced to the fire, and turned the article of dress, which was spread out on the chair. Of course, she either wilfully told a falsehood, or else the terrors of imagination had imposed on her.

"My brother and I asserted our disbelief of what she said; and Onagh offered to convince me, in my own person, of the efficacy of her invocations, if I would retire into the chamber with her; but I refused, not indeed in fear, Esther, but in contempt, and a dislike to do, idly and uselessly, a sinful thing. Edmund, in a bantering tone, challenged her to show him the lady he was to love; and Onagh assented, on condition that he would go out with her to the river side, as, to convince him, another kind of form was to be gone through: he did so against my entreaties, and left the house, laughing and light-hearted.

"In some time he came back, alone, with an altered air; but, when we asked him of what had happened, and why he looked so, he answered, again in good spirits, that he was only tired from clambering over such uneven ground as lay between him and the river, and that Onagh had shown him nothing for all his trouble, but a white-faced horse. The subject dropped; and till the evening we met you, Esther, was never renewed."

"But it was, then?—and it was to it that Onagh made

allusion, when she looked on me? Did not your brother report truly of his adventure?"

"He told the truth, but not the whole truth; and what he suppressed did not seem to him worth mentioning. But he forgot to say that Onagh warmly insisted there had been an apparition visible to her—a pale and beautiful young lady; and this he told me since your coming to our glen; for I, as well as you, wished to understand the allusions of Onagh, though I made so light of them, and therefore asked him to tell me."

"Go on, dear Eva," said Esther, wishing to hear recited the application that was obvious to herself.

"There is nothing to be added but what you witnessed: when Onagh saw your face, at the cavern, she told him it was the face of the apparition by the river-side."

"What, Eva?—my face?"—blushing deep as scarlet, and affecting as much simple astonishment as was possible—"now, indeed, I see the absurdity you promised me. And yet, another question. There was, in Onagh's recognition of her old acquaintance, anything but pleasure, or good-will, or satisfaction in such a face for the very improbable destiny to which she was pleased to doom it. I thought she started back in alarm and dislike of me; and her violent manner, when she ran to speak with your brother, the sound and pitch of her voice, certainly denoted more than a simple declaration that I was the reality of her spectre. Can you explain this? Again I recollect you were near enough to catch her words—what did she say?"

"I need not disguise, no more than any other part of the foolery, that Onagh certainly expressed dislike of you, for, as you say, the purposes to which she first destined you, and earnestly commanded my brother to keep his heart guarded against your infatuations."

"He has not followed her advice; that I have plainly seen, a thousand times," thought Esther. "Well, Eva, it was at least very inconsistent, you will admit: can you now tell me the cause of her aversion?"

"Onagh, herself, must there satisfy you, as I do not pretend ability to find, according to the calculations of the little common sense I have, good reasons for the raving or misstatement of a fool or impostor;" yet Eva was here guilty of a little ingenuous reservation—she really knew the cause of

Onagh's dislike to Esther as the lady of Edmund's love, but, with a general appearance of confidence, this—the chief point on which she feared to give uneasiness to her friend—she was resolved not to communicate.

Esther grew silent, and Eva, too, fell into a reverie, of a nature not unlike that of her companion. When they again spoke, it was on a subject seemingly disconnected with the former one, yet really associated by it.

## CHAPTER VII.

"HAVE you noticed the harper's melancholy of late?" asked Esther, by-and-bye.

"I have, indeed," answered Eva.

"Do you guess what is the matter with him?"

"I do, as well as you;—he loves."

"Whom?"

"Either of us."

"But which?"

"That I cannot positively say; but I think it may be yourself."

"You speak this seriously?"

"Seriously; from my heart."

"Then, as seriously I say that I believe you are the object of his devotion."

"Your reasons?"

"Why, you form the theme of his discourse whenever he and I are alone; he sighs at each mention of your name; he has addressed a sweet air to you; and he knows you longer than me."

"But he scarce ever finds a topic for my ear but Esther; if he sighs, it is in your company; he walks ever with you; he has framed as sweet an air for you; and," Eva added, with a sigh of her own, "he knows you long enough to love eternally."

"Here he comes, however, to afford us more observations," said Esther. Carolan, indeed, appeared in the narrow, but

level way, that led into the little retreat, walking erectly, and with the measured firmness of step that marks the gait of a blind man, although his pace seemed less spirited than usual. He was without his harp, and guided himself merely by tapping a switch on the ground before him, as he had grown quite familiar with the roads and paths generally walked over by the young party.

"He looks sadder than ever," said Esther. Carolan caught, at some distance, the very low tone in which she spoke, and his pensive expressive of face instantly brightened up, and his mouth wore its beautiful smile, as he said: "Aye, here I knew I should find you both."

"I sincerely hope you may err, Eva, in believing me beloved by this poor young harper," Esther continued, in a whisper, ere he had quite reached them.

"And why do you hope so, Esther?"

"I should not wish," anwered Esther, blushing under the expressive glance which accompanied the question, "I should not wish to see him love where he cannot find love in return."

"Carolan has many captivations; it is not impossible to love him."

"For me it is."

"Why?"

"I do not know; we cannot compel love."

"Is that the only reason?" Eva continued to ask with a smile, when, fortunately for Esther, Carolan came too near to permit her answer; we say fortunately, for we believe the answer would have been a little sin, in the shape of a little—we shall not say what.

"I could not draw the tune out of my head," he said, standing straight before them, equally balanced on both feet; "it would not come for me; or else there is no good in my clarseech, or my fingers, this day; yet, in my head and heart it is, if ever I had one in them; the music of a calling to battle, and the gathering for a battle, and the battle itself, fought by fine proud soldiers, on fine steeds, and the victory, the shouting, and the glory."

"Idle, idle Carolan," said Eva; "you could have put it all on your harp, if you would; and now it will grow cold in your head and heart, and we shall lose it for ever."

"I could not put it on the harp, indeed," he resumed; "my fingers strayed over and over the strings, but brought no

sounds that I wanted; only, instead of such, came sad thrillings and low tones of the wire, that made me weep for company."

"Sit down by Esther, here, and now smile to her, for company; I am wanted, for a little space, by your aunt, Esther, but shall return to seek you."

"Of friendless youth and hopeless love," the young minstrel continued, taking Eva's place, as she left them, "were the only sounds of my clarseech."

"And why should they be the only sounds, Carolan?"

"They made the echo of my fortunes," he said, sighing sadly.

"Nay, friendless you must not call yourself; and when you love, Carolan, why should it be all hopelessly?"

"First, sweet lady, I am a poor harper, and women's love asks, and should get, more honours than my poverty can bestow. I could honour her love in the song," he continued proudly, though mildly; then, with another sigh, "but even she who can feel proud at the minstrel's praise, will slight the minstrel. I am blind, too; do you think it has ever happened that a beautiful lady loved a blind man?"

"I know not that it has happened," Esther replied, "for my experience is little; but I see no reason it should not. Blindness, though a great visitation, is the least disagreeable of bodily infirmities; indeed, it is soon and entirely forgotten, when he who is afflicted by it has gentle manners, and, above all, great talents."

"Then you, dear lady," Carolan asked, in much simplicity, "you could listen to the suit of a blind harper?"

"I could; but, Carolan, this matter now requires from me an honourable and prompt avowal, for I must not seem to misunderstand you, and it is a woman's part to end, as soon as she has an opportunity, the pain she unwittingly causes. I esteem and honour you, for your talents, your manners, and your good qualities; nor is your person disagreeable. And I could have felt—it is possible I might have felt another sentiment, but that—" she hesitated, "I may seem to make an unmaidenly avowal; I think I owe you the full explanation it conveys. Therefore, Carolan, hear me say—but that I loved another."

"I have erred," he resumed, with little of the agitation the gentle maiden supposed should be visible after her repulse—

"I must have greatly erred in my words to make you think this confidence necessary; and I crave your pardon, dear lady, for the imperfection of my English speech. Alas! alas! Eva M'Donnell it is that has put the sorrow on my heart, this day."

"Then, Carolan," said Esther, rising, and not half so pleased with her exemption from the harper's devotions, as her former avowals to her friend would seem to make certain, "Why not at once afford Eva M'Donnell the occasion of speaking to you as plainly as I have done, and which, however she may regard your love, I know she will do?"

"I fear to offend her; I feared, all along, to show her that I dared to love. Her grand spirit, if she knew it, would crush and kill my heart."

"I will engage for my friend, that no word she utters, whatever may be her answer, will hurt your ear. I will do more; if you permit me to save you an intimation of your feelings, I will, this moment, seek her, and engage that she shall come hither to reply to them."

"Oh, that would be too sudden," he said, greatly agitated; "but, do you think—do you know, as from your speech I fear you do, that the flower of Glenarriff has already seen, and already despised my love?"

"I know that she is unconscious you love her; what may be her affections towards you I cannot tell. But I see her approaching us at a distance—shall I speak to Eva, for you, Carolan?"

"Oh, no, no," he exclaimed, clasping his hands. But after a pause, "yet do—do, sweet lady; I will know my lot at once, do, and"—taking her hand and kissing it, while his tears fell fast—"the joy of this life, and the blessing of God be upon the wish of your own heart!"

Esther accordingly went to meet Eva. The young ladies spoke but a short time, when Eva M'Donnell parted from her friend, swept along the little approach to the dell, and entered it with a rapid step, an erect figure, an arching neck, and a flushed cheek.

"That is her foot," said Carolan, "treading the earth as she would on me, and bruising its tender flowers as she comes to bruise my hope."

Eva found him standing; the state of his feelings did not permit him to remain at rest, and he still stood upright,

although his limbs shook, his face was pale, and his features showed the despairing anticipations of his spirit.

"Carolan!" she began, the moment she entered the dell: "but sit down, dear Carolan, this affects you too much; take my hand, sit down, and grow calmer ere we speak."

He did take, or rather touch her hand; she led him to a bank of wild flowers; sat by his side; and there was a long pause, which the minstrel did not interrupt, even by one of the sighs that were breaking his heart for utterance. At last Eva went on:

"You, dear Carolan, of all men upon the earth, have honoured me in this matter; you, of all men upon the earth, shall not suffer a moment's uncertainty which I can prevent. Esther Evelyn has told me you love me; my bosom fills with pride to hear it said; I thank you; I am grateful; but let one word end it—I, too, love—and, alas! alas! not Carolan."

"Well," he said, in a low, almost inaudible voice—"Well, it is, and it is not what I expected. I knew you could never think of me, Eva; so far, your answer agrees with my despair. But I feared also you would have spurned me, harshly and cruelly—and—and this kindness, goodness"—tears now suffused his blank eyes and streamed over his cheeks—"Oh, Eva, it is too much; I did not deserve it!"

"Not, Carolan! what unworthy opinion do you hold of yourself or me? how could you fear that any woman would not own herself honoured by the love of him whose soul is made more noble by song, than by their station are belted earls or crowned kings? whose heart is virtuous and pure, and whose name, even while he is yet green in youth, has gone forth towards futurity? Least of all, how could you suppose, in Eva M'Donnell, such a woman? Nay, by my mother's sainted soul," she continued, in high and sincere enthusiasm, "I say again, I am prouder of your love, this day, the first, as it is, that has ever graced the almost childish years of Eva, than if the world's highest hero, or greatest prince, knelt, where you sit, an humble suitor at my feet."

The poor harper could only weep on.

"And, Carolan, you shall love me still—as I love you—as brother and sister love, when their hearts are truly knit in nature's purest affection. This you shall promise me; because, to lose your esteem, the happiness and the honour of your

friendship, by what it has here been my duty to say, would, indeed, cloud the days of Eva for ever. Let me still have the joy of your harp; and when I speak, in social discourse, the sentiments of an ardent heart, let me still see your bright smile applaud me. For the rest,—the love of some more worthy maiden shall be your reward; you deserve it: forget this chance; chance it has been. When you first came to Glenarriff, I was the only maiden you often met, and so it happened. But forget it; you are very young, and it must soon fade away in the brighter light that the tenderest love of another and a more deserving shall pour upon your heart."

"I thank you, Eva," he said at last, in a calmer melancholy; "I thank and bless you; but it will never fade away; and it was not chance. More than a year has passed since first I heard your voice under your father's roof, and it thrilled over the strings of my soul, like lofty music struck by the hand of some great master. I cannot see your face—alas! scarce can I even imagine what makes a face beautiful. Early in my childhood the blight came on my eyes; and though I have since often tried to discern, with the inward eye of memory, the faces that bent over my cradle, they are blank and shapeless, without a difference between them; and, after all, I believe they come to my mind, a little distinct from my cloudy notion of other objects, only by the touch that has since enabled me to tell any one thing from another."

"But the face of nature is not a blank to your memory, Carolan," Eva said, willing to fix him in the unconscious digression he had made.

"I fear it is," he answered, sighing; "the great forms of the hills around my father's house sometimes, indeed, are in my mind; but all smaller ones, little observed by infancy, have died away. The trees, that I have heard you speak of, as beautiful in summer, the rocks, the shrubs, and the flowers, are imperfect to me. I know not the rose by its colour. When I have thought to learn its shape by my fingers, alas! Eva, it has stung me to the quick. Even the mountains, whose form I think I recollect, are not green or blue, as you describe other mountains, when seen at different distances, nor know I the meaning of your words;—one only appearance of nature dwells strongly in my mind; it was the dark red light in an evening sky, rolled over by clouds as black as my fortunes, and reflected in the wide water. No, dearest Eva, he who

loves you better than any other man can ever love, knows not the beauty of your face. But when I turn mine towards it, and am sure that it is shining on me, I think it is an air, sweet and grand as ever harper played—oh! it makes music round about me. And now, Eva, I will never more speak to you of love; you allow me to be your friend; I thank you, and I will be your friend. I thank you, over and over, for all your goodness, this day; you shall see me smile, too. And, if you like, you may even believe that smile to have been lighted up by another love, and that the poor harper is happy."

"Then, take my hand, Carolan; take it freely—nay, turn your lips to my cheek—to my lips, even, if you will. Brother and sister may so meet and part; and where honour lives in two hearts, actions cannot be misunderstood. Be happy, dear Carolan; as happy as you merit, or as my prayers can make you."

He took her hand; he kissed, almost reverently, her brow and cheek, his tears wetting Eva's face, and calling from her eyes a fuller shower than, since her mother's death, they had sent forth.

A scream reached them from another little valley, separated from that in which they sat only by the rising ground that was a common division to both. Eva knew it was Esther's voice, as they had agreed she should there await the conclusion of the interview with Carolan. Seizing his arm, she rapidly conveyed her blind companion, by a level way, to the spot. Esther was alone, but greatly agitated.

"That woman!" she exclaimed, the moment her friends appeared—"that terrible woman!"

"Whom?" they asked her, in a breath.

"I was sitting in this lonely and noiseless place, busied with deep, and, perhaps, sad thoughts, and some frightful ones—in fact, dearest Eva, I was thinking of her, and, I know not why, of the matters you and I talked over, in connexion with her—my head rested on my hands—my eyes buried in the ground—when, raising them, Onagh of the cavern sat, immediately before me, on that low flat stone; her shockingly pale face turned fully to mine, and her dead black eye watching me. How she entered the dell, and came so near without startling me, I cannot imagine. When our looks first met I did not scream; nor for some time after. Until, wrought upon by her fixed glare and terrible

silence, fear gradually chilled my heart, and at last I cried out in frenzy. Then, in the act of going away, she spoke—oh, Eva, such words!"

"Of what import can they be, dearest Esther, coming from such a person, whatever they were?—yet"—drawing her friend aside, and whispering her—"let me hear them faithfully."

"Dearest Eva," replied Esther, falling, in tears, on her neck, and all her presence of mind fled—"I will faithfully tell you—'You are thinking of *him*,' she said, 'but, think first of your winding-sheet.'"

"Tush!—idle raving, all," Eva cried, disdainfully; "and to prove it is, Esther—dear Esther—sister—he loves you as fondly as you love him, and as—as I love your brother."

"And that," added Esther, as the maidens embraced each other—"that is only as well as my brother loves you."

As fate would have it, this happened to be a day of general explanations. Whilst, in the first shade of twilight, the young sisters thus confessed to each other the mighty secret, that, however, was no secret at all to either, though each thought it was, their young brothers stood in the same shadow of nightfall, surrounded by the noble solitude of what is called the Great Deer-park of Antrim Castle, a stag lying dead at their feet, and their large, round-headed, long-eared, black-muzzled Irish stag-hounds, crouching, tired and contented, around. They had outridden, a considerable distance, the rest of the huntsmen, at whose head was the old Earl of Antrim, and were the only two of a numerous party in at the death. Their horses, blown and jaded, stood, with drooping heads, near them; for they had just alighted to despatch with their hunting-knives the baffled chase.

"It is but a poor triumph, after all, Evelyn," said Edmund, after they had for some time, and in silence, regarded the dead stag—"while the game is up, and the horns and cheering echoed by the hills, I like a hunting well; nay, there is hot pleasure in bounding from the saddle to give, at the risk of one's own life or limb, the noble animal his death-wound. But to see him lie there, butchered at our hands, while we stand holding these bloody knives—this is not pleasant. I wish the other hunters would come up."

"I wish they would," said Evelyn, "and I agree it is a sorry prowess. Yet better that the peace of the land allows

us such a pastime, than that we should be called, by the voice of civil discord, to another butchering. Had we met only some years sooner, M'Donnell, perhaps our different prejudices, made active by the spirit of the times, would not have allowed us to unsheath a blade in the same hunting."

"Alas! perhaps not, Evelyn; yet I own no prejudices, in my heart, that could, or ever can, make me indifferent to the happiness of your friendship."

"Nor I, M'Donnell, that could ever make me regret yours." They clasped hands.

"It is in such pauses of civil frenzy, that men get calmness and reason to enable them almost to laugh at the imaginary distinctions which they would before have given or taken a life to uphold, and which, I fear, are only preached up into unreal existence by the knave in politics, and the griping or bigoted in the ministry of different religions. What, to you or me, is the creed of the other?"

"Nothing, for a quarrel, Evelyn," said Edmund, smiling.

"Then, let them rave as they will—there *can* be faith in friendship between idolaters and heretics, Edmund."

"And why not in love, too, Evelyn?"

"Indeed, I see no reason," his friend answered, a little out of countenance.

"So, you dare love a papist maiden?"

"I dare—Edmund, I do."

"I know you do, Evelyn—come, it is well that this has chanced as it has; and let it be despatched as quickly as it springs up; nay, quickly it must be; for, hark to the call of the earl's bugle from the next valley—first let me answer it;" he put his own bugle to his lips, and blew an answering note—"And now, Evelyn, you love Eva M'Donnell?"

"I do—well and dearly."

"There can be no question honourably?"

"None—while I live to answer it."

"I never doubted: you honour us much, Evelyn, humbled as we are, and almost portionless as Eva is—you know she is?"

"Perhaps I knew; but I cared not."

"And, in a word, you would wed her, papists as we are, and knowing this?" His friend emphatically and warmly assented.

"My permission, then, to address her, and my service with her father and herself to join their permission also, you shall have, on a condition."

Evelyn stood more erect; he had never observed Edmund's love for Esther, as it was better disguised than his own for Eva, and the condition he expected to hear named was—having heard much of the efforts of Roman Catholics to make proselytes—thus conveyed in his answer:

"You know I am a Protestant, on conviction, Edmund."

"Yes, and mean nothing to change it."

"And what, then?—what condition?"

"You have a sister, too, Evelyn."

"Hold you there, now!—Is that it?"

"That is it," said Edmund, his rallying tone failing him, as he blushed deeply.

"Take your condition then—a bargain?" Once more he thrust out his hand.

"A bargain," M'Donnell answered; and palm met palm with so loud a smack, that the slumbering stag-hounds opened their eyes and pricked up their heavy ears at it.

The earl brought up his huntsmen; the stag was quartered; and all turned their horses' heads from the hunting-valley, the old nobleman reminding the two friends that they were to share his board on that evening. In a breath, they protested, however, that it was now impossible for them to have the honour; that something had just occurred to require their speedy departure from Glenarm; something of deep moment. In fact, they urged, with no appearance of consistency, such fiery speed, that the earl observed as they spurred from him—

"There go two gallants who may be found in the next convenient glen, with skeins at each other's throats; a brawl about field-craft, I reckon."

But the friends turned into no glen on the road, till they had reached Esther's cottage, just as a young moon rose above the waning twilight. They entered the cottage so flushed and agitated, that their sisters held for a moment something of the same opinion as that believed by the old nobleman; but when they sat down to supper laughing and rallying each other, and when the maidens saw the confident sparkling of their eyes, as they exchanged glances, or ventured to bestow them elsewhere, Eva, at least, began to guess the true reason for such excitement. And with the suspicion, Eva looked as chill and as haughty as could, in her teens, the little goddess to whom we have once compared her.

This corrected the exuberance of the young men's spirits; to divert particular thoughts and appearances, Carolan was, over and over, called on for the music of his harp. He complied readily, but with unusual silence, if not reserve of manner. Poor Carolan! he knew, though he wanted eyes, the meaning of the scene around him. Strains of young and hopeful love, Evelyn and Edmund asked for, unconscious of the agony at the minstrel's heart. But, as has been since better said, by him whose poetry is a happy, though a late echo of notes Carolan this evening dwelt on—

> "Ah, little they think who delight in his strains,
> How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

A seashore walk in the moonlight was proposed, upon an evening so mild and beautiful, and Carolan asked to join it, with the strong hope, truth compels us to own, that he would refuse; but the happy youths need not have done their warm esteem for Carolan such a violence, as, for the first time, to fear his consent to be of their party. He did refuse; and the two sisters and the two brothers rose to take the walk that, ere its close, was to shape their fates for ever.

As they went out at the door, Carolan could understand that, with more than usual pertinacity, each sister clung to the arm of her own brother. He remained alone in his blindness and his sorrow. His little harp hung neglected at his arm, and for some time he sat motionless, and, outwardly, not agitated. But it was the boiling up within him of stronger and worse feelings than he had ever yet experienced, that kept the young harper outwardly quiet. He saw, in his mind, Eva relinquishing, after the party had left the house, the arm of her brother, and taking that of Evelyn; they spoke but briefly, together: her acknowledgment of love, made to Carolan himself, and the spirited candour of her disposition, left Eva no room to hesitate; she surrendered her hand to Evelyn, his arm stole, unforbidden, round her waist—her neck—she yielded to her chosen lover the first kiss of assured love. Carolan started to his feet; he hated—loathed his happy rival.

But a better nature soon asserted itself. He sat down again—he touched his harp—he wept. Playing softly to himself, he was found by his friends, on their return from their walk,

each with, *not* the same lady on his arm as when they had left the cottage. Of this change he also became conscious the moment they crossed the threshold; and he arose to meet them, for the first time, without a smile.

"Now," he said, "ye are as happy as any of God's creatures, this night, and my peace and my blessing be with you"—turning to the door. All asked in surprise or sorrow whither he was going.

"To be happy, too," he answered, "thinking of the joy of this house. Give me one cup of wine." He held it in his hand on the threshold. "As there is a judge to judge me, I drink this toast from the bottom of my heart. May the joy of love returned, which you all know, never meet a blight in this world!" He drained the cup. "And now farewell, and my blessing, again—I know the road to the village."

"Carolan! dear Carolan!" cried Eva, catching his arm.

"No, Eva," he said; "I will return; we shall meet again; but I cannot stay here to-night. I have done enough, and it was not easily done, to say what I have said, from the bottom of heart. God bless you, and him you love!"

She resumed her entreaties for him to stay, and was joined by Esther and the young men. But Carolan would not be prevailed on; they saw him turn off from the door; they stood at the door and watched him moving alone in the moonlight, along the narrow road. He disappeared, and all sat down, more soberly than accorded with the new and happy situation of their hearts.

## CHAPTER VIII.

But the sincerest grief for others is gradually, if not very soon, forgotten in the selfishness of personal joy. The young lovers quickly lost sight of every thing and person on the earth, except themselves; and many delicious months elapsed in the uncloying enjoyment of walking together over the same scenes, sitting together in the same places, and repeating and hearing, over and over, the same vows, protestations, and flattery. By mere chance they bestowed a little occasional thought on the

peculiarity of their relative worldly situations, and the plan according to which they were ultimately to—get married. And thus was the matter arranged.

In the first place, neither uncle Paul nor his lady was to be made acquainted with their loves and engagements, until Evelyn should gain his twenty-first year. Then his own master, and also, according to his father's will, the guardian of Esther, a communication might be vouchsafed, and, merely as matter of form, a consent asked, with slight anxiety as to whether the little gentleman should applaud or disapprove. It seemed worth while to secure, however, the approbation of their nearest relative; and in this view, Evelyn planned to invent some means of breaking the business to Paul, when he should be separated from immediate collision with his good lady, and least in dread of her rebuke. Under such circumstances, Evelyn did not doubt being able to obtain, merely by a little plausibility, and the presenting his uncle with a new idea, a prompt assent to everything he asked. Such permission reduced to writing, as the nephew resolved should happen, any subsequent recantations of the party, made under the influence of threat and terror, would go for nothing. Or even should he fail altogether in this quarter, Evelyn was sure of success in another. Should uncle Paul refuse, there was as good a consent to be had from uncle Jerry. So, the full countenance of old M'Donnell being already obtained, the lovers loved on, with scarce a shade of doubt to dim the noontide brightness of their young hopes and prospects.

Having brought them to this happy state, we own, as nearly three years are yet to elapse before Evelyn comes of age, that we must omit a good deal of their raptures. But it is gratifying not to be obliged altogether to lose sight for so long a period of persons in whom, apart from their tiresome love-making, we feel really interested. With considerable pleasure, we therefore announce, whatever may have been the feelings of the parties concerned, that, in about a year, or perhaps more, after the coming of Evelyn and his sister to Glenariff, he received such an account of the state of certain properties in the West Indies, as forced him, in some alarm, to open his eyes to the world, its base dross, and ungenerous concerns, and finally to decide on a voyage across the Atlantic.

Here, again, is a pleasing situation for a renewal of lovers' vows, with, *for the first time*, the relief of their tears,

regrets and lamentations. But all this we again pass by, or leave to be supplied by imaginations more tender than our own. Supposing Evelyn, therefore, clear of such scenes, we find him, with Edmund as his companion, to the point of embarkation, over the long and bad road, then lying between Cushendall and Belfast, between Belfast and Dublin. And, on the evening of a day early in the year 1687, we find the two friends entering Dublin on horseback.

Not Dublin of the present day, spreading, almost equally, north and south of the Anna Liffey (Auin Louffa, "the swift river"), with her spacious squares, broad streets, her clusters of public buildings, her seven beautiful bridges, and her unrivalled quays: but Dublin of 1687, a scattering of ill-built houses, lying nearly on the south side of the river only; with no buildings of import except its two old cathedrals, its churches, and its castle, the seat of the Viceroy; with but two ugly bridges of stone, since pulled down; with no squares, no Stephen's-green, no Sackville-street. One of the finest piles that now adorn the city, was then "Trinity College, near Dublin." Finally, Dublin with scarce ten thousand inhabitants: for, a census having been taken not twenty years before, the population amounted to little more than eight thousand.

The travellers, approaching from the northern road, entered the city through Church-street and Bridge-street, leaving to their right a half-peopled district, boasting, however, one church, St. Michael's. They crossed the river at Old Bridge; and then, by Bridge Gate, got into the outskirts of the only important part of Dublin. Continuing along High-street, they passed, at the right hand corner of Skinner's-row, a handsome, modern-looking structure, built, indeed, only four years before, that is in 1683, by the corporation of the city, and called the Tholsel. Here the worthy men held their "courts." Though every trace of the building has passed away, yet the proceedings of the loyalists of Skinner's-row, do—and of their collateral descendants, the aldermen of Skinner's-alley—find some record in the minds of even the present generation.

While approaching the castle, the friends met a crowd of men issuing from one of its gates, who, as they walked together in some military order, and wore military uniform, seemed, although now unarmed, to have recently been soldiers, and

his presumption was assisted by seeing at their head, or mixed up with them, many gentlemen in the full attire of officers of different rank, except that, like the crowd, they had no arms. While these passed our travellers, they showed, in the expression of their faces, much discontent, astonishment, or dejection; or else bitterer and more angry feelings, as they turned to scowl at a mob of brats and women who walked by their sides, and saluted them with groans, hisses, and revilings.

Evelyn and M'Donnell regarded this scene in complete ignorance of what it meant, until a gentleman, one of a few in civil costume, who accompanied, as if in condolence, those who seemed officers, fixed his eyes on Evelyn, saluted him, and received his salute, and hastily shaking hands with his companion, advanced to welcome him to Dublin. Evelyn introduced this individual to Edmund as Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, the old friend of his father, and the person on whose account he had come out of his way to embark at Dublin for England. Evelyn inquired the meaning of the scene of which they were spectators, and his new companion answered, in an emphatic whisper, and while he trembled with agitation:

"You see some of the flower of our loyal Protestant army, and our only protectors, disbanded—stripped—plundered, by the bigoted Papist, Talbot, and thrust out, unprovided for, and almost naked, to make room for an army of his own choosing."

Both the young men expressed their unfeigned astonishment at this explanation. Living in a remote and insulated district, as, for the last year, they had done, enjoying the idle dreams of love alone, and voluntary shutting out even the echoes of the great world, they were completely ignorant of the political aspect of things, and of the changes that had taken place in the meantime. They only recollected that, ere the commencement of their dreamy existence, a new king had ascended in peace the throne of Great Britain, and in welcome, too, from all classes and sects of his people. Continuing at peace themselves, they took it for granted that so did the world also; that nothing could occur to dash the national quiet, at first so apparently certain, and, by the way, so sympathetic with the union of hearts and hands they experienced and proposed to further amplify. But here was a

stern reality to shake them from their dream; here was a scene sufficient to kindle anew the most violent flames of national discord; nay, here was a gentleman describing it with an energy and agitation characteristic of party-spirit already roused to its full sensitiveness, on the one side, while the feelings evinced by the mob indicated an equal vivacity of the other side.

"Hark to the hootings of the Papist rabble!" Mr. Fitzgerald continued—"hark to their cur-like triumph over the disarming and downfall of the only men able and willing to preserve us from their venom and barbarity—from plundering, murdering, and extermination—from another Forty-one!"

"What *is* the meaning of all this?" Edmund asked, his face reddening; and, "When did these changes begin to occur?" asked Evelyn.

"Not so very lately—nor—since you are so astonished at what you here see—is this all," answered Mr. Fitzgerald. "But I perceive, buried in the country as you have been, you require proper information on the true state of things—so, come with me to my house, young gentlemen—a party of sorrowful friends take supper with me this evening—come—dismount, and let us walk together." Accordingly, the travellers accompanied to his residence the not uncelebrated man, who afterwards secured to William III. his good city of Dublin, the ancestor of Ireland's only duke—Leinster.

A sorrowful party, indeed, and, withal, an indignant one, surrounded our young friends at supper. Silence prevailed, almost entirely, during the meal; but when the host had given, "The King, and better councils to his Majesty!"—and when the servants in attendance had received orders to go away, they being almost all Roman Catholics, Mr. Fitzgerald, addressing himself to Evelyn, resumed the conversation he had broken off in the street.

"More, much more than what you have seen, remains to be told, my good young friend—"

"But first, if you please," interrupted Evelyn, "why are the soldiers disbanded?"

"On a pretence that the rebellion of Monmouth, just put down in England, has spread to the old militia in this king*dom, we have* received from the King and the English council

an order to collect in, through the whole country, their arms, and deposit them in the several stores of each county. I was, myself, one of the first victims to this order; but our Popish general-in-chief, Talbot, now, forsooth, Earl of Tyrconnel, lately applying it according to his own construction, has proceeded to cashier all officers who have been of the Parliament army, or of Oliver's army, or the sons of such; Captain Coote, Sir Oliver St. George, and my Lord Shannon, here, for instance."

"Before the Lord, sir," said the notorious Coote, "more than two hundred of our most godly have been stripped of their commissions, and more than five thousand old soldiers of the Parliament beggared."

"The men even to be deprived of their clothing, and no equivalent offered for the commissions we had purchased," said the needy Irish nobleman.

"While," said Sir Oliver, "the refined cruelties practised in cold blood, on the unfortunate adherents of the gallant and royal Monmouth, by the infamous Kirke, in the field, and by the as infamous Jeffries on the bench, seem to give us a specimen of what defenceless men are to expect from the tyrannical spirit of the times."

"Then a new levy of Papists is proposed, I warrant you," resumed Fitzgerald.

"The most extraordinary and dangerous act of power we have yet seen," said the Reverend William King, President of the Chapter of St. Patrick's, "is the arbitrary dispensing with the test oaths, by taking of which alone the law had contemplated the admissibility of any man into any situation of trust. No greater safeguard had we for our lives and liberties, as I have shown, at some length, in my reply, 'to the considerations' that have induced that arch-apostate, Peter Manby, late Dean of Derry, to conform to the abominations of the Popish creed."

"No greater safeguard, indeed," remarked Sir Richard Reynel, ex-Justice of the King's Bench; "since, in consequence of its being so illegally dispensed with, Alexander Fitten now sits Lord Chancellor, in the room of a worthy man, and he an apostate, and convicted of forgery at Chester assizes, and in Westminster Hall, and afterwards fined as such by the English House of Lords. While creatures no better than himself rule the courts of law under him; such as Sir Bryan

O'Neale, in the King's Bench, a man crippled in mind and body, but of venom and zeal; and elsewhere, that able knave, Stephen Rice, one who deports himself as if he feared no after-reckoning, and who has sworn to drive a coach and six through the acts of settlement."

"But what," asked a stout gentleman, "can equal in abuse and vexation the dissolving of the charter of the corporation of this city, first vainly attempted last year, and manfully resisted by myself, John Knox, then Lord Mayor, but now fully effected, whereby professed Papists are admitted to civic places and honours, power and emolument?"

"Nothing can equal it," answered a slim gentleman, who had once been sheriff-elect—called, indeed, but never chosen —"except it may be the measures that are on foot to return Popish sheriffs for every county in Ireland."

"What is to be done?" said more than one of the company, speaking together.

"What, indeed," echoed the reverend President of Chapter, "when Protestants are thus jostled in all their immunities in Church and State."

"If it is sought," said Edmund, "to displace all Protestants and Protestant influence, in order to substitute Catholics and Catholic influence, exclusively, let Protestants resist to the last drop of blood in their veins; but if, after a season of Protestant monopoly, it is only sought to allow Catholics, in common with other fellow-subjects, the opportunities according to which they may grow, with equal merit or industry, equally distinguished or independent, then let Protestants pause before they risk, by a resistance, which, after all, can spring only from a reaching after continued monopoly, the peace, happiness, and blood of this miserable country."

"Aye, but M'Donnell," said Evelyn, as all present stared at his friend, "the violent manner of these proceedings would seem to make unnecessary the last case you have put."

"I take as granted," resumed Edmund, "that I have, for the first time, indeed, heard truly related the manner and spirit of this Tyrconnel's measures; and I admit that, upon such a showing, Irish Protestants have cause to fear worse than equality with their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. But even so, I maintain that his measures and their spirit are encroachments as well upon the instructions he has received, as

pon the real and sincere views of Roman Catholics, in gene-
l. I say, Evelyn, that neither the King, his master, nor yet
he Roman Catholics of this or the other country, wish to
isturb the established religion of the State, the established
ight of property, or the eligibility to civil and political power,
f any sect or party."

"The youth speaks, I think, reasonably," said another reverend person, one of the same sentiments with those who, some years after, were, in consequence of their scrupulous ideas of hereditary right, called in England non-jurors. "The professions of the new King are to grant liberty of conscience to his people of every sect; witness the truth of his intentions in his indulgence to dissenters. And I do agree that we should pause to distinguish between being deprived of the opportunity to monopolize, and the freedom to participate—between changing places, and only sharing places—with the hitherto excluded sect. As to the bigoted fury of Tyrconnel, I again agree with the young speaker, that no instructions, known to us, which he has received, warrant him in indulging it; and here"—laying his hand on a public document—"here is a declaration of the Popish lords, Arundel, Powis, and Bellasis, lately admitted into the royal privy council, saying of him, 'that fellow in Ireland is fool and madman enough to ruin ten kingdoms.'"

"Dr. Oates charged him with the plot," observed the Rev. William King; "and, if the worthy doctor was a bad evidence, he was no false prophet, as the saying is."

"But to the point, reverend brother," urged the last speaker; "if, after a rebellious attack on his crown by his bastard nephew, and the old disturbers of royalty, King James has natural fears of the fealty of such, in this kingdom, as fought against his father, Charles I., why should we much wonder at the late military reductions? If the test oath be dispensed with, and, by that means, Papists rendered eligible to commissions in the army, to places on the bench, in the civic chair, or in the sheriff's box, are Protestants excluded at the same time? There are yet officers, soldiers, judges, and aldermen, of the Established Church, and there may be. Therefore, I say again, let us consider ere we think of openly resisting this first act of sovereign power, which seems so much to fright us all, lest men should say we opposed our King, not because we were to be deprived of our freedom

or our rights, but because we were called on to divide them."

"Or," rejoined Edmund, "lest such opposition, working upon the natural passions of a king, who is no more than man, after all, should provoke him from the reasonable assertion of justice into the rash and angry enforcement of it, and so, indeed, give ultimate cause for struggle, rancour, and bloodshed."

"The attempt to dispense with the tests is arbitrary, not reasonable," resumed the Rev. William King; "parliament alone could have cancelled the law."

"Your pardon, brother; the example of a number of kings of England, as far back as Henry III.; the admissions of many English parliaments; and the opinions of the many good lawyers, are there at issue with you. So late as James I., after a new consultation of judges, it became an established principle in English jurisprudence, that the king could permit what was forbidden by statute law. The very House of Commons who compelled from James's father the petition of right, acknowledged that principle in its fullest extent; none but the regicide parliament denied it. And after they and their monstrous acts have been denounced and swept away by the rallied voice of the nation, we are not surely going to vindicate ourselves by either. Sir Edward Coke, the light of our Protestant lawyers, has confirmed the privilege of the sovereign, adding, that even an act of parliament cannot take it away. The majority of James's own Protestant counsellors echo all these opinions; and so, thus the question stands. Call the privilege, if you will, unsuited to the genius of the Constitution. We have unanimously given James a crown, to which we knew it was immemorially appended; we have not, beforehand, bargained with him not to use it. We have, in fact, conferred it on him, along with his crown; his right to it has, by ourselves, been fully though tacitly acknowledged. And is it now fair, in the nature of common justice, to blame him for accepting and exercising what our own hands have put into his? Or is it only when its exercise happens to interfere with our monopoly, that we are to deprive of his ancient right our lawful sovereign."

"Universal Papistry is the real object in all these wanton measures," replied the other divine; "the Queen, a violent Papist, rules the King; Father Petre, the Jesuit, rules her

Majesty. And hath he not also been called to the privy council? *I* say, something must be done," the reverend gentleman added, rising to go away.

"And so say I," echoed Coote, smiling grimly, and tapping the hilt of his sword.

The company rose with him; and Evelyn and Edmund were left alone with their host to arrange the matters, which, ere Evelyn's voyage over the Atlantic, had brought him to Dublin. This effected, the young men retired for the night, neither exchanging a word upon the late topic of general discourse. They met at breakfast in the morning, they walked to the vessel in which Evelyn was to embark, still keeping silence. At last, during the final preparations for embarking, Evelyn asked, looking full into the face of his friend:

"Well, what think you of this state of things, M'Donnell?"

"As a Roman Catholic, Evelyn, I must think that the determination of King James to dispense with the illiberal forms which exclude from all civil and political rank a great portion of his subjects, is equitable. After the uncontradicted assertions of my reverend seconder, last night, I must believe it is his privilege so to do; but I also fear, that if now opposed, in equity and privilege, by proud churchmen and slender politicians on the one side, while he is equally inflamed and misguided by churchmen as haughty, and politicians as slender, on the other side, King James may be driven into methods of enforcing his plain right, or of punishing resistance to it, such as will, once more, involve these kingdoms in anarchy, tear asunder the social ties that have just been tenderly formed, array heart against heart—brother against brother; and," Edmund continued, as his eyes ran over, "confirm, in wretchedness and degradation, the wretched and degraded country you have now the happiness to part from. Farewell! —the boat waits you."

"Farewell, M'Donnell!" They shook hands, and were separated.

## CHAPTER IX.

AGAIN we must pass over much time that, we candidly admit, we are not otherwise able to manage. The sisterly sorrows of Eva and Esther, at the absence of Evelyn; the efforts of young M'Donnell to make both forget their loss, and his partial success with one, at least—all this the fair reader will still please to imagine:—together with how they spent their time, in reading, walking, music, and edifying conversation. Some general matters come, however, more immediately under our notice, and are cognizable by even humble capacities.

Soon after Evelyn's departure, his sister (her health now well established, though even amid the sunshine of love, and of her lover's smile, the young lady's spirits wore an unaccountable melancholy), uncle Paul, his lady, and uncle Jerry, removed to their house on the banks of Lough Neagh, accompanied by Eva, and with the hope of a speedy visit from Edmund. He did, indeed, soon join them. Once more, by the side of that great lake—a fresh-water sea, as we believe it has been called—the young trio resumed their endless walks, and repetitions of the same ideas and feelings. But, though thus fallen into his old habits of luxurious inaction, M'Donnell did not, as formerly, shut his ears, or allow himself to remain indifferent to the occurrence of some things, and the rumours of others, in the real world. A portion of his time had, previous to his present visit to Lough Neagh, been spent at the castle of his cousin, the Earl of Antrim; and, from that veteran and watchful politician, he could not fail to be informed of certain changes in opinions and measures, for which the times were but too remarkable. Nor, when he arrived among his friends, did Edmund lack continued information of new events, though, it must be owned, they were conveyed in a colouring different from that in which matters had lately been represented to him. Mrs. Evelyn boasted her female correspondents in London and Derry; ladies of about her own age, and of something of her turn of mind, too. So that, by voluminous epistles from the former-

mentioned city, she was advised of the speedy approach of universal Papistry; while, from the latter-mentioned, came weekly despatches of the same nature, joined to assurances of a great massacre, by the Papists, of all the Protestants in Ireland, to take place, according to the yet vaguely-understood prophecies of Collum-Kill (half of the name an apt one), sometime towards the close of the year—day and date not yet exactly known. But, as zealous men were at work to ascertain both, Mrs. Evelyn might be assured her dear friend would soon communicate the result.

The best of it was, that only a short time previous to Mrs. Evelyn's removal from the seashore, an old woman, the nurse of Edmund, came one day, running as fast as she was able, pillalooing, and out of breath, and squatted down, on her knees and heels, before the astonished lady, to beg her protection against a universal murdering of the Roman Catholics, by the Protestants, then also calculated on with the utmost certainty. Soon after, Mrs. Evelyn received her first hints that the matter was to be all the other way. And as the old woman continued her clamorous suit, many scenes of contradiction, and at last of scolding, ensued between them; each angry with the charges of the other against her own sect; each rancorously believing anything bad enough for Papists or heretics to do; each certain of the speedy occurrence of horrors beyond all powers of imagination; and each terribly frightened, of course. And the whole of this would have proved amusing, had the questions been exclusively discussed by individuals such as the old nurse, Mrs. Evelyn, and her correspondents. But when, for a long time, hordes of the Roman Catholics of the country, strong, able-bodied fellows, might be found, night after night, lying out in solitary and waste places, to escape the great massacre; when documents, expressive of their fears, were forwarded to England by persons of the same persuasion, though of rank and education seemingly sufficient to elevate them out of such vulgar terrors; and when, very soon after the advices of Mrs. Evelyn's affectionate friends, men as high and as well educated, on the Protestant side, were found to countenance and increase the second popular panic, what, under such circumstances, shall be said of human nature? One may laugh at the visions and terrors of an old lady or an old woman, but not so at the indiscriminate absurdity which thus enfeebles the minds of

rational people, and causelessly excites the active rancour of a divided people.

More than one letter came, of course, from Evelyn, to console his sister and her friend for his absence, as well as to give accounts of the favourable progress of his affairs. A third or fourth arrived, accompanied by one for uncle Paul and another for uncle Jerry. Evelyn was of age, and coming home; and his epistle to Eva was to urge the naming of a day, within a week after the time it would take him to get home, for their union. Those to his uncles communicated the state of his affections, and asked their consent. The epistle for uncle Paul came enclosed to uncle Jerry, with a request to the latter uncle to hand it, in private, to the former, and procure a written consent, as Evelyn had before planned, ere Mrs. Evelyn should see it. Merry Jerry readily obeyed his instructions; and setting to work with a tact one would not suppose him capable of, soon got Paul to write, in answer, a full permission, yea, blessing, for the nuptials of his dear nephew. After this, the young party, accompanied by the conscious Jerry, set out upon a long excursion, leaving the house in possession of Paul and his lady; and when they returned, Paul was sitting in a corner, looking (Jerry whispered) as if he had been whipped, and Mrs. Evelyn busy, with closed lips, which she did not open to salute her niece or their friends, in making violent preparations for a journey to Derry, early on the next morning.

"Powder-room on fire! up we go in the hoisting of a gib!" said Jerry to Edmund, as they entered after the young ladies; and, indeed, as soon as his sister-in-law saw him, she gave a preparatory fizz.

"You—let—me—have—that—paper—brother—Jerry," she said, tugging hard, between every word, at a trunk she was cording.

"What paper, sister Janet," he asked, very simply.

"No matter—I need not describe it; thou knowest well the paper I mean."

"Bless my limbs, how could I know, Janet?"

"Give me directly," she resumed, letting go the trunk, which then tumbled off the chair, flew open, and afforded vent to a bundle of hard-crammed things, among which were many bottles, small and great, green and transparent, that the fall reduced into shivers, while their various contents splashed

over the floor—"Give me directly, I say," fully ignited by the accident, "the letter you forced Mr. Evelyn to write to his base nephew."

"I would if I could, sister; but it has gone long ago for the post"—though Jerry well knew he was to keep it till Evelyn's arrival, and so had never sent it for the post. "Lend a hand," he continued to Edmund, in a whisper, "if she boards me on a search."

"Thou wilt not?" resumed the lady, approaching.

"Why, look you, sister, I cannot," getting Edmund between him and his relative.

"Then beg and starve!" Mrs. Evelyn went on; "for a foot inside my door thou shalt never set. My bread thou shalt never eat, my cup never drink again. Too long hast thou done so, in idleness, and worse, in beastly drunkenness."

"Merry I was, sister, doubtless."

"After thy life of sea-roving and sea-robbing, and, mayhap, something else—aye, home you came to fatten, lazily, on the hard earnings of honest folk. But, take my warning, never let me see thy face at my door!"

"Poor I was, poor I am, sister Janet, and poor I shall be, but hearty; poor on the sea, on land, in your house, and in others, but hearty still. And though you discharge me, some other will want a hand, and so, hearty still and still; or, let the whole fleet say me nay, hearty, hearty for ever!—that's Jerry's word!"

"As to thee, madam niece," Mrs. Evelyn rejoined, not deigning to take further notice of him, "no use, I suppose, in asking thee to join your natural protectors early to-morrow morning.

"I am in my brother's house, madam; and, till he comes home, will have the protection of my uncle Jeremiah."

"Will you?" interrupted Jerry, running to salute her. "Hearty and merry, then, we will be! Let her go!"—in a confidential whisper.

"I see how it is, lady niece; this is not to end in the introduction of one beggarly Papist, alone, into the family," scowling at Edmund. "But do, do have them—have them both; and look well to your throats, afterwards, at the end of the year. As to me," she continued, clasping her hands, glancing upward, and ending in the pathetic—"as for me and my husband, and *the other good* and unhappy Protestants of

this afflicted land, the merciful Providence that has ever shielded us, will not now see us perish—come, Paul!" She rushed out of the apartment, and obedient Paul, pattering rapidly on his little legs and cane, followed her.

Mrs. Evelyn kept her word. Next morning, at daybreak, she departed for Derry city. A few days after, Edmund also undertook a journey to Carrickfergus, to meet Evelyn on his landing, as his letter intimated that he should embark from an English port, for that town. The lady of the Earl of Antrim had some time been expecting a visit from the two sisters, and previous to Edmund's departure, it was arranged that they should go, during his absence, to Glenarm Castle.

Accordingly he accompanied them thither; and afterwards spent, under his father's roof, the night previous to his intended setting out for Carrickfergus. The next morning his dumb uncle aroused him with looks and a manner of unusual energy. Edmund, arising quickly, collected from his signs that his favourite roadster had been stolen, overnight, from the field in which it usually grazed; and all around him concurred in attributing the theft to "The Tories," or "The Rapparees," names used in common—though one of them has since become the honorable appellation of honorable men—to describe the bands of freebooters who were then beginning to be heard of in Ireland.

"An' it's them that lifted hur horse," added some that could attempt English, "wid Rory-na-chopple" (Rory of the horses) "at their head, if he's alive to do it. For, barrin him, an' we that the baste knows, no man in the north could lay hands on wild Pawdhrick, hur honour's own coult."

This accident was provoking at such a time; Edmund had no second horse half so well able for a rapid journey over very bad roads; yet, as delay was out of the question, he resolved to do the best he could. So, procuring but an indifferent animal, and accompanied by his dumb uncle and Oliver, both equally anxious at once to protect him from the Tories, and to welcome Evelyn home, M'Donnell bent his way to Carrickfergus.

With much difficulty he urged on his feeble and ill-paced steed to within the last stage of Carrickfergus; and there it dropped, exhausted and in convulsions, under him, on a wild roadside, out of view of any house at which he might hope

o borrow or purchase another. Casting his eyes impatiently round, he saw, however, a handsome and well-limbed colt grazing in a field, near the road. Farther on, and on a rising ground, stood a man, as if observing Edmund's accident, who, he hoped, might be its master. To this man he, therefore, moved, with his companions. His calculations proved correct; the peasant was, or said he was, proprietor of the young horse—willing to part with him. A bargain was soon concluded.

"It's the only bother you'll have is to ketch him," observed the man, when he had put up the purchase-money, and speaking a southern patois; "when he's in the field, he's the devil entirely in regard o' that."

"But, supposing him caught, can I ride him, my good fellow?—has he ever been crossed?" inquired Edmund, who, in his eagerness to obtain the horse, had asked few questions as to his qualifications.

"Musha, to be sure he has, many's the odd time; and never the much he's the better o' that same."

"No matter," resumed Edmund, who complimented himself on much skill in the management of horse-flesh; "I'll catch him, and tame him too."

He bounded into the field after the colt. At his first appearance, the animal threw up his head, snorted, and gave one or two wheels round about; when Edmund approached nearer, he kicked up his heels, and galloped buoyantly, and as if in mockery, across the meadow. His pursuer, changing his plan, stopped some time, and then slowly advanced again, holding out his cap, and using his softest tones of entreaty; but all to no use; the colt either waited until he was about to come too near, and then resumed his race, or else did not let Edmund within forty yards of him.

"Curse you, then," M'Donnell cried, standing to look, near the roadside, at the mad pranks of the horse he had purchased, but could not catch—"curse you for a wild devil; the only colt—except my own that I have lost—I could not lay hands on at the first offer. He is like Pawdrick, too, in make, though so different in colour."

"It minds me," said Oliver, condescending to mirth, "of the auld receipt to make hare-soup, beginning thus—first catch the hare."

"*I'll try him again,*" *said* Edmund.

"Little's the use to go about it that a-way," observed a man, a traveller, but a pedestrian, who, advancing in the direction our friends had come, now halted at the almost unfenced edge of the field that bordered on the road.

"And in what way, then, friend?" M'Donnell asked, turning to the speaker, whose first appearance instantly attracted his attention. The man was of middle age, barefooted and barelegged, and bareheaded too, his profuse and matted black hair seemingly encouraged in its growth to do away with the superfluity of a hat; his neck had a strange twist in it; his body stooped a little from the hips; his nether limbs were crooked and ill-jointed, so that when he walked his gait appeared half-shuffling, half-hobbling; and his face, of a tanned, tawny colour, showed small black pig-eyes, crow-footed and wrinkled all round, and a mouth ever smiling, or simpering rather, of which the elevating muscles of the upper lip, that ran down from the nose, were, from constant use, strongly marked. The old coat and inexpressibles he wore, seemed of southern fashion and colour; and at his heels trotted a little boy, bareheaded and barefooted also, attending on him with something of the air of a young sweep of the present day pattering after his overgrown director.

"I could soon show you, genteel, in what way," this master resumed, answering Edmund's question, "only it's my thrade, afther a manner, an' I lives by it."

"And that's the very reason, I should suppose, why you ought to show me instantly, instead of being a cause for your objection, friend."

"Thrue for you!" simpering, and shuffling a step forward, "barrin it war in regard o' the thrifle o' lucre, that the neighbours, God bless 'em, gi' me the fashion o' lookin' for."

"Oh, is that all? Catch the colt, then, and depend on being paid for your trouble."

"No throuble in life," taking a step into the field; "bud," stopping again, "maybe, genteel, you'd as lieve throw it to us aforehand, jest to save time, and see the coult well-cotched?"

"My good fellow," said Edmund, beginning to suspect his man, "no colt, no pay; so, set to work, or go about your business."

"Musha, *haw um saustha;* sure it's all as one as the same thing," the man resumed, not a whit out of humour. He

moved towards the young horse, crying out, or rather simpering:

"*Phree-a, phree-a, go-aun-sugh, go-aun-sugh, brommaheen dhuiv*" —(come here, come here, young black horse). The colt stopped, and gazed wistfully on the stranger, who, not advancing more than midway in the field, stood still, contenting himself with merely beckoning to the animal. M'Donnell, to his perfect amazement, saw the colt walk towards this conjuror, and submit his head to his grasp. Both came together to the unfenced roadside, and there halted.

"*Fon lath, fon lath,*" continued the captor; *fon lath, a-vich*" —(stand there, stand there, my son). The horse remained quiet as a lamb.

"Well caught, indeed," said Edmund, giving the man some money; "but how have you done it?"

"Nothin' asier in life," putting up his fee, and still simpering very innocently; "only it's jest a little bit of a sacret, that I had from the father afore me, an' 'ill leave to this son that is to come afther me"—pointing to the boy—"an' no one else, plaise God. But I may as well tell you, genteel, some of it. Sure I give 'em a whisper, that they hears acrass the field, an' nobody else can; an' then they'd come to me, two fields aff, an' folly me, the world over, out of a likin' they takes to me, or a thing o' the kind. Look at them, now," he continued, pointing to the rudely-fenced extremities of the field, over which more than one horse had, indeed, thrust their heads, while others actually cleared the fence, and seemed well inclined to approach the stranger.

"And from whom did your father get the secret?"

"Why, then, I jest may's well tell you that, too, genteel, while the man is liftin' the saddle from the one baste, to put it on the other. The father that God ga' me follied the thrade o' making o' shoes for horses' feet, an' had a bit of a forge, you see, on the borders o' the bog of Allen, where people frum all parts used to cum to get their bastes shoed; an' a good hand at his trade my father war, only one thing gave him the laste bit o' throuble in the world, an' that was shoin' o' young wild coults for the first time, cratures that never afore could tell a shoe from the horn o' their hoofs—an' for the same raison didn't like it, an' wouldn't stand steady. Well, a-roon; one day that he had a raal mad coult in his hands, my father couldn't dhrive a nail, nor put on the

shoe, at-all-at-all, an' the coult broke loose from him, in the long run, an' galloped into the bog, lavin' him standin' at the forge-dour, wid his hommer in his hand, as bothered as a bee in a fallow-field.* Upon that, up comes a lame throoper wid a pale face, that said he was on the road home from the wars. It happened in ould Noll's time (what ails the genteel by the side o' you?) an' he axed for a dhrink o' wather. 'Wather I wont gi' you, bud milk I will,' my father made answer, pityin' the lame throoper's case, bothered as he was; so they turned into the forge, an' he made the throoper sit down an' dhrink the good milk. 'Well,' the throoper said, after a rest, 'it rises my heart eq'l to red wine; an' for your charity to the thraveller that cum lame and tired to your dour this day, I'll tell you how to ketch the coult that broke frum you afore I came in sight o' the place.'

"'An' how did you know it at all, thin?' my father axed. 'Never mind that,' says the throoper; 'only listen to me well.' Wid that, young genteel, he said in my father's ear some words, biddin' him to whisper them acrass the field, an' the horse 'ud come, if the divil itsilf war in him, to his hand. An' agin he whispered more words, that whin they'd be whispered in like manner in a horse's ear, let him be ould or young, or to be crossed or shoed, 'ud bring him to raison, an' make him stand like a lamb, so that a child might rise his leg, or mount him. An', sure enough, when my father went into the bog, an' whispered the first words to the coult, he came to him like a little dog; an' when he said the second words in his ear, at the forge-dour, he stood like a child for a whippin'. An' ever afther, my father—God rest him!—had no bother in his thrade; an' people called him the Whispherer from that day out, the same they calls mysef at the present time. Only, whin my father cum back to the forge to give the sick throoper thanks, sure he was gone, an' no sight of him on the road, for miles about, an' no one hard of him sence; or before I'm thinkin', barrin' himsef, an' whosomever sent him."

"Stand! stand, there!" now interrupted Edmund, roaring at the colt, which, at last bridled and saddled, refused to let himself be mounted. His new master once or twice strove

* *I.e.* Out of his element, or not knowing what to do; as the bee in a *fallow-field* flies from one clod to another, and has his labour for his *pains—no honey* to be got.

to vault suddenly on his back, but the excessive bounding and prancing of the spirited young animal baffled him.

"Talkin' so loud isn't the way, neither," said the Whisperer; "jest let mysef spake to him agin."

As he hobbled forward, the colt became quieter; suffered him to catch his ear and lower his head; and the man seemed about to put his lips to the ear, when he stopped suddenly, and, turning to M'Donnell, resumed: "You'll remember, genteel, it's another branch o' the thrade?"

"There, there," throwing more money on the road, and impatient of losing time—"get me on his back, and go to the devil."

"We thank you kindly, genteel," looking after the second fee. "Stoop a bit, *ma bouchal*, an' pick up what God sends." The urchin accordingly gathered the money from the road, while his father applied himself to the colt's ear. No one heard his whisper, if whisper it was; but, in a moment, the animal stood stock-still, his tail turned between his legs, and his whole frame trembling.

"There now; get up: an' the Lord speed your open hand on the road!" added the Whisperer.

Edmund accordingly mounted at his ease, and set forward to Carrickfergus, with his friends; his new purchase quite manageable, though still spirited. When some distance from the Whisperer, he turned in his saddle to have another look at a person so gifted, and he thought he perceived him and the man with whom he had dealt for the horse, laughing and chuckling, in a knowing way, together; but in a few minutes he looked again, and the Whisperer had parted from the peasant, and was rapidly shuffling on after the travellers, followed, at a quick trot, by the little boy. An angle of the road soon hid him altogether from Edmund; and the party reached Carrickfergus without further sight of him.

It was on a chill, dark evening, early in the October of 1688, that they entered the town. The streets were filled with groups of people, talking earnestly together; their brows and faces as gloomy and ominous as the evening; and their voices not rising high enough to give even the relief of clatter to the scene. These, Edmund could perceive, by their dress and air, to be the Protestant inhabitants. Passing "the Queene's Majestie's *castell*," *the party got* into the place where markets

were holden; and here was another crowd, of a different kind. It had been a market-day; and the peasantry that, from an extensive vicinity, all round, had attended the market, joined to such of the townspeople as were of the Catholic persuasion, clustered about a young man, who, wearing a sword and periwig, along with what otherwise seemed a clerical costume, harangued them from a turf-car.

His discourse was, at once, vague and alarming. He spoke to them of a time that was past, and a time that was coming; of the pouring out of certain of the seven vials, of the righteousness of self-defence, and the moral and religious necessity to anticipate, under terror of the loss of life, and of injury to God's Church, retaliation by attack. He put the people on their guard against false preachers—firebrands of heresy and destruction, who were travelling about to kindle, among their enemies, the flame that would roar to devour them; and he particularly named a heretic minister, named George Walker, called rector of Donoughmore, in the county of Tyrone, who was distinguished for devilish zeal against the Catholic religion. Then, changing his theme, with some address, the young man warned them that they were not, in such a dangerous situation, to wait for the cold and tardy command of rulers, lukewarm and hard-hearted to the voice of a suffering people, and the groans of a persecuted religion; that if such rulers did not discharge their functions, he would turn from them to the people who always attended to the counsel of their clergy. He concluded by this remarkable illustration: that as God abandoned Saul in his lukewarmness, and for his treatment of the Amalekites took his kingdom from him, and ruined his family; as certainly would He punish all who should be guilty of a similar disobedience; adding, that as, at that time, the people were commanded to take all their directions from Samuel, as from God, so, under a like dispensation, would the people of the present day be obliged, at peril of their souls, to listen to the bidding of their pastors.

"Good heaven!" cried Edmund, almost unconsciously, as the preacher ended—"what can this warning mean?"

"It means," answered a person by his side, "that this evil man, a Papist minister, not satisfied with even the gallop at which his master hastens to his ruin, when he but thinks to compass ours, would rouse up the brutal bigotry of his sect, to crush him and us together—Us, in deep-rooted hatred,

him, in impatience and wrath. This is O'Haggerty, the Dominican friar, the plague and danger of the north."

The preacher just then passed them, bending on M'Donnell a fixed and peculiar regard. In him Edmund saw, indeed, the same person who had met Evelyn, his sister, and their friends, outside Carrickfergus, as mentioned at the opening of this story; though his face and manner were much changed by the periwig and half-military dress and air he had lately adopted.

"Observe the previous effects of this accurst ministry on the crowd he has been addressing; see—almost every man and lad is armed with the skein, or the half-pike, or with both," continued the stranger. And M'Donnell could not fail to notice that the people were, indeed, armed as had been pointed out; he also recollected that, for some time before, the peasantry in his own neighbourhood generally carried weapons of the same description.

"God defend us from either of the results this rash man would aim at, sir!" M'Donnell involuntarily said.

The individual (also mounted) looked at him quickly, and as if somewhat surprised and startled. Then touching his hat, and keeping his cloak tight about him, he rode slowly down the street.

A stir towards the end of the street that approached the quay-wall, drew the notice of M'Donnell and his friends. Hastening thither, they were told a ship had just appeared in view, steering for the bay. In much interest and anxiety, Edmund looked over the ocean; but, to his eyes, all was one blank mass of water, mist, and heavy clouds. A man handed him a telescope, with which he had, himself, spied the vessel, and M'Donnell could then discover the shadowy form of a ship, emerging, like a pale sea-spectre, through the fog and drizzling rain of the cheerless evening.

"She's nearer than you think, too," the man said; "the haze hides her. In a short time you will see her cast anchor."

It was even as the experienced old fisher said. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed when the vessel became visible to the naked eye; in ten more, her motion was observable, as she strove hard with a rough sea, and an ebb tide; another pause, and her crew and passengers appeared grouped on her deck, and she could be *seen hoisting* a flag, in honour of the royal *standard that floated over* the old fortress. Yet another—and

amid the faces that silently turned to shore, M'Donnell gazed with a beating heart to try if he could discover the face of his friend—of the brother of his Esther. Even at too great a distance he selected one, and kept his eyes riveted upon it; the vessel hove nearer and nearer—he became more and more certain; nearer still—and it *was* the face of that friend, unseen for nearly two years, and coming to him, over the ocean, from a burning sun and a strange people.

The friends recognised each other at the same moment, and together waved their hats to each other. M'Donnell cheered; even Oliver chimed in; the people around, strangers as they were, caught up the joyous shout; it was sent back from the vessel, now just at anchor; there was a bustle, a confused noise of voices, and a crowding around the pier; and, in another moment, the friends had clasped hands.

After a necessary pause, the party, with their newly-found visitor, hastened to seek refreshment in the only inn, or public, the town afforded. It was a thatched house, containing, for the purpose of sitting, and eating, and drinking, of all comers, but one large apartment, badly-ceiled, earthen-floored, white-washed, and with three or four deal tables, at each side of the fire-place, or at its different ends, flanked by long deal forms.

A man with a wooden leg, a military cocked hat, a red coat, and his remaining leg decked out with a clean white stocking, a well-brushed shoe, and a bright buckle, first attempted, as master of the house, to show them into this room. He was shoved aside by a fresh-faced, portly woman of forty, his spouse, who, smoothing down her apron, seemed to think herself most worthy of doing the honours of her tavern. They had a few words, indeed, on the point, before he yielded, from which it was evident that the husband was an Englishman, corrupted by the Scottish accent around him, and the wife a native Irishwoman, attempting to speak his language; but at last her emphatic—"Yield, Brass!—will ye yield, mon?" quite prevailed, and our friends gained admission.

All the tables, with one exception, were filled by different companies. At the one end of the room sat a number of peasantry, some of those we have already seen in the market-place, collected in twos and threes, from distant parts of the surrounding counties, which had once been wholly populated

by people of their caste and religion. At the other, an almost equal number of townspeople, manufacturers, and fishers: round the table, to the right of the hearth, were half a dozen soldiers of the garrison. The peasants talked loudly, in Irish; the townspeople as much, but in a lower tone; the soldiers said nothing. But all were employed in one common occupation—that is, the drinking of strong ale.

Evelyn, Edmund, Oliver, and Con M'Donnell, took possession of the spare tables. Such a dinner as the house could afford was laid before them; and such as it was, all ate heartily. It was removed, and replaced by good liquor of various kinds; and Evelyn and Edmund at last had time to ask and give much information about home, and all at home. Both then wished to exchange opinions on another topic, but their situation, amongst such a crowd of people, and finally, a toast proposed, in a cup of ale, by one of the peasants, with its consequences, prevented them.

"*Rhia Shamus Abo!*" cried the man, rising his cup, and addressing himself to the whole room. None but his own party took notice.

"King Shamus!" repeated another, translating his friend's Irish, and also looking round, as if he called on every one to pledge him.

"King James!" said the soldiers, quietly, and as matter of course.

"King James!" echoed the townspeople, whispering something, perhaps an addenda, to each other; and, "King James!" our party also repeated; Oliver, however, moving his lips, ere the cup touched them, and looking expressively at the natives of the place.

"Fat is doing hur tamned thief at ta hearth?" asked the second peasant who had spoken, "will hur dhrink nein Rhia Shamus?"

"Yoursef is discoorsin' mysef," answered the Whisperer, who, hitherto unnoticed by our friends, had edged himself, on the end of one of the forms occupied by the soldiers, near to the fire, his little son sitting at his feet; "but you can jest spake plainer, in the English or the Irish, whichever you like, an' then we'll know what is it you mane."

"You are required," said Edmund, wishing to anticipate an angry rejoinder from the offended linguist, "to drink King James's health."

"Avoch, is that all? Musha, here's his health, wid a heart an' a half, an' good loock to him; an' more loock nor some that dhrank it afore had on their lips or in their hearts for him, maybe."

"*Curp-an-duoul!*" cried the peasant, appropriating this inuendo, "fat will hur say?" He rose very angrily.

"Asy now, a-vich!" the Whisperer answered, "how do you know I was spakin' to you, at-all-at-all? Sure there's more people in the world nor yoursef, an' them that's along wid you; tho' it's far an' near a body might thravel, of a summer's day, an' not meet sich a clane set o' boys, an' you at their head—*Sha-dhurth.*" He nodded smilingly, and again drank.

"*Sha-dhurth a-bouchal,*" replied the peasant, others joining him, while almost all held out their pottle-pots that the Whisperer might drink of their liquor. No ways tardy was he in accepting the courtesy.

"Yon's meaning our company," observed one of the townspeople, aloud; "and he mocks us before the Irish-folk."

"He is one o' them, his ain sel," said Oliver.

"Do ye speer ony thing at us, mon?" inquired many voices.

"Shpeer? what 'ud that be, genteels?" said the Whisperer, smiling simply, as they scowled at him.

"Have you meant to accuse any of these gentlemen of hidden disloyalty to King James?" Edmund again asked, still for peace sake.

"Me! them good gintlemin! Musha, 'ud I be mad, or cracked, to do any sich thing?—Civil, dacent people, like 'em, that minds their callin', an' owes no ill-will to any body. My sarvice to you, genteels!"

"Aweel; health til you, lad; and what for no taste of our pint-stoup?" they answered.

"Never a know myself knows, then;" and, dragging his ill-framed limbs across the room, he took a long draught out of the proffered pint.

"Hark ye, good fellow!" said one of the soldiers, intercepting him on his return to the ingle-corner, "hast anything to say to us?"

"To be sure I have, then, and why wouldn't I? Hearty good wishes every day ye get up, an' my blessin' over an' over, on the sodgers that keeps all in pace an' quietness, out *o' love an' likin'* for King James—God look down on him!"

"A simple-witted fellow," said the soldier to his companions. "Here, then, let's be friends, man;" and they, too, shoved him a cup of ale, of which he did not drink sparingly. The soldiers then called their reckoning, paid it, and went away.

"Good loock to them, I say agin," the Whisperer continued, as he resumed his seat, "for it's them that won't let poor bosthoons like us have it all our own way," glancing at the peasants, while he looked his meaning elsewhere.

"Fat will hur mane, now?" said their spokesman, once more rising wrathfully.

"Sure you knows, whatever a poor boy like me manes, he doesn't mane *ye*," winking at them. They broke into a loud roar of assent, and some rose to clasp his hand, and give him more ale, gratis.

"No more nor the genteels fornent ye," he went on, seeing the other table look threatening. "Sure none o' them is auld enough to remember Black Noll, any way, that came to kill us all for the risin' we had out o' the love for King James's father. An' so, none o' them 'ud want to kill us all, now, over again, for likin' his father's son."

"I remember my righteous namesake, weel," said Oliver; "and I remember other things, before his time in this land. I remember the Forty-one."

"Why, then, your memory is nothin' to brag of, a-vich," observed the Whisperer, still simperingly.

"And our forbears remember it too," added the townspeople.

"That's no fault o' your own, genteels," he replied.

"But is it mine, if I do?" asked Oliver.

"Troth, an it's yoursef knows that best, *a-bouchal machree;* sure no one minds what a poor boy like me says; one that was burnt wid the frost, the last hard year, an' has no sense. Only—bad loock, seed, breed, an' generation, to the bloody dogs o' the Forty-one."

"Thou hast said it," exclaimed Oliver, sternly, and half-unsheathing a horseman's old sword as he rose. The townspeople rose with him; and the peasants started up at the other end of the room.

"Pullaloo!" cried the Whisperer, the only unruffled person in company, "do you ever ax yoursef what you're goin' to do, aforehand? A word in your ear, gossip;" Oliver was now near enough to stoop down, still on his guard, and comply

with this invitation. "Jest raison a-bit, an' thry in your own mind what bloody dogs I mane:" the rest was a very close whisper.

"Say'st thou?" again asked Oliver.

"Arrah, to be sure I do. There, now, sit down again wid the genteels; an', stay—you an' mysef didn't dhrink a drop yet—here—taste this. Musha, bad end to it, but it's afther makin' itsef empty!"

"Nathless shalt thou drink with me," said Oliver; and he brought from the table his own liquor, of which the Whisperer did not spare a mouthful.

"The chield can whisper to a purpose," resumed some of the townspeople.

"The man hath spoken words of plain sense," said Oliver, "whilk sufficed to quiet me. He hath declared that he meant, by his denouncing of the bloody dogs of the Forty-one, neither me, nor those of my persuasion."

"Musha, did I, gossip?" resumed the Whisperer, now removed from the hearth to a seat among the peasants; "maybe it's jokin' you'd be; or maybe it's the burnin' I got in the frost that bid me say it. An' maybe, agin, it's the same thing bids me say now—ill-end, kith and kin, root an' branch, to the murtherin' villains of the Gobbins Heughs."

"Ha!" cried Oliver, starting to his feet, fully unsheathing his sword, and aiming a furious slash at the Whisperer. One of the peasants took it on a half-pike, and all sprung up, with other half-pikes, or rude skeins, in their hands. At the same moment, the townspeople rushed to support Noll, some of them showing pistols, hitherto concealed, some seizing the pewter vessels. A man of a superior air to the rest, whom our party did not before notice, but whom Edmund recognised as the person that spoke to him in the street, after the friar's sermon, put himself at their head, and also presenting a pistol, cried—

"Down with the cruel Papists! down with them!" Just then the door flew open, and in ran, followed by the host and hostess, Friar O'Haggerty himself. He, too, drawing his sword, assumed command of the peasants, encouraging them with—

"Defend yourselves, Catholics, against the cruel heretics!"

"Peace! peace!" cried the landlord and landlady.

"Peace! peace!" echoed Edmund and Evelyn.

The dumb man bounded at Oliver's throat, like a mastiff, instantly got him down, and wrenched the sword from his hand. Yet other weapons clashed, and more than one shot was fired, when two new peacemakers entered; one, old Priest M'Donnell, of Cushindoll, another a tall, spare man, of very primitive dress, manner, and appearance. The former, shaking more violently than ever, seized O'Haggerty's hands—he could reach no higher; the other confronted the leader of the townspeople.

"I entreat—I command you, sir!" cried the old priest; "obey me, as you are bound to do—sheath your sword." Then addressing the peasants in Irish, he similarly exhorted and commanded them.

"Art thou a Christian?" demanded the second peacemaker of the other leader—"dost thou believe in the word as the message of peace and good-will to all? and yet wilt thou urge on these poor sinful people to do murder?"

"Peace, I say! in the name of the God, peace!" resumed Priest M'Donnell—"and if the speaking of that name brings no reason to thy mind—tremble, man, tremble!"

While these efforts were made, the other unembroiled persons of the company were not idle; and in a short time hostilities really ceased: the only persons who kept up a skirmish being the landlord and landlady; but as it was between themselves, it seemed of little moment, except for our notice. Protestant and Catholic as they were, their endeavours to make peace consisted in rather violent assaults upon the parties they liked least in the room; and this soon bringing them in contact, ended in an assault upon each other. So that, when every one else was quiet, they were found scrambling in a remote and clear corner; the hostess, as was, indeed, usually the case in such domestic accidents, having got her good man on his back, by tugging the wooden leg from under him; and she now held it tight, in a line perpendicular to his body, as she asked—"Wull ye yield, Brass?"

"No, by G—; I'll doy mon-like," he answered.

Her eyes flashed, and her face reddened with some hideous resolve, as she put both hands to the wooden stump; but ere she could carry anything into effect, Edmund ran to her; and finally, Con M'Donnell whipt her up in his arms, carried her out of the room, and returned with a key in his hand, which he presented to the landlord. At the repeated exhortations

of Father M'Donnell, the peasants retired; after them, under guidance of the tall, spare man, the townspeople. But when the room was so far cleared, the old priest was seen to gaze in consternation at the causer of the whole disturbance—the Whisperer, who stood sheltered, by the projection of the chimney, from all harm, his little boy held in his arms, and simpering, like a fiend, amid the riot he had called up.

"Sirs!" cried the old man, continuing his agitated look—"see ye that?—do spectres truly come amongst us?"

"You gaze but at flesh and blood, sir," said Edmund—"we know this man."

"Threu enough," said the Whisperer.

"It *is* yourself, then, Rory-na-chopple?" continued the priest.

"Every inch o' me, plase your reverance."

All, except Evelyn, who had not heard of him, started at the announcement of this famous Rapparee.

"Good sirs!" continued the old man, "as I am to be judged, I confessed that fellow at the gallows'-foot, and saw him swinging on it. Look at the twist in his neck!"

"I'll never deny their threatenin' the life of an innocent poor boy," said Rory, "that, afther all, the Lord wouldn't let 'em take—for a raison I knows. For when they cut me down, an' giv' the corpse to my people, the life was still wid me, an' I was soon brought to; barrin' this same crooked turn in the neck, that your reverance spakes of, an' that didn't hurt the bone, tho' they thried their best. An' it's as far from me to deny the good confessin' your reverance gave me; the best I ever got in my born days, anyhow, an' all for nothin'. God reward them that threw it in my way! it's all the harum I wish 'em. So your reverance sees it done me good. An' more nor that, sure; consitherin' the mighty holy life I lade ever sence; an am larnin' my poor dawny crature of a child, here; poor Cahier—Rory's own darlin'."

"Well I know the life you lead, and are bringing him up to, wretched man," resumed Father M'Donnell. "Your feelings at the gallows'-tree assure me of that: if, indeed, he is your own child, and not one of your 'prentices."

"My own he is, your reverance, to the backbone; an', plase God he lives, 'ill show it, too: won't you, Cahier, *a-chorra-ma-chree?*" Cahier left his well-known life to answer.

"Sirs," continued the priest, "this limb of Satan never has less than four 'prentices regularly articled to him, at

large fees, and sent all the ways from Kerry, to learn his trade of decoying horses, young and old, handled or not handled, that he got, they say, from a witch in the county of Monaghan, and that brought his neck into the halter only a month since."

"There's no great *spishoge** on your reverance to say the like, savin' your reverance's presence; only from the father afore me, that got it from the lame throoper, whoever he war, as all the world knows. Never a one o' the bastes mysef was thinkin' of, that same time, when they thought to prove it agin me; bud, just goin' the road, they follied me out o' the gap. How can a poor boy help 'em, if they loves an' likes me?"

"Where is my colt, you scoundrel?" now cried Edmund at his ear, while he seized Rory by the crooked neck—"where is the colt you stole out of my father's field last night? Tell me, this moment, where I am to get him, or I will bind you, hand and foot, and send you to the mayor of Carrickfergus."

"Bind poor Rory away, plase your honour, if you like it," the man answered, meekly; "bud, when that's done, will it make me know anything o' the coult, or larn you where to find him?"

"The thief speaks sense in this," said the clergyman, drawing Edmund aside. "Depend upon it, he has so taken his measures, that the robbery cannot be proved against him. As to getting your colt without speaking him fair, it is impossible; heaven knows in what part of the kingdom the poor animal is. He has own relations, receivers, and agents, in Upper Ossory, Leitrim, Monaghan, and Derry, besides many others in different parts of the country. Let me try to manage the rogue.—Rory-na-chopple," returning to him, "you know that by sending word you are alive in Carrickfergus, to-night, we can get you hanged over again to-morrow morning. Tell Master M'Donnell how and where to recover his colt, and you may go your ways, and take your own time and road, and, mayhap, find both short enough."

"*Cead mille beachus lath*,† your reverence; bud what does poor Rory know about it, at-all-at-all? May I never see glory, no more nor the child in my arms this holy an' blessed time."

"And that's just as much as will serve, mayhap," said the clergyman.

* Witchcraft. † Hundred thousand thanks.

"Bud I have gossips, an' I have friends, an' people, over-an-hether, that wishes me well, becase they have pity on their hearts for a poor boy like me; an' I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll spake to them afore I go to sleep. An' if Neddy M'Daniel rides out in a shower to-morrow, he'll find himself on his coult's back in the turnin' of a hand. If this doesn't come to pass, may the soggarth be miles away when I'm hanged the next time! If you howld me here, the never a coult you'll ever see."

"And why in a shower?" asked Edmund.

"That's the little bit of a sacret that's in it," Rory replied, smiling very graciously, as if to say, "sure you can't be angry wid a body for that;" and vague and nonsensical as was this promise, the parties thought it best to put up with it.

"An' now I may jest go, an' thry my endayvours?" he resumed; and having got an assent—"well, a good night, an' my blessin' on all the genteels o' the company, an' on all in the house, this night, I pray Gor," Rory said in conclusion, as he shuffled through the door.

## CHAPTER X.

WHEN Rory-na-chopple had shuffled away, our friends resumed the seats they had first occupied. They saw that Father O'Haggerty, the friar, was placed, in sullen mood, at the now empty table, round which the peasants had been gathered, and that the stranger, the encourager and director of the townspeople, was seated at that his adherents had occupied. This man's head rested on his hand, while his defiant eyes closely and deliberately scanned the remaining company.

"Is it to witness such scenes as these enacted here to-night," said Evelyn, aloud, addressing his friend, "that I have returned to my native country?"

"Alas! it is, Evelyn," Edmund replied; "and I fear me much what we have seen is but indicative of events even more serious and more painful."

We surmise that both the young men may have, at the same moment, felt somewhat like a foreboding that their relations to each other might be affected by the disruption of

the times—by the disseverance of parties, so evident from what they had just been, to a degree, participators in.

"Such encounters must take place," said the friar, Father O'Haggerty; "and they must take place on a wider field, and more to the purpose, ere there is peace to the land. Peace to the land can be had only by struggling boldly for it."

He was not yet calmed down: he spoke in a hasty, impetuous manner, while his flashing eye fixed on the stranger, who was seated at the opposite extremity of the apartment.

"I am of accord with the friar," the stranger said in reply. He uttered his words slowly and emphatically, while he returned the first speaker's hasty glance with an unflinching look of resolute defiance.

"You left but little sign of quiet behind you in England," Edmund M'Donnell resumed, again addressing Evelyn. "They tell me that the King's acts of absolute authority are rousing his English subjects against him."

"And justly rousing the people of England," the stranger interrupted, speaking, as before, slowly, and, although in a subdued tone, every word heard distinctly by all present.

"Seven reverend Bishops of the Church imprisoned," he said.

"Justly imprisoned," expostulated Father O'Haggerty, "as the abettors, in the King's teeth, of a foul-mouthed libeller and preacher of sedition—a preacher of treason against his Sacred Majesty."

The stranger sat up more erectly than he had done; he raised his hitherto subdued voice to a lofty pitch; he waved his hand before his face with a wide peremptory sweep, as if he would dash aside, authoritatively, the interruption that had been offered to him, and he continued to speak:

"A member of parliament arrested for using his time-sacred and constitutional privilege!—An attack on the colleges to force in Popish members!—As if it were the arbitrary domineering Grand Turk who sat on the throne of Britain!"

"Papists were the founders of the colleges, and not—"

Another impatient wave of the arm, and the stranger continued:

"Papists placed on the bench of justice—Papists seated at the council-board; nay, a known Jesuit, James's confidential

adviser, there! A Popish nuncio, forsooth, undisguisedly acknowledged, which is treason by the law! An ambassador sent to confer with the Pope of Rome—at the very fountain-head of Papistry! The superstition of the mass openly permitted!—the Protestant charters throughout the kingdom withdrawn, to open a way for the entry of Papists—"

The speaker paused an instant.

"All that you have urged tends but to show that the King is naturally desirous to give to his Roman Catholic subjects a share of the privileges hitherto appropriated exclusively by others of a different creed."

Edmund M'Donnell put forward his opinion somewhat warmly.

"Sir," replied the stranger, "Papists are unfitted to be allowed the exercise of civil power—unfitted, I say, they are; subservient slaves, as they be, to the domineering influence of their Church. It is not the toleration of Papists that is sought; it is the domination of exclusive power in their hands that is contemplated, and the total exclusion of Protestants!"

"I do not think that is a fair inference," Evelyn remarked.

"There are those who say," Edmund M'Donnell spoke, "that the opposition given to our King is but a pretext, and that there is treachery to the Sovereign at the bottom."

"They were not Papists who brought his martyred father to the block," Father O'Haggerty cuttingly remarked.

"The righteous taking of the life of that man, Charles, they never got the grace to do," interrupted Oliver.

The mettle of the old Cromwellian was aroused by the last remark.

"The mind of James"—the stranger addressed his renewed speech to Evelyn, not noticing either Edmund M'Donnell or the friar—"the mind of James is scarce of capacity to comprehend the tendency of his outrages against the constitution. But there are those about him—those priests and Jesuits—who know how to direct the arbitrary index of the sceptre."

"I do believe as much," replied Evelyn; "and—"

"What is it you believe?" Edmund questioned, with some fire.

The stranger supplied the answer to the query: "The reverend friar yonder can satisfy you, if he will, young sir."

"Mayhap he can," Father O'Haggerty broke in. "But reverend friars do not tell all they know to all that question them. Mayhap the reverend friar could tell of the promptings of Burnet at the Hague." The stranger started as if the thrust were a home one. "Hah! and mayhap the reverend friar could tell of the incendiary proceedings of George Walker through these northern counties."

"Talk not of men too much above you to warrant you in meddling with their actions, irreverent friar! As to George Walker, slander him not by foul words, until you believe you dare do so to his face."

"Is the traitor known to you?"

"I will not answer yea or nay."

"If he be of your acquaintance, bear to him this greeting: That, until I do meet him, face to face, I will, in the plainest words I can select, denounce him as the propagandist of treason—as a traitor to his King!"

"To his front you would not repeat your bold words." The stranger stood up, no longer calm as he had been. "If to his front, you so spoke, he would retort, and tell you that your tongue uttered words of falsehood; he would tell you that *you* were knave and traitor, and not he!"

"Let him but stand in your place, and I will reiterate my charge!"

Con M'Donnell had been closely inspecting the stranger for some time; he had, perhaps, caught a glimpse of his underdress. He now sprang forward, threw aside the disguising horseman's cloak, and the attire of a Protestant clergyman was visible, over which a rusty back and breast-piece were to be seen. Scarce noticing the act of the impetuous Con M'Donnell, the stranger advanced with deliberate, resolute step to the centre of the apartment.

"Come forward, and stand before me, friar!" he said; "look on me, and you look on George Walker!"

Father O'Haggerty sprang to the invited presence.

"I repeat my accusation!" he proclaimed aloud. "You, George Walker, are a propagator of sedition—a traitor to your anointed King!"

While he spoke, he drew forth from its iron scabbard the unclerical appendage at his side.

"Even though thou art a prelatic preacher, and although I deny your doctrine, take this blade that has not been

unfamiliar with malignant blood." Oliver Whittle wrenched his weapon from its sheath, and thrust it into George Walker's hand.

The two clerical opponents cut at each other, and their swords clashed; but before they could follow up their hostile purpose, Evelyn and Edmund M'Donnell, who had been inactive from surprise, rushed between the combatants.

"Forbear! forbear!" cried the old Priest M'Donnell, addressing Father O'Haggerty. "Strike not with the sword, man!—the sword is not your weapon! You have been commissioned as a messenger of peace and good will! Is it thus you discharge your mission?"

"Friar!" said George Walker, "we shall meet again."

"When I will repeat my words, and make them good—"

"Raise not your weapon!—you are under my control, and I forbid it," the old priest again addressed the friar.

"There shall be no such scandal," said Evelyn.

"There shall not be," was Edmund M'Donnell's assent. "It is the Lord's quarrel, and it must go forward."

Oliver Whittle vociferated. Con M'Donnell pounced at once on the old trooper, whirled him to one side, and threatened him ominously.

"I will not proceed farther with the business for the present," George Walker said. "But a time will come."

"Of a surety a time will come!" Father O'Haggerty replied.

"Then, friend, we will cross our swords peaceably for the present."

"Peaceably, you say?" questioned Evelyn of the first speaker.

"Peaceably, for the present," he was answered.

He put the same query to Father O'Haggerty, and received a like reply.

The swords of the two clergymen crossed.

"Now pledge me, friar."

George Walker uttered his challenge measuredly and coolly: "I swear to meet you, and soon, where we shall have clear ground to decide who is knave and traitor."

"I swear—" answered the friar.

"Blaspheme not!" urged the old priest.

"I swear," repeated Father O'Haggerty, "to seek for you, and soon, when, with Heaven's aid, I will uphold my words."

"Then, good night," George Walker said, while he returned his sword to Oliver Whittle, and deliberately withdrew.

Seed from an equal sample, sown at the same time in a similar soil, will simultaneously spring up; and our friends, Edmund M'Donnell and Edward Evelyn, as they bade farewell for the night, had some slight doubt, equally felt, that their hand-grasp was not as ardent as in the morning.

Edmund and Father O'Haggerty were the last to retire from the room.

"I am rejoiced that I have met you, Edmund M'Donnell," said the friar.

"How, sir! You know me, then?"

"I know you well, and for some time have been desirous to commune with you. The time is come, young man, when every true believer of the holy Roman Catholic faith should gird himself, and take the field as the champion of his religion. It is imperative on such as you to be in the van—"

"I do not distinctly comprehend you, sir."

"Other thoughts have, as I can learn, kept you from a due consideration of more momentous affairs. Even so, you cannot be ignorant of the hypocritical and fierce opposition given by our enemies—aye, by the dire enemies of our religion, and by the traitorous enemies of our sacred King—to us and to him. To us, because they would exterminate us; to him, because he would tolerate us—because he would even partially alleviate the persecution we have so long endured! Are you ignorant, young Edmund M'Donnell, that machinations are progressing to deprive our King of his throne and of his life? That he being murdered, as his father was, we may be once again the victims of a renewed persecution, the present trampling under foot exceeding, in rampant violence, all that has gone before. The life and throne of King James assailed, that we, Roman Catholics, may be devoted to utter destruction—to annihilation!"

"Reverend father, the violence and the arbitrary proceedings of King James, were they even perpetrated for the purpose of giving equal rights to us, as to his other subjects, almost justify the excuse of opposition to his authority."

"How, young sir! Beware how you use such words as these!"

"Why should I not use them? Are they not the plain truth, your reverence?"

Edmund spoke excitedly; his presentiment was gaining strength that his prospect of happiness was jeopardised by the impending storm-cloud. His selfishness was, in fact, antagonistic to the impulse that urged him to take his place in defence of his creed, which he feared was to be in opposition to her he loved. In this irritated humour he continued to speak:

"In the presence of those who have just left us, reverend sir, I did not care to utter my full thoughts, seeing that they are not of our persuasion. To you, sir, I hesitate not to say, that the King seems to be infatuated—frantic in his proceedings—utterly unworthy of our support or of our gratitude!"

"Young man!—young man!—"

"Nay, reverend father, I will say my mind. I have heard King James's arbitrary conduct spoken of by men of zeal for our religion, and men of wisdom; and, although young, I have given more consideration to the subject than you may, belike, give me credit for. His acts are those of a demented man. He stands almost singly; even his army has declared against him! With his single arm he seems to suppose that he can stem the torrent he has set loose. He has levelled the sluices that banked in the passions and the headlong prejudices of a nation. He, and those he, as I believe sincerely, professes to befriend, will be swept away by the torrent he has let loose!"

"I have, in silence, heard you speaking treason; enouncing doctrines befitting the exterminators of your faith, but not to be tolerated as coming from your lips. But, in charity, I make excuses for your youth; the more so, because I am not ignorant that you are biassed by a carnal devotion, which makes you heedless of the interests of your religion, or the claims of your country."

"I request an explanation," Edmund said, with a haughty flush.

"Are not your attachments, and with your attachments your duty to your King and country, bestowed on a scoffer against your faith, and an enemy of your rightful monarch?"

"Part of your query, reverend sir, I will answer with a yea. I do love—and, with Heaven's benison, I will wed—a lady worthy of my love—my good father and my own pastor consenting to the nuptials. Your inference I deny. Nor

does it appear to me, that you are privileged to busy yourself with my private concerns, in no way germain to the topics we have discoursed on."

"Rude boy! your words are offensive!—fit recompense for my anxiety to serve you! Attend to me, notwithstanding! I interdict your espousal with one who will influence you to—"

"Hold you there, reverend father! Proclaiming myself a devoted adherent to my creed"—he looked upward, and marked his forehead with the symbol of the cross—"there shall be no interference by you, or by any other, in the disposal of my affections!"

"For the gratification of your carnal wishes, will you enter into an alliance of kindred with your banded enemies—the sworn enemies of the Church to which you profess membership? Will you take to your bosom the sister of one of those engaged in active preparation to dethrone, and, I believe me, to slay your Sovereign—at the same time that they shed the blood of your kith and kin—of all who cling to the faith of their fathers?"

"I reject the belief," interrupted Edmund M'Donnell, "that a project to dethrone the King is entertained: idle and vulgar rumour this is, propagated by those whose angle is for troubled waters. As to the possibility of my friend, Edward Evelyn, having knowledge of the one intent or the other—had any but a clergyman so dared to insinuate, he should account to me for it on the spot!"

"If, on the morrow, you should learn that the friend you so uphold is pledged to support a contemplated usurpation—the pledge given to that dire incendiary, George Walker, whose spirit and whose views you have this night seen and heard—"

"I can only answer—Impossible!"

"But, were this found to be the truth?"

"Then," answered Edmund, after an agitated pause, "I would regard him as a traitor to his friend."

"Could he be your friend following the discovery?"

Quick as thought, and thought is instantaneous, Edmund understood that the suppositious case put to him involved deception towards himself, by Evelyn, and at the same time treachery to his sister. It was a bitter conviction.

"The devil my friend as soon!" he exclaimed, impetuously. "But this is no more than fancy—an unsubstantial dream!"

"You may so call it. But suppose, in addition, that this friend had a sister who was in his confidence? Nay, you now challenge me with your looks too boldly, youth! We shall have no farther question on this point. When you see your King—"

"Should I see him the victim of his own folly, I will not draw sword in his cause."

"In whose cause, then, will you unsheath it?"

Edmund was silent.

"I expected this wavering on a point you have not considered closely. Look at the case boldly and manfully, and as a Christian of the old faith. Your sword cannot remain in dastardly repose within its scabbard, when every gallant blade is out and doing—while the sword of friends and foes are flashing!"

"Oh!" cried the young man, much agitated, "must it, indeed, come to this?—must there be no 'peace on earth to men of good will'? Why will the name of religion be still profaned as the encourager of deadly hatred?"

He looked despondingly at Father O'Haggerty, as the apprehension of danger to his affections flashed afresh before his mental vision.

"Create systems to your fancy. But what are you to do?"

"This, I see, I must do. In defence of a violated throne —of a Sovereign wronged and outraged—if this should be—I—. In fact, it is evident—it is inevitable—that we, Irish Catholics, must act as we have before acted, and suffer, as we have ever suffered, in a contest not of our making. I see it must be so. I see that our ill-fated land will be once again selected as the arena for a struggle between an English monarch and his English subjects. In the end, whichever is uppermost, or whichever is prostrate, we shall have to bear the hardest blows. And, finally, we shall be the sufferers, unthanked by either."

"I interpret your words to mean that you will be in readiness for the day of struggle, when, Heaven to protect its own, you will be at the head of your hardy people, in your own native glen, and lead them forth, at the command of your King, and at the call of your religion."

"I see no choice. To fight, even though he has erred, for the King who would give me religious freedom, against those who make war on that rightful King, that they may keep me

shackled. What else is left for me to do? Basely neutral I cannot remain; I must even whirl with the hurricane.—But is the day surely to come?"

"Surely to come, as those who best know have told me. It is a question, though, whether we await the time or whether we create it—whether we pause too long, until the hand of extermination is striking at us, our King inactive on our behalf, or paralysed in his effort—whether we arouse ourselves and anticipate the deadly onslaught of our enemies, and, at the same time, give protection to a monarch and security to ourselves."

Edmund paused at this new version of the question.

"You mean a rising here in Ireland, of our own counsel, and without the King's command?"

"It may be—nay, it is so—that wishing well to say the word, he dares not utter it openly. Where King and religion are both in imminent peril, it seems no more than the duty of loyal subjects, and children of the faith, to act, even of their own accord, for the protection of both."

"A weak thought, sir; and, in my esteem, not counselled in either country by the men of weight, on whose advice his Majesty relies."

Father O'Haggerty curbed the words he was about to utter.

"Read this," he said, "and then seek the counsel of your pillow. I wish you a good night's rest."

He withdrew as soon as he had placed a parchment in Edmund's hands.

It was a commission, issued in Tyrconnel's name, appointing Edmund M'Donnell an officer, under the Earl of Antrim, to command a company of men, to be raised in his native district, for the newly-ordered levy of Irish soldiers. His first feelings on thus finding himself raised to a situation of trust and importance, was pleasure and gratified vanity; his next, doubt and ill-omen of the result. For some time he sat almost in darkness, following a train of sad anticipations of his own future prospects and those of his country. His love for Esther Evelyn, and Father O'Haggerty's prophecy with regard to her brother, formed an impressive portion of these thoughts. He retired to rest sadder than he had ever before been while he pressed his nightly pillow.

## CHAPTER XI.

WHETHER or no O'Haggerty had private intelligence of what Walker intended to effect with Evelyn, or that he only spoke of, as certain, what his insight into human probabilities led him to conjecture, it is undeniable that he shot very near the mark.

Evelyn lay down to sleep in an indifferent bed, and in a confined, ill-contrived room, of which the door could not, by any effort or ingenuity on his part, be secured. His mind was vexed with the occurrences and discussions of the evening, his spirits consequently depressed and gloomy. After lying restless for some time, he fell into a disturbed sleep, which the tone of his waking thoughts haunted with extravagant dreams. He dreamt that he was married to Eva; that he had entered the bridal chamber, and just pressed the bridal couch, when a skein was plunged into his breast. For a moment he felt the agonies of mortal pain, and lay, choked with suffering, unable to cry out: then the sound of a trumpet pierced his ears, and a figure, vaguely like his dead father, stood by his bedside, shaking his arm, and calling on him to rouse up. He awoke in terror, to see a person really standing over him, and holding a feeble lamp in one hand, while the other rested on his shoulder. He looked again, in some alarm, and recognised the pale, grave, and expressive features of Walker. In the creaking of the crazy door, yet in motion from that person's entrance, he at the same time caught the sound which, distorted by his sleeping sense, had conveyed to the cheated mind the idea of a trumpet.

"Pardon me this intrusion," Walker said. "I leave the house very early to-morrow morning, and as I am deputed to hold with you some discourse of an important nature, I could not sleep till we had entered upon it. I was your father's friend. You may have heard him speak of George Walker, rector of Donoughmore?"

"I have, sir, often," Evelyn replied.

"In early life, before my translation to that parish, so far *removed from his* residence, we were much together. Ere

you could know my face, I have danced you on my knee, and joined in your father's prayer for your worldly and eternal welfare. At my hands, too, you received second life in the waters of baptism. We meet not, then, as utter strangers to each other; nor yet as men quite indifferent to each other's interests and happiness, or to the words we may interchange together."

Evelyn fitly, if not warmly, assented.

"I will sit, therefore, by your bedside and tell my mission. You are prayed, by those of your country and religion, who have a true interest for both, to declare whether or no you will join them in the coming endeavour for life and faith."

"Pray, speak plainer, Mr. Walker."

"You know that the reign of James draws to a close."

"I know not so, but I have heard such things rumoured in my passage through England, and hoped from my heart it was but idle rumour. Why should the reign of James draw to a close?"

"That, at least, you know. He has forfeited his crown by attacking the constitution."

"By attacking it in what manner?"

"Variously. But especially in his effort to admit Papists into public situations of trust, rank, and influence. A measure to which the very nature of the constitution is opposed."

"That I cannot understand," the young man said, with generous warmth. "If by the constitution be meant the rights of the people, obtained at different times, from different sovereigns, I must, as you have before heard me say, remember that they were actually so obtained by Papists, and precisely to the extent in which we now enjoy them. Ere Catholic England became Protestant England, they existed. And from the reign of the first sovereign, nominally Protestant, Henry VIII., down to the last, Charles II., nothing—nothing in matter has been added to them. Since, therefore, the constitution has been formed by Papists, how, in reasoning or sense, can its nature be anti-papist? Again, if James does not seek to annul any one of the rights that make it what it is—a matter allowed on all hands—but simply seeks to admit to an enjoyment of them, in common with men of every sect, the persons whose ancestors have really set them

up, in what manner can he be said to attack 'the constitution'? What, after all, is the meaning of this generally adopted phrase? Alas! alas! Mr. Walker," Evelyn added, with curling lip, "I fear it has been only invented by a few men, as a watchword, and caught up and continued by the many, without thought or analysis, until, from every-day use, it means what they please, and what both wish."

"We may argue as we can. When wiser people than we have decided upon the question, it is only so much misspent breath. We must swim with the current of the times: fools only would cross or breast it, and depend for safety on the catching at straws. When the great deliverer once lands—"

"How, Mr. Walker! do you calculate so surely on events? Is it to be, indeed, and so sudden?

"Have I, at least, your promise of honorable secrecy?"

"The very recollections under which we meet, should give you that assurance, sir."

"Then, know, that I speak on the information of one who, counselled and aided by the Lord, has been the great agent and secret light of the glorious change we all hope for. It needs but your declaration in our cause, to supply you with the advices he has vouchsafed from time to time to me."

"So certain, truly!" Evelyn exclaimed, much agitated. "So very sudden!—The infatuated King already encompassed with destruction! No pause for him—no time allowed for a heated temper to cool—a warped judgment to become righted! No endeavour to conciliate—to advance half way—to reason with him—to correct him! No pity for the errors of the son of many kings!"

"Rather say, no time allowed for the completion of the projects which aim at *our* destruction."

"No forbearance towards a King of known and admitted talents and spirit! Who, when Duke of York, advanced the character of the British navy higher than it had ever stood? Who, at an earlier age, commanded the praises of the two greatest generals of his time, Turenne and Condé? Who has fought for England in forty sea-fights, and in his very last encounter with the Dutchman, De Ruyter, achieved her a splendid victory? No allowance—no gratitude—no mercy for him! Has it ever been questioned that, above all his family, he entertained a high and jealous notion of the interests

and glory of his people and his nation?" The youth spoke with a warmth not altogether without effect on his companion.

"Never, I grant you, until this late attempt to bully the one, and degrade the other," he admitted, after a pause.

"But how? Has he not repeatedly assured Protestants that while he did only justice to his own religion, he should never seek to injure or weigh down theirs? And, during his whole life, have not men of all sects regarded him as an inviolable observer of his word?"

"Yes, I grant you, again. Until at last he broke it."

"How?—how?"

"By the very act we have so often canvassed. By his assuming the absolute power of dispensing with the tests, and of suspending the penal statutes."

"Again and again I deny, passing altogether the separate question of *assumed* power, that this amounts to a breach of his word—to an infringement on his pledge to Protestants that he would uniformly protect them. Unless, indeed, protection of them essentially implies persecution of others. An unreasonable, unchristian, and monstrous hypothesis."

"The bigotry of James," Walker said, with a frown, "is known to extend farther than equal privileges for his own idolatrous sect."

"How known? By what he *does* at present? That question has been considered. By what he has heretofore done? Let us see. It was not bigotry to allow, in deference to the prejudices of his English people, his two daughters, then his only children—"

"Aye, *then*," interrupted Walker, with a bitter sneer.

"To allow them to be educated in strict Protestantism. It was not bigotry to give the elder of them, the Princess Mary, heiress apparent to the crown, to the Protestant prince, William—or the second, Anne, to another Protestant prince, George of Denmark. It was not bigotry to pass by, after he became sovereign of England, all those who had been distinguished as the plotters or agents of the Popish Plot, contenting himself with making one sole example of public justice, in the person of its most infamous propagator, Oates—while even to that hideous monster life was spared. It was not bigotry to spare, in life and property, the very men who, by pressing the bill of exclusion, had laboured to

disinherit him, and whose efforts sent him an exile from his land and his people. This was not bigotry. How, then, shall we prove the vulgar clamour? He has not been, he is *not* bigoted in his measures; but 'tis *known*' he will be. Who has made it known? In one word, Mr. Walker, how, from anything the unfortunate monarch has attempted, from even the wildest assertion of his privilege, how has he injured—yourself, for instance? During nearly five years that he has sat on the throne of his fathers, have your rights, as a Protestant, been abridged, or your ministry, as a Protestant clergyman, interrupted?"

"I answer you calmly—yes. Think you it is no interruption of my ministry to encounter, since the beginning of this ungodly reign, such disturbers as the dangerous man we met with to-night, left free to preach and teach, where before they durst not raise their voices in the land? Is it no hindrance to my ministry, and to the spreading and welfare of the religion whose minister I am, to see mass-houses open, where, in the former reign, there was waste and goodly silence? To meet, in every corner of Ireland, a tolerated priest, where before such scum and vermin durst not show their heads? To see Papist prelates received at court, where before it was treason, by the law, but to sound their names?"

"No, Mr. Walker; I cannot think that this is, necessarily, any hindrance to your ministry, or to our common religion. Leaving out of the question the Friar O'Haggerty, as a kind of man who can well be spared on both sides, you would not surely mean to say that the truth you preach depends, for its effects, on the absence or silence of the error it opposes? By contrast with error should the truth shine more brightly. Did the universal prevalence of error, when religion was first preached, retard its way by the side of Him who led it triumphant, not in a battle-chariot, or at the point of the sword, but wreathed in the chaplet of peace, and scattering the perfumes of persuasion? Are you irritated, then, as a worldly man, to see the degraded arise, the trampled walk upright, the persecuted pitied, fellow-creatures vindicated? Is it," Evelyn asked, with a disdainful smile, "from the weaker impulse of our nature you talk so bitterly of tolerated priests and Popish prelates at court? Are those who differ from you 'scum and vermin,' merely because they do so? Difference does not imply inferiority. Do you hate them

because you have tried, and are trying, to crush them beneath your foot? That may be the true reason, I suspect. We do not, alas! readily forgive men for having injured them."

"*You* do not speak as a good Protestant," Walker said, with a mighty effort to restrain his wrath.

"If Protestantism mean monopoly—if good Protestantism mean bad Christianity—I do not; yet will I prove myself an orthodox member of the reformed Christian faith, and hold these sentiments at the same time. I own, however, they somewhat differ from the superfluity of sectarian zeal taught me in my childhood. But travel, Mr. Walker, and conversing with men of different countries and enlarged minds, does much to mix up reason and charity with the mere formalities of religion. Another accident," he added, speaking more to himself than to Walker, "may have lately helped to fix my mind in its present temper."

"May I inquire what that was?"

"Nothing of import to influence the opinions of any man but myself."

"Let me judge."

"It would be useless, indeed. Excuse me, sir."

"Youth," urged Walker, managing the introduction of this delicate point better than O'Haggerty had done with Edmund, though he stood just as little in need of information—"I adjure you by the memory of your good father, to declare to me what it is that has thus most sinfully turned your eyes from the steady and true light, to more than a half-following of the dangerous meteor of Idolatry. By the friendship of your father and myself, disguise not your heart from me—I tremble—I could weep for you—son of my ancient friend! Relieve at once the anguish I feel on your account! You have been listening to the insidious discourse of Jesuits—you have entered the mass-house, and hearkened to their poisonous preaching—that is it?"

"No, sir," answered Evelyn, really affected by the seeming interest of his companion—"fear not for me, there. I will speak openly. Why should I not? Know, then, that I have contracted myself to—"

"To a Papist!" interrupted Walker, in surprise and consternation, well feigned.

"To a Roman Catholic lady, sir."

"Contracted!"—resumed the clergyman. He paused, long

enough to make the youth feel awkward and constrained. Then riveting his angular eyes on Evelyn, and speaking very slowly—"You would wed her, then?"

"That question cannot surely mean—would I dishonour myself or her?" Evelyn cried, with angry vehemence.

"Lost! lost!" Mr. Walker went on—"lost, irrecoverably! a goodly bough of the tree lopt off, and cast for the burning! Better hadst thou hearkened to the sophistry of all the smooth tongues of St. Omer's—better hadst thou bent down before the idol in their very mass-house! And, oh! what has my old friend escaped by his passage from this life to the glories which his unblemished faith secured him in another! What has he escaped that he has not here, to-night, to weep over the disgrace of his only son!"

"Sir—Mr. Walker—I cannot understand—"

"No, boy, you cannot! you know them not! You know not that the very motto of their damnable and idolatrous sect is proselytism! That by every means, and by the seductions and entanglements practised on you, above all other means, they labour, day after day, to decrease the number of the righteous."

"I must at once say, sir, I have never seen such attempts directed towards myself."

"Have you not? And that is so convincing, is it? Think you the old serpent goes to work so lamely? Think you they would at first let you detect their aims, that so you might be at once disgusted and turned from them for ever? No, you have not observed their attempts. Neither does age observe its gradual stooping to decrepitude, nor does the eye detect the encroach of wrinkles on the face. But ask your heart—call to mind the unsound doctrines you have this night uttered, and answer me, now that I become your standard and your mirror: Hath not your soul shrunk from its former uprightness of stature, and its face become haggard with wrinkles? And if so soon this premature decay is visible, what must you not fear for yourself, when—Oh, I have no patience to speak it! For I—I know them well! Through a long life of zealous ministry, I know them well! I tell you, Robert Evelyn, that you cannot imagine the refined arts with which they ensnare. To make proselytes is their worldly, and according to their superstitious cant, their spiritual object. Ruled as they are by their priests, their wanton women—be

patient, boy!—never lose sight of it. Hence is their effort, every day, to secure a Protestant husband, that they may be raised from discontent and obscurity, to rank and importance in the land, and that they may add, at once, a respectable name to Papistry, in this world, and, by virtue of the act, insure for themselves a seat in the next. These are the promptings given—the promises held out by their priests. Ask the woman who has undone you, and let her answer whether or no she has not been so tutored, and does not so purpose to practise on you."

"I shall certainly never ask a question, Mr. Walker," the boy cried, indignantly, "so derogatory to my confidence in the woman I would make my wife, and to her claims on that confidence."

"Would you stoop, too, to wive with one of the degraded of the land? Even with your own bondswoman? Nay," he continued rapidly, stopping Evelyn's attempt to speak, "let me ask you, if my worst fears are true? I have met you here in the company of one of the most noted enemies—though a stripling, like yourself—of the faith in Ireland. He has a sister: can it be that woman?"

"Sir," replied Evelyn, distantly, "the lady is Miss M'Donnell, the daughter of an ancient and honorable family, though lately reduced by oppression—"

"By the strong and righteous arm of the law, to beggary! I know them well. Rebels they have been. Beggars they are. And now, again, the foremost, under guidance of that old inveterate plotter, Antrim, to head the very massacre which surely threatens us all. That so, by rebellion and blood, they may regain what they have so justly forfeited!"

"Absurdity, sir! Absurdity and bigotry!"

"Misguided young man! Use not—dare not to use to me these ill-weighed words. I can prove to you what I aver—I can prove, on the testimony of all the Protestant gentlemen of the north—their well-grounded fears and wise preparations arming that testimony—that we are this moment surrounded by a plot to cut our throats as we sleep in our beds! That the recent levy of a new and overpowering army of Papists is made in such a view, while every kerne in Ireland goes armed, at the advice of their priests, also waiting the yet unknown day. You have noticed their arming?"

"That, indeed, I have witnessed with surprise, sir," Evelyn unwillingly admitted.

"I cry to you, therefore, Beware! Look how you form a connexion which must be entered into with you, either for the purpose of involving you, as a proselyte, in the general conspiracy, or else—how shall I utter it!—or else, should you prove obstinate, of securing you its easy victim. Look to yourself, I say! Look to the natural results in their great rising! When, to gain you over, they must necessarily impart some of their secrets; when you, as a Protestant, not entirely fallen, will gainsay them—blind and unthinking youth! can you doubt the result? Can you doubt that their Irish skeins will be at your throat in a moment, to guard their own projects by effectually silencing you?"

"If, indeed, there is such strong assurance of this inhuman conspiracy, sir," Evelyn began, his youthful credulity at last something wrought upon—

"If," interrupted Mr. Walker. "Look at this paper, addressed to you, and which forms the business of our present conference. See it signed by every Protestant name around you, known as respectable. See that, setting out with a statement of their apprehensions of a Popish Massacre, they proceed to advise you of their plan of a counter-association, for the guarding of their lives and properties, and then solicit you, as a man of rank and place in the country, to join them in their endeavour. Can you, as a Protestant gentleman—as the worthy son of my old friend, refuse?

"I shall not refuse, Mr. Walker, to unite in any precaution which, supposing the actual existence of a design against us, such as you seem so sure of, the first principle of nature makes imperative. For the rest, I am guided by my own judgment."

"I require no further resolve, at present. But, here," producing pen and ink, "write your assent to this invitation at the bottom of the paper." Evelyn, after a moment's hesitation, did so. "Keep the document, now, for your own satisfaction, and, perhaps, as a salutary memento. And favour me with a copy of your answer, to be presented, as common courtesy requires, to those who have addressed you."

Evelyn also complied with this apparently reasonable request. "But, Mr. Walker," he resumed, "forget not that I reserve to myself the right of judging when I shall be truly called on to fulfil this engagement."

"I said before, we must swim with the current of the

times. It may be that, until the deliverer of England lands on her shores, the cruel Papists of this country will not rise up against us. If, at that time they do so, however, King James must, of course, be their watchword, and William, Prince of Orange, the professed object of their bloody warfare. While on us they really vent their hereditary hatred, and sectarian fury."

"Am I to infer, sir, that, under such circumstances, my engaging in this association is to amount to open warfare against King James, as well as protection of my own life and property?"

"I have not said that the visit of William is for the purpose of dethroning James. Listen to me. You are now worthy of the confidence I before alluded to, and you shall have it. I spoke of a great man, a light of the reformed faith, and a zealous labourer for our blessed constitution, who during some time has condescended to regard me as an available fellow-servant in the righteous cause, and so advised me, authentically, of the progress of events."

"You mean Dr. Burnet, sir, who, since the commencement of the present reign, has been on the Continent, mostly at William's court?"

"The same. On his information, joined to my own notice of the times, I proceed to lay this matter fully before you. William has, since his youth, been well regarded by England, because, since his youth, it has been his unceasing policy to check the power and dim the eclat of her great rival, France, by arraying against that haughty and innovating nation the Emperor, Spain, his own and the neighbouring states, and, if possible, Great Britain."

"And I suspect, Mr. Walker, that as one of the best means of completing the coalition, in the last-named instance, it has rather been his policy, too, from an early age, to fix his eye on no less an object than the crown of Great Britain. I believe his early marriage, during Charles's lifetime, with the heiress apparent, might have happened in this view. It is certain that the only piece of seeming enthusiasm that even in his rigid and sullen youth he exhibited, was when Sir William Temple came, after a long period of uncertainty, to communicate the final assent of Charles and the then Duke, to his marriage with the Lady Mary. So cold a man could never feel on the securing of a wife—a wife, too, that after events proved him to be, to say the least, indifferent to—the triumph

and exultation on that occasion displayed. You, sir, cannot be ignorant of the incident to which I refer. How, starting up, he caught the minister in his arms, and vowed that he had made him the happiest man in the world. No; William's joy at the tidings was that of an ambitious and profound politician, at the almost unexpected achieving of a deep-laid project." The young man spoke with a degree of contemptuous indignation natural to his age and character, but chaffing in the extreme to the listener.

"Mayhap," resumed Walker, with cool deliberation, "I, too, suspect that the Lord so disposed his heart, even at that early period, for our good and deliverance. About the time that the exclusion bill was moved in Charles's parliament against the Duke, his views were even less doubtfully indicated to the godly Burnet. Some time after that event, as my memory serves, the great doctor advised me that, under the especial help of Providence, he had been enabled to receive the Prince's hints of a determination to support, even against the bigotry of a father-in-law, and as far as in him lay, the Protestants of England. Certainly, so soon as James proposed to dispense with the tests, and had written to his daughter and son-in-law for their assent, the Lord's servant (having first approved of the letter that contained their denial) obtained from William the first unequivocal admission of his views, by means of a previous conference with the Princess, in which conference he convinced her zeal and natural affections, that it was her chief duty to protect her religion, and attend, forgetful of any other relation, to the interests of her husband—nay, do her best to impress these interests on his mind."

"Good God, Mr. Walker! You talk of Jesuits and of jesuitical proceedings—you talk of Petre influencing James's queen, and, through her, James's councils. But what say you to your own Jesuit, Burnet, at the Hague, thus, by his and your admissions, instigating the daughter to dethrone, and, it may be, murder her father?"

"Again I remind you that there is no warrant for assuming that the actual dethroning of James is intended. Indeed, I can almost convince you. Though it is true that the persecuted bishops secretly addressed William from the Tower, at the same time with other eminent persons, it was not till after the fictitious birth of a Prince of Wales—"

"Aye, sir," interrupted Evelyn, "that real, not fictitious birth, was, I believe, the true cause why we first began to conspire against our Sovereign. Then, indeed, it happened, when the Prince of Orange seemed suddenly, though lawfully deprived of his apparent inheritance, that pressing solicitations were forwarded to the Hague, and ready promises given to them. I am utterly surprised at you, Mr. Walker, to speak of, as an imposition, a real event, that, during my late short residence in London, has been fully established. Aye, by the most open and direct testimony, to the satisfaction of all honest men, and the shame of those who, on such a question, could cruelly insult the tenderest and most sacred feelings of their Sovereign!"

"Well!—it is only my business to quiet what you consider conscientious scruples on another subject. Before the matter spoken of, my Lord Wharton—"

"A man in his dotage," Evelyn cried, impatiently.

"The Bishop of London—"

"Because under suspension."

"My Lord of Devonshire—"

"Because he had been fined for striking Colonel Culpepper."

"The Lady Sunderland, a woman of subtle wit and admirable address—"

"And indebted, through her husband, for her very title, to King James—"

"With the Bishops, and some others, first addressed the Prince. But to them he only answered, that, if invited by some of the best interest of the land, he rather believed he could be ready by the end of September."

"This, sir, was but caution."

"His next answer meets your scruples. Other noblemen and gentlemen, such as the Earls of Danby and Shrewsbury, Admirals Russell and Herbert, Mr. Henry Sichey, James's own ambassador in Holland, afterwards appeared. The Prince answered, after sedate consideration, that he must satisfy both his honour and conscience before he could enter on so great a design; and further protested that no private ambition, nor particular resentment, could prevail upon him to make a breach with so near a relation. Therefore, that he expected more formidable invitations."

Evelyn laughed scoffingly.

"Admirable prudence! Well he knew how to drive a safe

bargain with impatient customers. Doubtless, sir, after the unlooked-for birth of a new heir, those more 'formidable invitations' came, and convinced him."

"Doubtless," answered Mr. Walker, still with difficulty, though effectually, restraining himself for the attainment of the end he had in view; rendered more difficult than he had anticipated, by the unlooked-for knowledge and discrimination of Evelyn—"assisted by the great doctor's discourses with the Princess, and her discourses with the Prince. And all directed and prompted by a good and merciful Providence."

"Then I am to give much credit, I suppose, to William's state assertions, Mr. Walker, when I find him sending over his crafty Zuylesten with congratulations to James on the birth of the Prince of Wales, after yielding to the suit of your friends, chiefly on the ground of that birth being an imposition. And when I also know, and you cannot deny, that the real embassy of Zuylestan was to collect information for the Prince's use—"

"Yes," interrupted Walker, rather intemperately, "and that faithful servant most assuredly brought back such accounts as fixed the Prince in his purpose. All this is but the working of prudence, and does not impugn the truth of his declarations, repeatedly made, that he has no object but to redress the people—no view of personal aggrandizement. Nay, by my last advices, this day come to hand, the Prince having already taken leave of the States previous to embarkation—"

"Heavens!" cried Evelyn, shocked and excited, "the tempest so very near!"

"He," continued Walker, "in his very parting address to them, solemnly takes God to witness that he comes to England with no other intentions than those set out in his declarations. He does not know, indeed" (referring to a letter), "how the Divine wisdom may dispose him. To Providence he commits himself. From all which, you may reasonably conclude, that, by entering into an engagement to protect your life and property against the exterminating Papists, you do not, at the same time, necessarily form any present league against King James. And now, good night. Let me take your hand—the hand of the son of my old friend. Farewell! and"—the clergyman added, speaking earnestly, but calmly—"touching the other matter undecided betwixt us, I offer this. I offer to attend your nuptials—to officiate in

them. For, Protestant as you are, you will require the ministry of your own clergyman—and to bless them, too, should there appear no good reason why they shall be interrupted. You permit me to attend?"

"I invite you, sir, willingly and thankfully," Evelyn said, moved by this unexpected leniency.

"And will warn me of the day and place, punctually?" Evelyn promised.

"Farewell, then." And he at length left the room.

"And so," thought Evelyn, as he tried to compose himself to sleep, "by rival priests and churches militant, these countries are once more to be convulsed to the centre. There is Petre, the Jesuit, at St. James's, and Burnet, the Jesuit, at the Hague. And after years of patient plotting and prompting, they have at last succeeded in embroiling the whole world, just that some good battles may be fought to decide which shall be Archbishop of Canterbury. There is William, too, as good a Jesuit as either, I promise them, though not in orders. And lest we should lack zeal to be made fools and madmen of, in Ireland, here we have an O'Haggerty and a Walker. The same farce, this Christian world over! The same men to kindle the same social, nay, domestic dissensions. To arm the child against the parent; the true heart against the true heart! Good God!" he added, with a sigh, "shall the world ever grow old enough to limit priests to the inculcation of a peacemaking creed, and let honest men, nay, even knaves, mind their own business, and fight their own quarrels?"

## CHAPTER XII.

THE young men met, next morning, with mutual consciousness, and some embarrassment, growing out of the separate conversations between them and the two clergymen on the night before. There was, for the first time, that restraint in their manner towards one another, which ever accompanies the retrenching of confidence between old friends. For Evelyn and M'Donnell *had* resolved not to impart, at least

till circumstances demanded it, the political engagements both had bound themselves conditionally to perform. Edmund kept his commission quietly in his pocket, and Evelyn as secretly kept the address from his northern friends, with his own assent attached thereto. Each thus practising a disingenuousness for which he could readily find arguments to excuse himself, but of which he would have been much more than jealous in the person of his friend.

At an early hour they mounted their horses, and, with Oliver, left Carrickfergus. The weather continued stormy; and they had not ridden far northward, when a heavy shower came on. All immediately called to mind the absurd promise of the Rapparee, and Edmund remarked:

"Here is the shower Rory-na-chopple promised us. But where is the colt?"

"Unless it rained horses, I have not much opinion of that prophecy," Evelyn returned. "But, in the name of wonder, M'Donnell, what is the matter with the colt you ride."

The rain continued to pour down so violently, that men and horses were completely drenched.

"Why, what can be the matter with him, Evelyn? He keeps his temper and his paces."

"But look if he be not changing from black to chestnut, as the water runs down his sides and neck! And now a white speck comes out on his breast, and a white star on his forehead!"

"Do they so?" asked M'Donnell, quickly flinging himself from the saddle. Then, after examining the animal for a still more peculiar mark—"By the blessed saints," he cried, "the Rapparee hath promised fair!—this is my own colt, Pawdrick."

The party looked at each other for a moment, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"His make struck me at the first glance," continued Edmund; "but what honest man could suspect the cheat, in this new suit, and with the tail cut short? The rascal Tory!—the hanged and unharmed rascal!—I have purchased my own horse from one of his receivers—I see it all now. Aye! I have heard of the very trick before; one of the many which it is well known the villain uses to baffle immediate pursuit and detection. Some bogweed, boiled, supplies him with this temporary dying-stuff; and if I am not even with him yet—if I do not get his own face changed black, and, under

Providence, with more lasting effect than his practices on my colt, or than the gallows had on it, the last time, let him whisper you away from Glenarriff again, Pawdrick, and turn you white, for novelty!"

"'Tis an amusing villainy," said Evelyn.

"Yes, I grant you, to all, save the twice-cheated. But come," Edmund added, gaily vaulting into his saddle, "let us for the present think of it only for a jest. Home, Pawdrick, home!—good deeds under your true colours. Glenarriff's shelving sward and knee-deep clover are before you, and love and lady-smiles before your master—move, truant, move!" Dashing spurs into Pawdrick, he led on the party at a gallant pace.

We very blamefully omitted to mention, that, on receipt of Evelyn's last letter, Esther had succeeded in prevailing upon Eva to name a day for making her brother happy. And that the chief clause of Eva's compliance was a counter concession exacted from Esther, with the help of Edmund, then present, to do the same kindness by her brother.

The day thus fixed upon for both ceremonies was one towards the middle of the next month, November—about three weeks, altogether, from the time of Edmund's departure to meet his friend in Carrickfergus. Lord Antrim's lady, the rather celebrated Marchioness of Buckingham, becoming necessarily a confidant on the occasion, kindly insisted that the young ladies, each motherless as she was, should accept of her matronage at their nuptials, and also consent to have the double union take place in Antrim Castle. The old Earl heartily and courteously seconded this arrangement; and the maidens, much gratified, assented. Preparations were forthwith commenced, on all sides, to meet, with splendour, mirth, and honour, the expected day.

The Earl sent invitations to some of his leal friends and neighbours, such as the Lord Iveagh, of Mourne, in the county Down; O'Hagar, of the county of Londonderry; and O'Dogherty, of Inishowen; not careless, perhaps, of thus creating an opportunity for getting them together under his roof. But the first invitations were necessarily sent to his cousin, Randall M'Donnell, of Glenarriff; to Daniel M'Donnell, of Layd; and to several other M'Donnells, all cousins, and near at hand. His lady did not fail to take like measures for collecting *a goodly company* of fair dames and gentle

damsels; having first forwarded, at Esther's instance, and enclosed in a dutiful letter of Esther's own, a very kind and pressing request for the presence of Mrs. Evelyn, of Derry city.

Two suites of rooms were selected for the young couples, and workmen—the best that could be had from Dublin—set to work at them as soon as possible. The old chapel of the castle was also taken in hand, with a view to its being newly fitted up and adorned. Then, rich varieties of material for bridal attire came from the metropolis, and accomplished sempstresses, overlooked by the tirewoman of the Countess, and assisted, as well as they knew how, by those in attendance on the young ladies themselves, fastened upon it with all despatch.

The maidens, too, occasionally sat down among their women and their finery, and helped to forward the adornments for their bridal day; each, indeed, kindly attending to the other's dress alone. Or they strolled, arm in arm, about the house, carefully avoiding that wing in which the workmen were engaged; or, when, half venturous, they found themselves too near it, skipping, like startled fawns, from the sound of a heavy footstep, or the sudden opening of a door. At night, indeed, when the men had retired, and that "the clink of hammer" no longer kept their little hearts jumping and fluttering to every knock, they sometimes hazarded a peep into those awful rooms, and, still arm in arm, glided about them, on tiptoe, with lamp and faces held up, in shy scrutiny of every new improvement that had just been completed, or was in progress. They explored each other's destined anteroom, sitting-room, nay, bridal chamber; never having courage, however, to bestow more than one glance at a time on the progressive furnishing of this last-mentioned terrible apartment. And thus they spent their time, morning, noon, and night, until the arrival of M'Donnell and Evelyn; speaking very little to each other, but looking a great deal, and sighing the quick, faint sighs that will every moment flutter up, like birds, from young hearts full of happiness.

But, upon the morning of the arrival of their lovers, they had, at length, a long conversation.

"I do not wonder to see you agitated, dearest sister," said Eva, "for I am so myself. Nor dejected either, were it only *a little; for I, too,* feel now and again a strange inclination to

weep, and again I know not why or wherefore. But you are more melancholy than the occasion calls for; distressed, I fear, with something else."

"With something else, indeed, dear Eva. Yet something that has to do with the occasion."

"Your aunt's unnatural conduct, heretofore? Your fears that she will not accept the present invitation?"

"No; I must own I do not love my aunt enough to afflict myself with her whims. Though, doubtless, I should have felt less an orphan had she staid by my side, or if she will now act by me as a mother."

"I should, indeed, have recollected, that you have before told me as much. I might have known that your deep thought, and melancholy, and secret tears, which I so often surprise, must therefore come from another source. Dear girl, what is that other?"

"Dear Eva, you must not ask me."

"No? Then I shall not, of course."

"Now I see you are offended with me, but you should not be. I have been bound, under terrible threats, never to disclose the cause of my—my fears, my childish fears, after all. For everything goes on so as to prove them vain. A very short time must decide all; and will, I am sure, decide for their eternal removal."

Eva paused a moment; then looking at Esther—"Onagh of the cavern has been frightening you," she said.

Her friend burst into tears.

"Yes, you have guessed aright!" she cried. "Oh, if you knew, Eva, how that woman had made me suffer!"

"Dear, silly Esther, can it be possible that, after all our discourse about that woman, you still suffer her to dwell a moment in your thought?"

"Oh, Eva, there is cause why I should!"

"You mean the silly words she spoke to you in the little glen?"

"No; worse, much worse than that."

"You have seen her since, then?"

"Alas! alas! I have."

"Lately? And where?"

"Lately. But that was not the occasion of what distresses me. Dear Eva, ask me no more—I dare not speak openly to you. Long, long, the painful knowledge has been with me.

Long, long, have I wished to tell you of it, and ask your counsel, and listen to your disproving arguments. But I durst not."

"Has the wretched creature pledged you to secrecy?"

"Not exactly so; but her denouncements on me if I divulged the secret, particularly to you, are shocking."

Eva laughed. "Come, come, dearest Esther, there is one on the road by this time shall make a false prophet of Mrs. Onagh. You see I can divine at least the nature of her mummery. Shame upon you, Esther, to admit, at a sensible age, the existence of such weakness in your mind! Shame again upon you, in my brother's name, to weigh the words of an imposter or a madwoman against his true love! So, even without the tie of an extorted promise, you will refuse me the opportunity to laugh at this new conceit, whatever it is, merely because the wise woman of Cushindoll has threatened to bewitch you, perhaps? Be it so, silly child. But were I in your place, and you in mine, asking this favour, I would cast her charms and her broomstick, her familiar and her fiddlestick, as feathers, to the four winds of heaven, rather than leave you one instant unanswered."

"I will take heart to tell you, then," said her more timid companion. "I am sure I ought, Eva, and that all is, as you say, childishness. Indeed, although it happened before our removal from the seashore to Lough Neagh, I was able, of my own accord, by prayer, and the calm exercise of reason, almost to forget it. Until yesternight, when the voice of Onagh sounded at my chamber window, just as I lay down in bed, whispering strangely—bend towards me, Eva, I cannot bear to repeat the words aloud—'The bridal robe is nearly made. So is the shroud, though not so nearly. Still, forget not All Saints' Eve, the last but one.'"

"The insolent woman!" Eva cried, with flashing eyes, as she protectingly encircled her friend with her arm. "She now grows too bold, and I will surely desire Edmund to see that she keeps within bounds. But you are certain she was there at the window? It could not have been a dream?"

"I think not; though heaven knows, often and often have her face and figure made my sleep horrible, Eva. Oh! I have fancied her crouching on my bed, at night, and on my breast, *until, through* dread and shrinking, I shrieked aloud, and so

woke myself, trembling and panting. Again and again have I dreamt such things. Oh! Eva, I cannot tell you half the suffering that strange woman has caused me!"

"That was your own fault, Esther, more than hers. But—'still remember All Saints' Eve,'—those were her words. What could she mean by that? Let me see. All Saints' Eve, the last but one, you were too ill and feverish to leave your room, and Onagh did not surely approach the house."

"Ill and feverish I indeed was, Esther, and—do not smile at me, dear girl—partly on account of the story you told me of another All Saints' Eve. Onagh did not come to your house, and yet I saw her."

"I cannot understand that."

"Listen, then," the girl said, laying her face down on her friend's shoulder, and speaking in tones scarcely above a whisper. "I retired, as you know, to my own room, because my mind and body were so troubled I could not bear the company even of those I loved so well. I retired to my room, but did not keep my room."

"How, Esther!"

"Indeed, I think my mind must have failed me altogether to do what I did. It was unnatural courage, I am sure. You may remember, I was obliged to keep my bed next day, and I talked lightly, did I not?"

"I indeed remember that you had then an illness severe and alarming, though of short continuance. But go on. You left your room—why?"

"There I sat, Esther, alone in the shivering moonlight, for I grew so strange, even to myself, that I could not bear my lamp. There I sat alone, thinking of Onagh's prophecy, of all you had told me, of all I had seen her do at the cavern, as we passed her by, and of what she had said to me in the little glen. I was conscious, too, what night it was—an anniversary of the awful one upon which, while I was such a distance away from her, that evil woman spanned my fate—a recurrence of the night on which a knowledge of the future comes, from Good or Evil, for Good or Evil, to the earth. These were my thoughts; I could not check them. I believe I did not even strive to check them. Whether or no, they took such possession of me that, as I listened to the boom of the sea, or to the whistling of the wind through the trees at the back of the house, I thought the sounds became voices, all

echoing what Onagh had told me. I looked out into the lights and shadows cast by the moon, upon the broad hills so near me, and your brother's figure, Eva, seemed, over and over, to flit by my window. Until at last I started up and could have screamed, I know not why, for, strange to say, it was not fear I felt.

"At last came a desperate thought. It broke upon my disquieted mind to seek Onagh that very night in her cavern, and challenge her to work me a charm. Scarce was this wild fancy formed, when, gliding through a back door, I found myself, badly protected from the howling winds, on the road to her cavern. The distance, you have told me, is about a mile. I know not how soon or how long I might have been going; but I well remember rushing into the blank mouth of her cavern-house, and when, at some distance in its recesses, I saw a red light—stopping suddenly—

"'A hundred thousand welcomes,' I then heard her say, the voice reaching me through utter darkness: 'we were expecting you—come in.' Eva, still I was not frightened; I did advance into the cave.

"And, gracious God! what a sight there met my eyes! Onagh's back was to me as I approached. She sat on her heels, and stooped forward her head and body, as if watching something on the ground. A turn in the cave, as I still advanced, showed me the figure of a very aged and exceedingly small woman, sitting opposite to her, also crouching, and looking intently downwards. At another step, my eye followed theirs, and fell upon the corpse of a second hag, stretched out upon the damp and earthen floor, a large stone laid on her breast, another on her knees, and a piece of flaming wood in her rigid hand. Even yet, Eva, I felt no terror; I only wondered.

"'She's waking herself,' said Onagh, with a laugh, and not raising her head to look at me.

"'Who is she?' I asked. My voice had a strange ring in it. I started even as I spoke.

"'I know no more than you,' Onagh answered, rocking her bent body and head to and fro, while her chin touched her knees, and her hands were clasped across her legs. 'No; nor no more than the child unborn. Only, here I found her, with the other before you, this All Saints' Eve come seven *years. My time* was just up with them, and an hour to spare,

when we got her, stark and stiff, down in the end of the place. Aye, crippled too, though she lies out so straight, there, with the help of the two stones that keep her like a Christian corpse. Isn't that it, gran'-aunt?' again laughing, and addressing the old woman opposite to her. 'I call her gran'-aunt, you see, and her that's gone I used to call granny, and no other names had I for them. You don't know how I found them out here—I'll tell you, then. The early blight came on me, as early it will come on yourself, and I was restless, and didn't know what to do. Until one night I found an apron that had been thieved from me long before, lying on the floor as I got into bed; it was all knotted and twisted, and I guessed by what hands. I opened one knot, and then another and another. For every knot I opened, there came a face round my bed, and at last the faces of the two you see here to-night. Next morning I left my mother's home. I met the first face I saw the night before, and she led me a bit of the road. Then I met the next, and she gave me a second help. And so on, until, day and night, I walked from the south to the north, and the last friend parted me abroad at the open door you came in by. And here I found the one that lies stretched there, and the other squatting before you. And a hearty welcome I had from the both.'

"'Up, Onagh!' I said, interrupting her, 'and work me a charm—a true one—a sure one. One that will make me sure for ever of what you have told me.'

"'Go with her, gran'-aunt,' she said, 'farther up, into the dark. Take this rape-seed'—giving me some—'repeat after me the words you will hear me say, and drop the rape-seed as you repeat them. That will do; for I can't leave the corpse till the cock crows.'"

Eva, who had so far been listening in silent wonder to this wild story, here interrupted the narration.

"Esther!" she said, gravely, "dear girl! This sounds like a fantastic dream. Do you tell me that such things really happened?'

"It was no dream, Eva," Esther as gravely replied. "No! no!—what I tell you too truly occurred. Listen, and you will understand all.

"The old pigmy got on her feet—in height she was not more than a child—and hobbled into the dark recesses of the cave, I following her. When we had gone almost entirely

beyond the influence of the light, she stopped, and Onagh screamed out, far behind us—'Are ye there?'

"'Say the words,' answered my companion. Onagh repeated, as well as I can recollect, the following lines:—

> "'Rape-seed I sow, rape-seed I sow,
> Come from above, or come from below;
> Come far, come near!
> Show me my sweetheart, show me my dear—
> Show him as he will be to me,
> A blessing, or a misery.'

"Eva, I know I was disturbed in mind; I know, too, that just as I had ended my repetition of the lines, I grew afraid for the first time—and my senses *may* here have deceived me. Be that as it may, never in my life before did the face and figure of Edmund pass plainer before me, than—even in the dark—at that horrible moment. But his face was pale, and his figure wasted. After he passed, there was another motion in the dark, as if he would cross the cavern again. When I again looked, my eyes met—instead of him—Death, Eva, death!"

"What do you mean?" asked Eva, distending her eyes.

"Death, I say!—the grinning head and the skeleton frame of Death! And it wore, on the bony brow, a bridal chaplet!"

"Absurdity, dearest girl! You have, yourself, fully accounted for the mockery. Why should I argue with you? The previous state of your mind—your feverish health—your terrors—your prejudices—everything joined to distract and impose upon you."

"That may be—nay, I am sure it was so—yet so real and so dreadful was the impression of the moment, that I screamed and swooned away. When I revived, I found myself in the open air, within sight of our cottage, Onagh standing over me. I screamed again, when I saw her.

"'Now,' she said, 'you look as if you were satisfied. Be satisfied, then. Never can he wive with you.'

"'Why must this be?' I cried, wildly—'and why should you, terrible woman, decide his fate and mine?'

"'Hearken to me!' she replied, looking less insane, and more intelligent and stern than I had before seen her—'I have doomed him—and others too—on Earth and in Heaven—*never to taste* the sweets of woman's love. Was there no

doom in question, *he* should not taste it. I, alone, a woman, and a weak and friendless one, would hinder him.'

"'Wherefore?' I still asked, fiercely, I believe.

"'—Nor if he had twenty brothers should one of them escape the same fate,' she continued. 'He had one brother who did escape it—but he is gone.'"

"Ha!" Eva said, startled, but not enough affected, in appearance, to attract Esther's notice, who continued, without raising her head:

"'Yonder,' Onagh added, 'is your yet happy house; speed to it, and have your time of happiness.' Then all at once relapsing into her usual manner, she added, slowly: 'If you betray what I have last said, to him or his sister, such faces shall watch your sleeping, such curses shall attend your pilgrimage on earth, as will make you dearly rue the treachery. The blessing of this good All Saints' night be with you.' And she left me. I returned home, and secretly gained my sleeping chamber."

"Well?" Eva said, quite recovered from her own late agitation, as she smiled and looked at Esther, as if to hear more—"well, pretty sister, and is this all? Tut, tut; the woman either is knave enough to frighten you for the purpose of extorting money, or fool enough for any piece of nonsense. And this is the terrible secret that has weighed you down so long—the terrible prophecy that is to turn your true-love sweets into bitterness? Come, come! I know one who will cure these silly fancies. And Esther, in some half-score years, after a certain day of the coming month, I shall know a something of a matron lady, who, with half-a-dozen young M'Donnells around her, will join me in laughing at them."

"Shame, Eva M'Donnell!" said Esther, smiling as if she wholly forgot her terrors, and blushing at the prospect her friend so jestingly held out to her.

"By the way, Esther," Eva continued, wishing to keep as clear as possible of the old topic—"will you let me ask you a strange, and yet, perchance, not an improper question?"

"It cannot be improper from Eva—ask it."

Eva took the leave granted, and their conversation continued on a subject much more likely to influence Esther's future happiness than could the extravagant one they had just ended.

"I scarce know *how to begin*, Esther," said Eva, in her

turn blushing deeply—"but we are to become wives, you know; and wives generally become mothers. And so, when we shall be such, if in that case, have you ever thought how you should arrange the question of religious difference between yourself and Edmund?"

"How do you mean?" Esther asked.

"In what creed should you wish your children to be brought up? That is the question I wanted to ask."

"In my own, to be sure, Eva," said Esther, very naturally expressing the first idea she had ever formed on the subject.

"Well, that is natural. But you must recollect that your husband will have his wish, too."

"So he will, indeed; I had not thought of that."

"Here, then, is a difference at once; the difference I supposed all along. Have you ever thought of any way of getting over it?"

"I know of none, unless—" She paused.

"Unless Edmund yields to your wish, implicitly?"

"Yes, indeed, Eva."

"Suppose he should entertain the same hopes of your good nature and liberality?"

"Then I shall be truly at a loss what to do. But, indeed, Eva, I could never bear to see a child of mine go to the mass-house."

"Esther! you forget you speak to me," said Eva, a little coldly and haughtily.

"I did, perhaps, forget that, in speaking to you, I addressed a Roman Catholic," resumed Esther, piqued on the only point in which she was susceptible. "Yet I have honestly expressed what I feel, Eva, though the manner was unguarded and abrupt."

"The mass-house is not the pest-house, Esther, to require being mentioned so abhorringly; nor need the religion of your betrothed husband call for such contempt at your hands."

"After all, Eva, I wish he was of my own religion."

"Do you make it an objection to your union with him?" Eva inquired, very pointedly.

"Do you mean to offend me by that question, and particularly by that look, Eva?"

"Esther Evelyn, I am above meanness of any kind; least of all, the meanness of influencing a free will. This only I *have to say*—that if *your* brother held to me, on my own

account, the language you here speak of *my* brother, I would —sincerely and dearly as I love him—tear him at once from my heart, and try to forget him for ever?"

"And I, Eva M'Donnell, can easily apply what you say to the present case. Perhaps I have my own independent notions on the matter. But you have asked me questions all along; allow me a few in turn. You, too, are about to be wedded to a man who differs from you in religion. What is your own resolve—I know you have formed one—to meet the case you were pleased to suppose for me?"

"I answer, honorably, this is my resolve. I would strive, by all means in my power, and, of course, only by all permitted to a lady of gentle blood, to bring my husband's mind to look so toleratingly—I will say, justly—on the tenets and spirit of my holy faith, that he should feel, under the permission of Providence, no such horror as you have expressed in allowing me the religious guidance of my children."

"That is to say, you would strive to—to convert him," said Esther, suppressing a phrase she knew would be offensive, and using one she also knew Eva preferred.

"If I did, it were but my duty," replied Eva.

"Indeed!" cried Esther; "this is new information, Eva M'Donnell." Then, after a pause—"I take it as granted you now speak the general sentiments of all of your persuasion. If so, what am I to expect in a situation where authority can enforce zeal?"

"Again I warn you, Esther, that unless you mean by these reflections to object to a union with Edmund M'Donnell, they are uselessly—idly said. The avowals I make are, indeed, rather new between us; and perhaps for a reason. When we met first, the times were tranquil; the enemies of my religion seemed willing to allow it rest, and, at least, to tolerate it in the interchanges of society. Now the spirit of exclusion, nay, of extermination, is busy again; we are once more marked out and prescribed. It may be that I was disposed, under such a change, to ascertain the prospect of domestic happiness to be hoped for by my brother, in the tone of mind, on religious subjects, entertained by his affianced lady."

"And I, too, mayhap," said Esther, "felt inclined to look for some lights on this subject, when I knew, as I know now, that *my* religion, and not yours, was and is that marked out

for destruction, in the coming tumult which threatens us all!"

"Bigotry!" said Eva M'Donnell, haughtily.

"And bigotry," retorted Esther Evelyn, "to accuse the creed I profess, and that Robert Evelyn also professes, of any cruel intentions, nay, of any unfair disturbing of domestic happiness. Let your own religion, Eva, teach you to forget the submission of a wife; mine shall never teach me the same doctrine."

"Yet, this moment, you wished Edmund a Protestant?"

"And wish it still."

"Then would you not strive to gain your wish?"

"By all fair and Christian means, assuredly."

"What!" cried Eva, alarmed in her turn, "try to change him? My brother ought to know this."

"Tell him, then. Only let me have the same freedom to speak to *my* brother."

"Take it," said Eva, rising proudly. A hunting-horn sounded cheerily at a distance, calling out the echoes of the surrounding hills. "Here," she continued, pointing to a window that commanded, for more than the distance of a mile, the road that swept down the mountain to Glenarm Castle—"here both should be to give us timely opportunity. That was Edmund's wonted signal of approach homeward; and yonder, indeed, four horsemen spur down the hill-road, two of them much a-head of the others."

"My brother! my dear brother!" exclaimed Esther, gaining the window, also, and clasping her hands; "and Edmund, dear, dear Edmund!" The last words escaped her heart, in despite of the pettishness of the previous moment. "Oh, Eva," she cried—giving vent to the master feeling thus betrayed—"he is my only life, after all!" The avowal broke down the barriers that the last few moments had built up between them, and the two girls embraced the more warmly for their passing coolness.

"And think you, Esther, that I behold, without a welling-up of woman's utmost tenderness, the return, after such an absence, of Robert Evelyn? We have been but idly vexing each other. Come, then, an answer to their signal."

She opened the window; both stood at it, and waved their white kerchiefs, over and over, on the breeze.

"*They* see us!" resumed Eva; "they doff their hats, and

wave them high in return! Let us, dear Esther, end our discussion, while they approach. Neither of us will use unfair means of persuasion to affect the mode of faith of our husbands. Both, meantime, are free to introduce, in season, plain statements of our own creed, and arguments why we prefer it. We will both, also, surely listen, calm and unprejudiced, to reasons that may be given us in reply."

"That were but honorable and rational," said Esther. But, in honesty, we must avow, that the young ladies thus easily agreed, because they mutually thought that, according to the plan proposed, they could as easily have everything their own way.

"And as to the question of offspring, Esther—beshrew it for a strange one!—do you know how some sensible persons have done in a like case?"

"No, Eva; but let me hear—and speedily." Her eyes darted through the window, as she still waved her kerchief.

"Supposing, under the will of God—girls," rejoined Eva, with some vagueness of expression, "the mother had care of them. And supposing—boys, the father."

"That is excellent!" said Esther, her looks and occupation still unchanged. "Yes! Let them have their boys, and we can have our girls."

"Now, shame on us both, Esther," resumed Eva, again joining her friend in signals of welcome, "and heaven pardon us such unmaidenly calculations, and such presumption on the will of Providence."

"It was bold and wicked, indeed, I believe," said Esther. "Though, I am sure, neither of us thought harm."

The horsemen had now come so near as to be fully recognisable; then were salutations renewed with more energy. As they gained the outskirts of the little hamlet of Glenarm, a dozen bagpipers, heading a newly-raised company of men, screamed out the welcome of Edmund M'Donnell, and of the betrothed husband of Eva. The men joined their shout to the clamour; the travellers darted by them; passed through the hamlet, and gained the drawbridge of Glenarm Castle, which was over a rapid mountain-stream, instead of an artificial fosse. It was lowered; the hollow trampling of their horses sounded on it, as the ladies lost sight of them. The clattering of hoofs was heard in the yard; and at last they rushed into the saloon occupied by their betrothed maidens.

It was, in one respect, an odd meeting. Brothers and sister looked first at each other—lovers looked at their beloved There was a second's hesitation as to how they were all to commence greetings, which Edmund ended by catching Esther in his arms. In the next instant he led her to Evelyn, who, notwithstanding his long absence, did not show much chagrin at the arrangement which had obliged him to greet Eva before his sister.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"AND whither do you go to-day, M'Donnell?" asked Evelyn of his friend, about a week after his return.

"To Glenarriff," answered Edmund.

"You have gone thither very often, of late."

"Not oftener, surely, than my preparations for an approaching event require."

"What event do you mean?"

"You should surely think I mean but one—my marriage with your sister." So the young men parted.

But Evelyn's brow fell. He had, as his questions imported, been somewhat suspicious of Edmund's visits to Glenarriff; an accident had helped to confirm and inflame this jealousy. In his friend's absence, he had joined, a few days before, a party of huntsmen from Antrim Castle. The hunt was a long one; it led them as far as the spacious valley in which Edmund's house stood. Evelyn rode unperceived to the brow of the chain of hills that commanded it: below him, on the level ground at the side of the river, he recognised Edmund at the head of a body of armed men, engaged in putting them through some military exercise. This seemed done in secrecy; but it might not be so: M'Donnell might merely have forgotten to give him his confidence. Evelyn determined to see; therefore, the question to which he now felt he had received an insincere reply.

He was indignant with Edmund: he did not perceive that some portion of the discontent that agitated him ought to have been visited on himself. Or, perhaps, he really felt a *self-reproach,* but unconsciously added it to the weight of his

actual jealousy of his young friend. Nor could he distinguish that much of Edmund's alteration of manner—for there was alteration—sprang from a similar jealousy, on his part, of Evelyn, to which jealousy a certain circumstance had also given cause.

A few evenings before, Evelyn had, in his company, received a letter which seemed to agitate him as he read it. Glancing inadvertently at it, M'Donnell saw his own name more than once written by this unknown correspondent. Evelyn put up the letter gravely, and his spirits and manner were chilled for the rest of the evening. Edmund took an opportunity of asking, in jest, if the epistle contained any slander of him. His friend started, and stared at him; then deliberately added that it did not even mention his name.

It was from Walker, in answer to one Evelyn had written, according to engagement, to inform that gentleman of the day and place appointed for his marriage. Renewing promises to attend, it proceeded to acquaint him of the fact of William having embarked for England; of the veteran army and noble suite that accompanied him; of the certainty of a Popish plot to massacre all the Protestants in Ireland, early in December. With the still more appalling intelligence, that Edmund M'Donnell was pledged to take a conspicuous part in it.

By the same hand came a letter from Mrs. Evelyn to Esther, rather uncourteously declining the invitation to grace and bless her nuptials, and filled with repetitions of the certain intelligence of a general massacre, in which, according to Mrs. Evelyn also, young M'Donnell and his old rebel father were to do horrid things. This epistle terrified and afflicted Esther, more than any former effort of her aunt. Eva, surprising her in tears, got the letter to read. Firing up forthwith, she swept away to place the insulting document before her betrothed lord—not in reproach, indeed, but fully anticipating his equal wrath and detestation of the writer. She was startled and shocked by his unexpected coldness of observation upon it. Back she swept again to Esther, returned the letter, and retired to her own chamber.

It was now known to all, that the Prince of Orange had embarked from Holland, with a fair wind. But about the time when he might be expected to land, the fair wind changed into a foul one; storms arose; despatches from England to

Ireland were, by the same changes, obstructed, and every one paused in silence to await the final event. Evelyn found himself obliged to suspend all remark; and this increased his discontent and suspicion. No one spoke to him on the matter, and he would speak to no one. But he saw, with bitter feelings, the Earl of Antrim, Lord Iveagh, and other guests—who, anticipating the marriage, seemed rather to have visited Antrim Castle for different purposes than to witness it—get together, with Edmund, in knots, and whisper and consult beyond all patience.

But though this state of feeling, amongst the parties most interested, might seem a bad omen of their happy union, yet it did not interfere with the determinations of all to get married on the day appointed. Love scenes, continually occurring, in the meantime predominated over every other sentiment. In fact and truth, as mutual distrust had not assumed any certain shape, the young people wished, with their hearts and souls, for the tenth day of November.

In its own good time, and just as regularly and as slowly as if they had cared nothing about it, the day came at last. It was as black, as stormy, and as comfortless, as if it had made up its mind to treat them and their raptures with surly contempt. But, notwithstanding its seeming disapproval, all else was brilliant in readiness and attendance upon the happy young people. In vain did it send its ruffian blasts to course round the battlements of the old building, to shake its old casements, or even to bluster down its old chimneys. Within, every voice spoke, or tried to speak, in softest accents; groups of ladies, young and beautiful, only stood at the windows to wonder at its violence; men, brave and noble, warmed themselves at the blazing hearth it could not chill.

At mid-day, the guests were, indeed, all met in the grand withdrawing-room of Antrim Castle. The bridegrooms, conscious and joyous, yet trying not to seem either, sat, from time to time, with the different sets of ladies who had come to witness and envy their happiness; or ventured among the veteran group of their own sex who surrounded Lord Antrim, to hear, and suffer as they might, all the jests that could apply to their case. The brides were in their chambers, with their bridesmaids, awaiting, in unimaginable palpitations, their summons from the lady of the mansion. The latter, dividing herself among her guests, glided from party to party, with

sparkling eyes, and dimpled mouth, saying, in half whispers, such pretty and appropriate things, as set many a young lady at her best to look grave, while others only blushed, and some laughed outright.

The hour was come; everything was ready; and every person in attendance, except one. The Reverend George Walker had not yet arrived. And as, under the circumstances of the parties, his agency was required to make the ceremonies, even after the ministry of the Catholic priest, satisfactory to all, nothing could be entered upon without him. A disagreeable pause, therefore, occurred, unrelieved by the former willingness to wait. As there could be no doubt of the gentleman's arrival, although past his time, it was not even made exciting by fears of a disappointment.

Hour after hour thus wore away. The black and tempestuous November night closed in, even prematurely for the time of the year. Lights were ordered for the apartment; and still Mr. Walker came not. It was past, much past dinner-hour, too. A banquet, prepared with munificence on the part of the noble hosts, and with great care and labour on the part of his culinary servants, was spoiling. The lower regions of the castle were all but in open mutiny, and this consideration, joined with others, made even the noble hostess impatient.

As the lights were brought into the room, a horseman passed the drawbridge.

"'Tis he!" cried Edmund; "I know his dark cloak."

Every one bustled; a loud knocking reverberated through the castle. The doors were flung open; and—Friar O'Haggerty entered the apartment.

"I give you joy, my Lord of Antrim," he exclaimed, the moment he appeared at the door, and speaking rapidly, and with much excitement, as he walked up the room—"And you, my Lord of Iveagh, and you, gentlemen, and you, Edmund M'Donnell—the joy I ask you to give me, for my tidings. The invader's fleet has been beat back by the winds of Heaven from the shores of England, and obliged to return to Holland, in such a plight, as ends all rebellious hopes for the present."

"Long live King James!" cried Lord Antrim. His friends echoed him; even the ladies joined in the cheer. "But is the news certain?"

"Here are my letters—received but this morning, though they should have come to hand many days ago. I need not add from whom they are—but you may depend on them."

"The wind is Papist, at last," said the gaunt and grim Lord of Iveagh.

"His Majesty's very words," resumed the friar, "the moment he heard the news in England."

"And I may now go home and dismiss my shaggy Mourne mountaineers," added Iveagh.

"Have a care of that, my lord," said the friar. "The King is still resolved on his former point of privilege, and, before my advices left England, had proved his resolution by his acts. In order to make some show of prudence, when the intentions of the invader were first made certain, his Majesty caused to be posted, on the gates of Magdalen College, a declaration of his withdrawing of the righteous Farmer, whom he had forced them to accept as fellow, in place of their own elected minion, Hough. But no sooner came to him the happy news of this providential wreck, than, guided by his good advisers, he had it torn down again—"

"Accursed be his advisers, sir!" interrupted Edmund M'Donnell, who, upon O'Haggerty's first announcement of a hope of peace, had grasped Evelyn's hand to congratulate him, and receive his congratulations. But the friar's additional news made them pause to listen, and now elicited Edmund's vehement malediction.

"Amen!" echoed Lord Iveagh. "We do not ask such counsels."

"Do not curse them, whoever they are," said Lord Antrim. "Just call them bad politicians."

The friar's face reddened, and he was about to make an angry rejoinder. But the Countess entering the room with an important air, pressed her finger on her lip in passing him, and walking up to Evelyn, took him aside.

"The brides," she said, smiling, "do not want this reverend truant, Mr. Walker. I have just visited them. And though I bear you no message or greeting, I will be your warrant that, at my summons, they speedily meet you in the chapel, where old Priest M'Donnell has been shivering these many hours."

"Then, dear Lady, the round world for your summons! *Since the* reverend gentleman has not been able to keep his

rord, we must defer to another time what satisfaction he can estow."

"To the chapel, dames, maidens, and gallants, all!" cried the lady, instantly turning from him to the company, and much delighted, for many reasons. Then she once more bustled gracefully out of the apartment; and bridegrooms and guests, led by Lord Antrim, trooped down to the chapel.

It was a low building, detached from the castle, but accessible, at both sides, near the altar, by doors which were approached, under covered ways, communicating with the main pile. Through one of these doors, the numerous party from the withdrawing-room entered. Almost at the same time, the brides, led by their hostess, and attended by their bridesmaids and other friends, appeared at the opposite door. The chapel, brilliantly illuminated by large, hanging branches, and ornamented, near the altar, with draperies of virgin white, and garlands of flowers and evergreens, had a character at once joyous and impressive. On the altar itself, the tall wax tapers diffused their soft, pure radiance about the sacred place, where vows were presently to be exchanged, blessings said, and prayers offered up for the earthly and eternal weal of four young and newly-wedded people. Its steps, and the platform they gained, were covered by a crimson footcloth, richly fringed and embroidered with gold. On this platform sat old Father M'Donnell, wearing his priest's undress, if so it may be called—the surplice, stole, and alb. His book was on his knee. He rose, though trembling with palsy, as the company entered the consecrated house.

The only thing that interfered with the solemn and quiet nature of the place, and of the ceremonies to be solemnized in it, was the continued, and, indeed, increased violence of the weather. It blew a very hurricane; and the rain beat with such force upon the roof, and against the windows of the solitary little chapel, as to fill its interior with unintermitted and almost alarming sounds. Through the low windows, nearly on a level with the ground, the night abroad seemed raven-black.

Scarcely had the brides appeared at the door opposite that through which the bridegrooms and their party entered, when Evelyn, attended by Edmund M'Donnell as his bridesman, and by the old Earl of Antrim himself, advanced to Eva, took her hand, and led her towards the altar. The Earl's lady

held her other hand, and her fair young bridesmaids clustered round her. All entered the railed sanctuary, ascended the steps of the altar, and stood on the platform. A few moments, and Evelyn and Eva M'Donnell—according to the forms of the Roman Catholic Church—were married.

In their turn, Edmund, his bridesman, and his old father, advanced to Esther. The hand he took in his was cold and trembling; the veil she wore did not hide her raining tears, nor her blanched cheek and ashy lips. As tenderly, gracefully, and proudly, he led her to the sanctuary, she stumbled, and had nearly fallen, in the effort to gain the single step that elevated it above the floor of the chapel. Passing close by a side-window, just at the altar, she started, shrank, and uttered a low scream. Edmund looked at the window. It was black and blank, and no cause appeared for Esther's terror, though now she was shivering so violently as almost to swoon away. Assisted by her lover, her noble hostess, and her startled bridesmaids, she gained, at length, the platform of the altar. The white-headed and palsied priest again opened his book, and began the second marriage ceremony. A clattering of horse-hoofs was heard without, and involuntarily he paused. Next moment, a small door at the remote end of the building through which the peasantry around used to enter to mass, was flung open, giving egress to a gust of storm, so furious that it extinguished nearly all the lights in the chapel. And with the storm-gust came in a man, enveloped in an ample riding-cloak, who walked straight up the aisle to the altar, holding an open letter in his hand. As he gained the altar, all recognised the Rev. George Walker.

"You are late Mr. Walker," said Evelyn, who now stood outside the rails.

"Am I *too* late?" asked Walker, eagerly.

"I present you to my wife, sir."

"There has been a clergyman of the Established Church here?"

"No, sir; you know we expected but you."

"All is right, then," said Walker, exultingly. "It is no marriage."

"Insolent!" cried Lord Antrim. "Proceed with the ceremony, Father M'Donnell." As he spoke a servant hastily entered the side door, and approached his lord with a packet.

"Let him!" Walker retorted with a sneer. "But, first"—

holding out the open letter—"let all try the effect of this—WILLIAM, THE DELIVERER, HAS LANDED!"

The whole company, including those at the altar, and even the old priest before them, started.

"It is false!" cried the friar, with passion.

"By the holy saints, it is too true!" exclaimed Antrim. "The usurper landed at Torbay on the 5th! You were late with your first news, reverend friar. You make mysteries of your despatches. But read that," handing him the paper he had himself just perused. "Here, fellow"—to the servant who was retiring—"let my people know this intelligence instantly. Despatch horse and man around. Care not for the night—the signals—the beacons! Fire that on the castle's top, that on the bay's edge, and that on the brow of Little Deer-Park. Let them announce it to Ballygelly Head and the Point of Garron—they to the Fair Head and Bengore—and round let it flame to Old Dunluce. So that, by the morning's dawn, all true men may be stirring for their true king and master! Meantime, on with the ceremony—though brides and bridegrooms are like to have a flaming nuptial torch."

"Proceed, Father M'Donnell," said Edmund.

"Stop, Edmund M'Donnell," cried O'Haggerty. "Dishonour not your name and blood—insult not your holy religion, now in peril—endanger not your life, by taking to your bosom the stranger, the traitoress, and the heretic. Come down from the altar, I say—think only of the cause, which, by virtue of the royal commission you hold—"

"What, Edmund!" interrupted Evelyn, starting forward—"the royal commission! What does this mean?"

"It means," said Eva, calmly, "that my brother is a commissioned officer in the service of his King."

"It means," said Walker, "as I told you, Evelyn, that he is one of those traitors to Protestant ascendancy, in Church and State, commissioned and sworn to cut your throat, and mine! Aye, let him come down, as his old counsellor advises. And call you your sister, at the same time—"

"Eva!" resumed Evelyn, in much agitation—"knew you of such a secret engagement?"

"I did," she answered, "What if I did?"

"This is disingenuousness—treachery!"—he exclaimed. "I am betrayed even at the altar!"

"Treachery !—betrayed, Evelyn !"—Eva repeated, letting go his arm, and stepping back haughtily.

"Betrayed you are !" said Walker, catching his arm—"even as I foretold it would be. Rouse yourself, like a man and a Christian, and at last act as becomes you. Robert Evelyn," he continued, in a loud and impressive voice—"I command you, in the name of your Church, and of him who is come as your King, to rescue your father's daughter from the pollution of a traitor's arms, and to lead her, after me, from this idolatrous roof! Think of the pledge you have given to me and to your country—the pledge that is registered against you, and that you hold in your keeping—"

"What pledge does he mean ?" asked Eva, in her turn.

"One, Madam, which makes him a soldier of the faith, and arms him with a sword against all Papists," replied Walker.

"One destined to be reddened in our blood," added O'Haggerty.

"What, Evelyn !" Eva burst forth. "And you talk a treacherous of the accepting and holding of a lawful commission from a lawful sovereign, while you enter into an unauthorized contract with the deadly foes of that sovereign, and of us all! A contract, God knows of what nature ! Hither, Edmund, hither !"

Her words, and still more her looks, incensed the young man beyond control. He turned white, then fiery red, then white again. He stamped his foot, his eyes flashed back a look of anger; scarce sensible of what he said, he addressed his sister. "Esther Evelyn !" he cried, "sister ! I call upon you to stand beside me, your brother !"

"Sister, obey your brother's voice !" cried Walker; "and—

"Edmund M'Donnell ! Loose the girl's hand, and let her go !" echoed the friar.

"Scandalous men !" said the old priest, from the altar, "interrupt not the conferring of a sacrament—tear not asunder those whom God is about to make one. Peace, and let the marriage be done."

"Nay," resumed Eva, still addressing Evelyn, after a pause of fearful agitation—"if thus you proceed, Evelyn—if your own voice be raised to cancel the engagements of my brother with your sister—if here, at the altar, you call us traitors and betrayers—never shall she or you have cause to repeat the *words elsewhere*."

"How!" cried Edmund, who had at last descended, leaving Esther supported by her bridesmaids. "Traitors and betrayers!—who dares speak the words?"

"Dares!—I spoke them!" answered Evelyn.

"Betrayer and traitor, yourself!" retorted Edmund—"you, as it at last appears, a secret plotter against your King, and against the very friends who would take you to their bosom!"

Evelyn sprang to the altar, and seized his sister's cold hand. "I forbid this marriage!" he said.

"And I," cried Eva M'Donnell, "renounce the former one. Your own priest, there, has told you it is invalid. Think it so—and farewell, Evelyn, for ever!—Brother, *your* hand."

"Be that as it may," Evelyn shouted, now completely beyond himself—"Esther shall never be the wife of a false traitor!"

"Never!" repeated a screaming, discordant voice at the side window, accompanied by loud and frantic clapping of hands. The sounds deprived Esther of the little self-possession she had; she sank senseless into her brother's arms. A glare of red light broke through all the windows into the chapel; and as the roaring of the beacon blaze, abroad, mingled with the beating of the heavy rain, and the continued howling of the hurricane, Onagh's screams, and the wild clapping of her hands, might be heard above every other sound. While her pallid face appeared, now at one window, now at another, and her "Never! never!" rising above the roof of the chapel, seemed to be a tongue of the tempest.

A few moments later, Evelyn and Walker, bearing between them, even through the fury of the night, the insensible Esther, left Antrim Castle, to seek shelter in the adjacent hamlet of Glenarm.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE shock Esther received in mind and heart had an instantaneous and continuous effect on her health; and her brother soon perceived it would for some time be impossible to remove her from the village of Glenarm, notwithstanding the indifferent accommodation of the place.

Mr. Walker remained with them three or four days, during which few allusions were made to recent occurrences. The feelings or views of all were too deep to be trusted to immediate utterance.

But the scenes of bustle, in the village around them, continued to feed, more amply than perhaps words could have done, the poignant, though stupified reveries of Evelyn. The new levies, hitherto but tardily carried on, were now evidently engaged in, even in so remote a district, with zeal and vigour. Bodies of recruits, some in half-uniform, some half-naked, and shouting to the screams of the bagpipes, hurried through the streets, to be reviewed or drilled on the esplanade before Antrim Castle. Military-looking horsemen, obviously bearers of expresses to the Earl, dashed, from time to time, towards the drawbridge. Old men gathered in groups through the village, and spoke to each other mysteriously, and in whispers. Women, old and young, spoke in the shrillest key, when they met by twos and threes, out of doors, or ran to and from each other's houses. All the urchins and curs, conscious of a time of unusual uproar, piped and barked, in pure animal sympathy. And every anvil in the village rang from morn to night, with the rapid and rude manufacturing of skeins and half-pikes.

The sojourners could learn, too, that a considerable body of Scotch Highlanders, whom Lord Antrim held at his disposal, either were expected to land, or had actually landed from the opposite shore, in order to join the army his Lordship was raising among his own people. These were to form the most important portion of his force. For though he bore the sounding title of colonel of the Antrim army, few men in the county, apart from the primitive population of Glenarriff, and those immediately dependent on the Earl, could be found heartily disposed towards the cause of their tottering sovereign. Yet, comparatively insignificant as might be the hasty levy thus attempted, the very first movement of the army resulting from it, caused, as shall be seen, the first timid act of hostility against King James, on the part of his Irish Protestant subjects.

"These precipitate recruitings, among so barbarous a people," said Mr. Walker, as, on the third day after their sudden departure from Antrim Castle, he and Evelyn stood observing a detachment of men who marched by—"cannot

harm us, if, indeed, we act promptly and spiritedly for self-preservation. The whole of my Lord Tyrconnel's disposable force, in the hour the deliverer landed, did not amount to more than nine thousand. Half of these he has despatched, as my letters inform me, to the assistance of his master in England; and in Dublin and the north alone, there are, under Providence, sufficient good men, with arms in their hands, too, to oppose the exterminating views of our own sworn enemies."

"Yes, sir, should we be called on to offer resistance to attack," said Evelyn.

"Doubtless. But see, another swarm of those wretched, though cruel people! Know you not the face of the officer at their head?"

Evelyn, all his recollections, feelings, and passions coming at once on his heart, hid his face with his hands, and turned from the window, as he recognised Edmund M'Donnell. The body he commanded was composed of Highlanders, wearing the kilt, together with such of the people of Glenarriff as retained, in most perfection, the Scottish costume. Edmund himself, as well as his elder relative and commanding officer, Daniel M'Donnell, of Layde, had also assumed, as if in compliment to their men, the kilt, plumed bonnet, and plaid. "Hurrah for the redshanks!" shouted the boys and women, as they passed by; using a Highland appellation, by which the whole of Lord Antrim's celebrated regiment was afterwards distinguished.

A man, who seemed to have ridden hard, rapidly entered the room, presenting a letter to Mr. Walker. They exchanged a significant regard as the clergyman broke the seal of his despatch.

"God's will be done!" he said, when he had read it. "I must leave you, Robert Evelyn. The affairs of my parish—of my own people—require my immediate presence. But if you are warned by the advices I have offered you, not to remove your sister for some weeks, and then to remove her to Derry, we shall meet here again, and I will escort you, through the perils of the road, to that loyal city, where, if there be rest or peace in Ireland for such as we are, she will surely find both. Do you promise to abide my return?"

"For my sister's sake, yes, Mr. Walker. But what perils can we fear on the road? There is yet no warfare in our

country; no invader, with a foreign army; no native arm on his side. King James yet commands the allegiance of a his Irish subjects, and apparently enjoys it. There is eve no confirmation of the reported design to destroy or harm us which you have before mentioned. What, then, can w apprehend? What are your perils of the road?"

"A little time will answer you. To-morrow, or the day after, must give us notice of the successes of William in England: here at home, important, and to us terrible things, are also hastening to a disclosure. Trust me, my return to Glenarm promises you much information and counsel. For the present, your hand, and farewell."

"One parting word, sir. I ask you, as a man of honour, is it now intended to organize the northern associations of which you have advised me, against our Sovereign, King James?"

"That question I have, by anticipation, resolved. No such design is professed, or intended to be professed. We arm ourselves, and get together, only in natural precaution against the conspiracy directed towards our properties and lives, which, from many good sources, there is cause to believe but too certain, and which a short time will prove or gainsay. Meanwhile, during the increased arming of Papists, of which you are, yourself, a witness, shall we not increase our own strength in proportion? Shall we not stand upon our guard, in counsel and courage, to the extent in which we are threatened? Farewell, I say, and fear not to fall by my guidance."

Evelyn saw the clergyman depart without personal regret, and yet with disquietude. Mr. Walker was the chief cause of the extraordinary steps he had recently taken. He seemed to possess a right to influence him; the right of years, experience, friendship for his father, conscientious conviction, and religious zeal. At least, Evelyn endeavoured to think so. And so long as he stood by his side, the young man had assured himself he had acted properly, whatever might have been the terrible sacrifice of private feeling in his own breast or in those of others. But he was uneasy at being left alone to the unassisted survey of the past. On the other hand nature continually claimed from him that survey. He doubted—and what anguish was the doubt!—even while *he argued himself* into self-approbation; although he feared

e yearned to examine his own heart. And this, assisted by a indifference, if not a dislike, to the person of his adviser, made him experience an involuntary sense of relief at his departure.

Reflection then came on for the first time since his parting from Eva at the nuptial altar. Evelyn was a man of strong and deep emotion, though not showing much outward or ordinary semblance of it. He loved Eva profoundly, adoringly; the possession of her hand had been, for years, his long dream of happiness. Was that hand—even after it had become his—lost to him for ever? If so, why? Had anything appeared in her character, to give him self-applause in the thought of having deserted her? and as he *did* desert her?—her—his bride, wife. These reveries became too strong for him, and, rushing from himself, he started up and rapidly entered his sister's sick chamber.

She was asleep, and evidently dreaming a sorrowful dream; her white lips muttered low cries, and tears gushed from under her eyelids. He checked his step, held in his breath, and heard her half articulate some words that despairingly reproached him with the cruel part he had acted. Her voice grew stronger, and her words more distinct, as she uttered a passionate malediction on the heads of those who, trampling on the affections of human nature, had embittered happy lives, and broken true hearts. Her brother did not refuse silently to echo her prayer, as, more agitated, he regained his apartment.

In fact, the momentary indignation he had felt against Edmund, and, through him, against Eva, was now more than forgotten. The jealousy of politics subsided: there are no politics in love, for the heart of man gives not place to two master passions at the same instant. Evelyn could only surrender himself to a full reflux of the tide of his former feelings, and be miserable. Yet why, he asked himself, this despair? Although much was to be dreaded from the spirit and romance of Eva's character, still she loved him; and were he to sue and ask forgiveness, would she not relent? Or, was she not truly his wife, and could he not command her to his side? The laws of the country did not, indeed, recognise their marriage, but it was sacred to Eva. Affection apart, must she not tremble at the sin of abandoning her husband?

He called a servant, and, for the first time, sent to inquire after Eva's health, at Antrim Castle, desiring the man to ask for her as Mrs. Evelyn. Lord and Lady Antrim returned for answer that they had no message to deliver. He wrote a note; it was not received by the servant. He walked up to the castle himself; he was not admitted. Once more offended, Evelyn returned to his humble lodgings.

The next day produced, after a sleepless night, its natural change. Recollecting that his verbal message had been most successful, he again sent to inquire if Mrs. Evelyn was yet at the castle. The man came back to say, that, after much hesitation, he had been instructed to inform Evelyn that no such person as Mrs. Evelyn was known by the family. *Miss M'Donnell* had been gone some days. He sent to ask whither; but to this repeated inquiry no answer of any kind was returned.

Another day came, and, unable to control himself, he mounted his horse, and spurred towards Glenarriff, concluding that Eva could have retired to no roof but that of her father. As he entered the spacious valley, experiencing that doleful sickness of the heart with which old objects, that have been present to our joy, show themselves to the eye of sorrow, Evelyn was obliged to ride close by a considerable body of men, in full march against him, and, at a particular spot, to draw up to let them pass. Among them he distinguished many faces that had welcomed him to Glenarriff, on the first night of his visit, but that now scowled at him in hostility and detestation. In about the middle of the line marched a second officer; it was Edmund. Their eyes met; Evelyn could not recollect the expression of his own, but those of young M'Donnell just glanced, for an instant, coldly upon him, and then turned off to give a word of command to his men. It was not anger that Evelyn now felt;—hot tears trickled down his cheeks when the remainder of the file had passed by. Some time after it had passed, he remained motionless; and, with fainting hope, he at last stood before the Strip of Burne.

The irregular ground before and behind the house, as far as the base of the overhanging precipice, was filled by peasants, grouped at random, and in the act of receiving from old M'Donnell supplies of different kinds of rude arms. No one perceived the stranger, on his first approach, and he rode

rward, close to the nearest group, and repeatedly addressed em, ere he was recognised. Then, however, no friendly elcome seemed intended. At the first glance of the man ho had so recently insulted him, old M'Donnell rapidly alked into his house and shut his door; while some pea-ants, who at once knew Evelyn's person, started into angry ttitudes, spoke vehemently to their companions, in Irish, and inally, with bent brows and great clamour, seized his horse's ridle. He remonstrated, but in vain, against this show of iolence. They grasped their half-pikes, or drew their rusty roadswords, or their skeins, and closed on him, crying, "*Sheese, sheese, Sassenagh!*"*—when, at the moment, from the op of the precipice, at the back of the house, came a scream, mingled with the hoarse waterfall, and, immediately after, a ry of—"*Fhon! Fhon!*"† Looking up, Evelyn saw the form of Eva, clothed in white, standing against a clear blue frosty sky, a royal banner in her hand. At the sound of her voice, the men readily, though sullenly, left Evelyn free. With a sensation of fear which almost compelled him to cry out, he beheld her descend, by some pathway unobservable to his eye, zig-zag down the precipice, her white dress and her richly embroidered banner often mixed, during her tortuous, though rapid descent, with the silver spray of the torrent.

In a few moments she was at his horse's side. He flung himself from the saddle, on his knees, at her feet. But Eva only averted her head, and, with repelling arms, haughtily exclaimed:

"Rise, Mr. Evelyn!—I am here but to save your life, which, had I not come in view, a moment more would have given to the rash hands of these, my poor devoted people. Rise, sir, and quit, for ever, a clan and a place, every child of whom is athirst for your blood. To horse, sir, and fly! Yet hold—I should, myself, accompany you. *Thowr tchoom, ma choppel-bawn!*"‡ she continued, turning to the men—"but, first, a more important duty. Children of Glenarriff, here is your colours. On the edge of your highest precipice, where the air of heaven is purest and freest, my maids and I have wrought and mottoed it. Now, with a prayer for him who guards it well, and a curse and a strange grave for him who ever yields it up, take it from a maiden's hand."

* Down, down, *Englishman!* † *Stop.* ‡ Fetch me my white horse.

Their shouts, as they accepted it, echoed through the wide glen. Almost as soon as she had done speaking, her white horse was, according to her command, led towards her; she gained her saddle; and, with a word and a signal to the men, rode quickly down the valley. Evelyn found himself compelled to regain the saddle of his own steed, and, guarded by some half-dozen armed and mounted peasants, to follow her at a brisk pace.

Glenarriff was cleared in a short time, and Eva still led on by Red Bay, at equal speed, until, in order to master the sharp declivity of Garron Point, she was at last obliged to tighten her rein. Then did Evelyn move to gain her side; but owing to the prompt and dangerous interference of the men, without success. He addressed them energetically; he offered them his purse: in vain. And thus all slowly gained the summit of the Point, where Eva at length paused till he came up.

"You are now out of immediate danger from the people of my father's insulted house, Mr. Evelyn," she said as he approached. "Almost the whole of your road homeward is down-hill; and as these men shall, at my command, accompany me back, keep but the vantage-ground between you and them, and fear nothing for your personal safety. Farewell, sir!" Turning to her attendants, she motioned them, in a way that would not be refused, to turn back, standing, meantime, between them and Evelyn. They obeyed her, though with many a scowl and muttering, directed at "the Sassenagh;" and, in an instant, she and all were leaving him alone on the top of the ascent, when, almost inarticulate from emotion, he began—

"Gracious God, Eva!—my Eva!—Eva Evelyn!—surely this is not to be our parting!—suffer me"—

—"Not a word, sir!"—interrupting him, and speaking half-turned in her saddle, while she scarcely checked her parting speed—"not a word, sir—not a breath, on any other topic. We were and are strangers to each other. We met but to save your life; it is saved, and our last meeting over. Farewell—poor traitor to Woman and to your King—poor renegade from the Altar and the Throne—perjured in Love and Loyalty—to man, to heaven, and to me!—fare you well!"—

She gave her steed still freer rein, and Eva and her atten-

nts—the latter adding to her words, which they understood it by her tone and manner, a savage yell of scorn—were on lost to Evelyn's vision as they swept by the windings of ted Bay.

## CHAPTER XV.

ARRIVED at home, and once more left to his reflections, Evelyn's misery was increased by the result of his unsatisfactory visit to Glenarriff. A portion of bitter feeling, of newly-raised anger, and outraged pride, mingled with his recollection of the sentiments Eva had expressed towards him at her parting. In the first bursts of passion, he even condemned her nature as coarse, masculine, and vindictive, alike incapable and unworthy of respectful love. Some days passed in this mood; but, as before, it gradually wore away. Eva returned upon his view in all the perfection that woman could or ought to exhibit; she had acted and spoken to him but as he merited; it was he that was incapable of estimating her; it was he that had sinned to an excess beyond her forgiveness, and had lost sight of her character only by sinking so much beneath it.

He would make renewed efforts to obtain her forgiveness; not, indeed, by another journey to Glenarriff, because, apart from the personal hazard, her feelings were at present too strongly and too justly roused to allow him to stand before her. But he would write. And he did write a long, ardent, and repentant letter. It was sent back unopened. Another and another shared the same fate. A verbal message, the courier assured him, he had vainly striven to deliver. At last the man confessed that his limbs or life would be risked by venturing any more to Glenarriff.

Evelyn was therefore compelled to bear, as he could, the peculiar distress of his situation. The news and reports of the day might have served to divert his mind, but he took no pains to become acquainted with them, or, when known by the gossip of some around him, he paid them no attention. In truth, he detested politics, and political movements and persons, because *he attributed* to an unwarrantable intrusion

of both upon his private feelings and arrangements, his present wretchedness. One fact only, of all that he from day to day became aware of, made an impression on his mind, namely, the march of Lord Antrim's new regiment to garrison Derry, in lieu of that which, on the landing of William, had been despatched to England from that city. And Evelyn dwelt a moment on this circumstance, solely because it indirectly appealed to his feelings as connected with the movements and fortunes of the brother of Eva M'Donnell.

To sit by Esther's bedside, to receive from her physician good accounts of her returning health, to witness himself a gradual change for the better, and, when her spirits permitted, to talk over with her a certain and speedy reconciliation between them and their beloved ones—this was the only balm for the wounded heart of Evelyn; and, it may be added, for that of his sister also. She would, indeed, listen to such assurances with the sole interest of feature that had lately brightened her pale visage. Yet, in the midst of her renovated hopes, Esther felt a gainsaying of the heart, which was visible to her brother, although he had never been made acquainted with its latent cause, and could not now venture a satisfactory surmise on the subject.

In such a disposition of mind, Mr. Walker found Evelyn and Esther, when, according to promise, he returned to Glenarm, in something more than a fortnight after his departure.

His usually sedate step was hurried, as he presented himself before Evelyn; and his ccuntenance, always grave, showed symptoms of much earnestr ess.

"I have ridden hard," he said, "to reach you on the morning of this day. It is now time, and more than time, we were secure in Derry. Events in England, to mention nothing else, have, as you must know, made this step necessary since our parting."

"In truth, Mr. Walker, I do not know. My own affairs and my own sorrows sufficiently occupied me," the young man coldly replied.

"Amazing indifference and lukewarmness!" retorted the clergyman, in some asperity: "at such a time as this to remain contentedly ignorant of the great events that must shape the fate of millions of men, and your own among the *number!* You know not, then, that while advanced only as

far as Exeter to face James at Salisbury, the Prince has been joined by my lords of Colchester and Cornbury, with the flower of their troops; by my Lord Churchill—"

"What!" interrupted Evelyn, "that man! the very growth of his Sovereign's favour—raised from a page, to title and military command, and ever enjoying King James's utmost confidence!"

"It is, indeed, a noble sacrifice of private feelings to public virtue," said Mr. Walker.

"Rather say, of all that is good and honorable in private feeling, to the fear of sharing his master's reverse of fortune," replied Evelyn, indignantly. "A dog that had but fed from that master's hand would shame such policy!"

"And," continued the clergyman, with a half laugh, "the chief officers of James's army, who have not yet deserted him, inform his general, Feversham, that they cannot, in conscience, draw a sword against their deliverer."

"I used to think, Mr. Walker, that the tenderest conscience of a soldier and a gentleman concerned his fidelity to the monarch whose commission he bore, and whom he had sworn to protect."

"Churchill has carried over with him the Duke of Grafton, the last living son of James's brother; Colonel Berkley and others," continued Walker, calmly pursuing his object.

"A bastard nephew may well show but a bastard love and loyalty to his King and his Uncle, sir," sneered Evelyn, his bitter comments arising as much from the state of his private feelings as from a principle of reasoning or conviction.

"Nay, Churchill has effected more. King James, alarmed and terrified by this general defection—"

"Say, shocked and disgusted, Mr. Walker."

"Unable to confide in his officers or his army, resolved to march them back to London. At his first halt, Andover, Prince George, the husband of his second daughter, Anne, yielding to the representations of my Lord Churchill, and, with him, the young Duke of Ormonde, withdrew to William's camp."

"Let the foreign blood in Prince George's veins prompt him to any selfish or unnatural act," said Evelyn, warmly, "but for an Ormonde to act with him!—for the grandson of the good and illustrious Ormonde to act so! Alas! his father,

Ossory, would not have done this. Nor—were the old Ormonde alive, and the young traitor stretched before him on his early bier, as too soon happened to that noble Ossory, fighting and falling for a royal master!—alas! Mr. Walker, the virtuous grandsire could not say of his child's child what he said of his child's self, 'I would not change my dead son for any living son in Christendom.'"

"Meantime," rejoined the clergyman, calmly ignoring these comments, "Lady Churchill, who ever possessed an influence over the Princess Anne, was exerting, at the instance of her lord, all her powers of persuasion. To such good effect, that, on the return of James to London, he learned the flight of his daughter, also, accompanied by his old friend, the Bishop of London, and, of necessity, the worthy Lady Churchill."

"Wretched king!" cried Evelyn, "miserable father! He is known to have loved her with the tenderest affection: how bore he this terrible blow, sir?"

"He wept aloud," answered Mr. Walker, himself, at length, something affected—"he wept aloud, in the bitterness of the father's agony, crying, 'God help me! my own children have forsaken me!'"

"It is monstrous, unparalleled!" continued Evelyn, deeply stirred—"unparalleled in the history of human nature, or of the human heart. Succeeding generations will acknowledge"—(they *have* on all sides acknowledged it)—"that this prince, whose chief errors were those of temper, judgment, and fanaticism, has met, from his most obliged friends, and the nearest members of his family, worse treatment than even Nero, Domitian, or the blackest tyrants of the world ever experienced."

"I deny not," said Mr. Walker, "that, apart from the necessity of the times, he has been harshly treated. But he must have felt keenest of all the general charge made against him, at the moment he wept over the desertion of his daughter, and whilst her retreat was unknown, of having, with his own hand, put her to death. This, I will say, was a thought too unnatural, and too superfluous."

"Not too unnatural for the crowd, maddened by religious antipathy. When Oates and Bedlow guided the national mind, he was charged with the intention of assassinating his brother: the one view of things is but a revival of the other."

"*However* that may be," Mr. Walker continued, "we

should now rather look into the face of our affairs at home. While the Prince continues his triumphant march to London —and so much, only, of his progress do we yet know—the Papist population of this wretched country rise in thousands, and arm and discipline themselves for our destruction."

"The old theme, Mr. Walker, without new proof. That portion of the population of the country, which happens to be Catholic, arms itself in support of the King, and at his express command. How should this bode us harm? Merely on account of a vague rumour, why should we seek, by counter-association, to cross and divert their strength and energies from a lawful purpose? It is not even hinted that William shall strive to depose his father-in-law; he and you say that his invasion is but intended to obtain an arrangement of differences between the King and his people, and that, then, all shall be peace. What use, therefore, for a secret combination, which, if not directed towards James's crown, is unauthorized by him, and must, therefore, be unnecessary to him."

"As I have never spoken of our association in a great political view, I shall not do so now. I call on you to regard it simply as a precaution, as a safeguard in the night against the steps of the assassin."

"But never yet have you shown me grounds for even such a fear, or such a precaution."

"Look at this paper, then, and be satisfied. It is a copy of a letter found at Cumber, the present seat of my Lord Mount Alexander, and forwarded by express to me, as well as to many others in Dublin, and through the north, who are known to be zealous soldiers of the reformed faith. It is dated the third, I received it on the fourth, yesterday, and have lost no time in handing it to you this day. Read and judge."

Evelyn read the following:—

"Good my Lord—

"I have written to you to let you know that all our Irishmen through Ireland is sworn that, on the ninth day of this month, they are all to fall on and murder man, woman, and child; and all I desire your lordship to take care of yourself, and all others that are judged by our men to be heads; for whosoever of 'em can kill you, they are to have a captain's place: so my desire to your honour is, to look to yourself, and give other noblemen warning, and go not out, either night or

day, without a good guard with you, and let no Irishman come near you, whatsoever he be. So, this is all from him who was your father's friend, and is your friend, and will be, though I dare not be known as yet, for fear of my life."

Here is quoted, word for word, the document that, such as it is, produced the real or feigned show of terror, which, beginning in professions of loyalty to King James, ended in openly resisting his dominion in Ireland.

Evelyn paused a moment after reading the paper, and, at last, Mr. Walker, his eyes fixed upon him, asked: "What is your opinion?"

"That your scrawl, be it authentic or not, will serve, until events take a decided aspect, one way or another, in England, to supply, to our own party here, sufficient pretence for annoying and checking King James's soldiers." As he finished, he, too, looked expressively into Mr. Walker's face.

"What do you mean?" inquired that gentleman.

"This," said Evelyn. "So long as James is King, it would be treason overtly to oppose him. Should he continue King, that treason must expect to be punished. Therefore, we now wisely avoid taking an open part, contenting ourselves with such a one as, while it keeps us safe, will effect our present purposes."

"You cannot deny the danger that threatens us—you cannot, in fact, insinuate that the original of the document you hold in your hands, has not been written by the person it purports to be written by?"

"It purports to be written by a vulgar Irishman; but it rather seems to me like the diction of a vulgar Englishman; or, perhaps, an affectation of the latter by an educated person. It is, and it is not, vulgar; it is, and it is not, the form in which a vulgar person, of any country, would convey himself, on such a subject. It is overdone; it is, in fact, a clumsy imitation of its great prototype, the letter that gave notice of the gunpowder treason. I wish I could see the original writing."

"You shall see it; and when you do, God give you the advantage of thinking of it as all others do. Meantime, it is fit you should be informed how all others do think of it. Our Ulster Union, hitherto but timidly carried on, that letter has confirmed and extended."

"That letter, Mr. Walker?"

'So that in the counties of Down and Antrim are now sed twelve troops of horse, with my Lord Mount Alexder for their colonel; two dragoon regiments, commanded Sir Arthur Rawdon and Mr. Clotworthy Skeffington; th four regiments of foot, raised by distinguished gentlen; and other levies are still going on under our eye, while e remaining northern counties are equally active. Some otion for a union in Munster has also taken place."

"Well, sir?"

"And it is to the command of one of the twelve troops, aded by my Lord Mount Alexander, that your commission ally appoints you."

"For what service, Mr. Walker. What is to be done?"

"Why should I aver, over and over again, for the preserition of your own liberty, property, and life? And the first ing to be done is to remove your sister to a place of safety. an she yet bear a rapid journey to the city of Derry?"

"Her physician permits it. But wherefore to Derry, stead of our own house?"

"Are you her brother—her only natural protector—and, such a day of approaching peril, can you ask the question? say, that of all places in Ireland, Derry is the safest, in case an attack from the Papists, because it has strong walls and tes, and never a Popish soldier in garrison. For it hath eased God so to infatuate the councils of my Lord Tyrconl, that when the three thousand men were sent to England assist his master against the invasion of the Prince of range, he took particular care to send away the whole regient quartered in and about that city."

"But I am not ignorant, Mr. Walker, that, two days before ur arrival, my Lord Antrim marched his new levy to garrin that very place; and they are Papist, to a man."

"They are. But as the roads must, in this weather, prove d for foot-soldiers, they cannot yet have reached their arters; nor, if we now use speed, can they reach them ore us. Therefore, let us despatch."

'Will it not be the same when they enter after us?"

'Yes, if they do enter after us; but that, as well as all the ure, is in the hands of Providence. Despatch, I say, young n; the time is precious to all, and to me, humble as may the instrument, as much so as to any. I should not here, away from more pressing duties, but that my heart

urges me to shield and guide the son and daughter of my old friend; nor can I rest here to waste the important moments in watching a young man's humour. Rise up, and to horse, if you have honour for grey hairs, or for your father's memory, or a brother's feeling for your only sister."

Thus urged, and really wishing at heart to approach the place whither Edmund M'Donnell had been ordered, Evelyn rapidly prepared for the departure of his sister and himself to Derry. In an hour every arrangement had been made, and the journey commenced. Walker, seeming well aware of the route taken by Lord Antrim's army, chose another; merely, he said, to avoid the want of accommodation which must naturally be created in every resting-place visited by so large a body of men. Leaving them to pursue the more northerly, and, indeed, more direct way, which, by Newtownlimavady, would lead them to Derry, he struck into a road which, running due westward, also conducted the party, through Ballymena, and other petty villages, to that city.

It was noon, on the fifth of December, when the travellers left Glenarm. Their guide urged the utmost possible speed; so that Esther was allowed but few hours for repose, during the night-time, ere her brother again summoned her to horse.

On descending, at about three o'clock in the morning, to the door of the wretched *auberge* where she could not be said to have slept, she was startled by the appearance of a body of armed men, rudely accoutred, but well-mounted, who seemed waiting upon Mr. Walker. Expressing her apprehensions to Evelyn, she understood that these persons had been summoned by their guide, to insure them safe escort during the night, and, indeed, for the remainder of their journey.

Their journey recommenced in pitch darkness; the road often proving almost impassable from inundations and from its marshy nature, and often lying through continued plantations of old trees, now laid bare by the December blast. The dreary morning showed, however, a less difficult and lonely road; and one rendered interesting, too, by its mountain features, of which, Cairn Togher to the left, Benbradach to the right, and Donald's hill and its continued northern chain in the distance, were the most imposing.

Clearing this mountainous tract, villages and people still increased; the latter, indeed, in such a number, as the

morning wore away, that the road became thronged with groups of men, women, and children, driving cattle, or leading horses which bore piles of provision or of household furniture.

"They are flying, like ourselves," said Walker, "to the nearest towns and strong places, from the approach of the bloody ninth of December; from the next Sabbath, destined to be defiled with their blood."

As the travellers hurried along, from group to group, every look that turned anxiously to examine them, was one of terror; and the half-martial costume of Mr. Walker and his escort visibly created new alarm. While the quick tramp and clatter of the horses announced their near approach to each party, he strove to show an identity of interest and suffering with the people, by frequent ejaculations of—"Protestants, be firm!"—"Gird you for defence against the cruel Papists!"—"Haste, loyal Protestants, and shelter you from slaughter!" In conformity with the different characters he addressed, cries of fear or of violence, or exclamations for expedition, arose among the leaders. Mothers clasped their arms closer round the infants they already saw butchered in imagination; sons hurried on the feeble steps of the old age they supported; or, rougher characters, as, with goad or thong, they urged forward their cattle, harshly chid their wives and children for attributed tardiness, while all uttered threats of hatred and revenge against those who caused them to experience the desolation of flying from their homes.

Again, some few huts, inhabited by Roman Catholics, lay scattered along the road. We have elsewhere said that the Roman Catholics, on their side, expected nothing less than extermination at the hands of the Protestants (and certainly with more common sense on their side, inasmuch as in Ulster the privileged order reckoned ten to three against them.) Now standing at their cabin-doors, and recognising, in total ignorance of the reasons for their extraordinary movements, the thronging groups of sworn enemies, the wretched people snatched up their children, and ran, howling and terror-stricken, to seek places of concealment. While, on more than one occasion, the causers of their panic, mistaking the motives of their hasty retreat, and supposing it to portend, in some way or other, an anticipation of the dreaded ninth of December, answered them with cries as loud, and increased their own speed in treble clamour and confusion.

Nor, after some further progress on the road, was it to the lower orders, on either side, that the mutual delusion seemed limited. Esquires and nobles, dames and gentle damsels, well-mounted, and gaily, though, in many instances, hastily and inappropriately attired, frequently passed the travellers, from behind, on their way to Derry, Coleraine, or some other more northern town. Others, as respectable in appearance, came on, in a contrary direction, flying southward, from the dreaded presence of those who, with might and main, with whip and spur, were only running away from them. Individuals of both parties recognised Mr. Walker. Some among the Protestant gentry pulled up to ask a hasty confirmation of their fears, which, when received, sent them forward in increased speed and terror. While, as the Roman Catholic fugitives consciously fixed their glances on him and his armed attendants, and received in return a scowl, or a muttered threat or curse, they first paced stealthily by, and then, at a clear distance, also recommenced their flight with increased vigour. Many a gay cavalier plume, many a disordered headdress, much dishevelled, though beautiful hair, many ill-arranged cloaks and embroidered riding-dresses, Papist and Protestant, fluttered on the morning breeze. Many a young and pretty face flitted past its rival one, as young and pretty as itself, in fright, hatred, and aversion; many an old and ugly one, as its owner's joints cracked, and her few teeth chattered from the rapid and ceaseless jolting she underwent for her country and religion, scowling utter loathing on some heretic or idolatrous sister visage, which, God wot, was noways tardy in returning the greeting.

And such scenes thickened on the road, until late in the afternoon of the seventh of December, our party arrived at the then chief citadel of Protestant power in the north of Ireland, the city of Derry. A little town it was, built all over a little conical hill; looking as unpicturesque and as unimposing as can well be imagined; and the property, since the charter of James I., of certain worshipful persons of the city of London. Crossing the river Foyle at a ferry (where the traveller, whom unusual business, or venturesome curiosity may beguile into a visit to a place so isolated from intercourse with all other parts of the world, will now find the safer accommodation of a wooden bridge, seemingly as long as Waterloo bridge over the Thames), our friends entered the miniature

city by Ferry-quay gate, and advanced, up a steep street named from it, towards the Diamond, a species of square, in which was the residence of Mr. Paul Evelyn and his lady.

It seemed as though all the inhabitants had assembled, in different groups, in the streets, to converse with each other on matter of life and death. If one of our readers has happened to observe the aspect of a country town upon an occasion of public interest, he must have noticed that there are certain stands on which the humbler classes congregate, as if by previous consent, to give and receive information. And, as in every circle in society some centre is found, he will likewise have noticed that, in each of these parties, there is one man who rules the discourse; that, while the majority are open-mouthed listeners, but three or four speakers can be heard; and that the admired and self-confident Daniel approves of the opinion offered with a sagacious nod, or rejects it with a grin of derision.

If the country town boast a corporation, as Derry did, and does, and if the traders and shopkeepers be members of the corporation, as was the case when our travellers entered the little northern fastness, at the same time that the lower classes have their own places of discussion, there is sure to be also some favoured spot, some news-shop in the open air, where the well-clothed, well-fed, and consequential of the citizens do flock, as if by instinct, to argue, in somewhat better language, the selfsame topics that engage the humbler assemblies. In the former it will happen that superior mind, or, what has often passed for the same thing, the assumption of it, takes precedence; and, generally speaking, that such mind is situated in the most ragged, unshaven, and unwashed person of the company, because a man cannot, in a breath, be a diligent mechanic, and a talking and ambitious ruler of the opinions of others. But among the latter, that the longest purse, seldom unaccompanied by the most considerable paunch, is the criterion (good reason why!) at once of oratory and of wisdom. Recollecting, then, these different pictures, and making some variation in costume, such as long skirts for shorter skirts, cocked hats for round hats, square-toed and buckled shoes for pointed ones, blue or carnation clocked hose for white or grey plain ones, perukes or flowing tyes for scratch-wigs or bob-wigs, or natural hair—the reader, we say, turning his eyes from the several groups of

politicians, rich and poor, of his model country tow only to fix them on the similar groups that, during th gress of our travellers up Ferry-quay street, occupied allotted stands, at every convenient point, and so get idea of the public commotion we wish to place before But perhaps it has never been his chance to witness downright fuss as now reigned among the Derryanians. so many orators were abroad, haranguing so many h with so many women and lads, formed into parties am themselves, and all talking so much, and so loudly, a fast, that a stranger, like Evelyn, would have found it cult to understand a word spoken. It was, however, a perceptible that the terrors of the country were, if po exceeded by the terrors of the town.

A portly gentleman, recognising Mr. Walker, rapid vanced from one of the superior groups, to meet overheated and out of breath, though it was a Decembe

"Have the red-shanks appeared?" demanded the c man.

"Not yet, not yet," answered his Derry friend. they quartered, last night, only twelve miles distant fro and instant tidings of their arrival were sent us, by George Philips, describing their appearance, and, as he 'their evident intentions,' and counselling us not to them within our walls."

"Another advice, to the like effect, reached us this m ing," said a second "stout gentleman."

"And have you, Alderman Tomkins, or you, Alde Norman, yet decided on the part you are to take?" dema Mr. Walker.

"No, truly," they answered; "for on that subject Walker, there are many opinions. Some of the younger have their own; and so has our excellent bishop, Ez Hopkins. And so have we, the elder and graver peo this distressed city."

A horseman dashed up the steep street to announce Lord Antrim's regiment was approaching the town, b side of Lough Foyle. Crowds of people, who had ca glimpses of them from the walls, descended, at the same and confirming the intelligence in loud cries, gathered r the two aldermen, Mr. Walker, and his young friends. M *others joined* them.

"Men of Derry!" Mr. Walker continued, energetically addressing the crowd—"will *you* remain undecided as to the instantaneous step to be taken? You know that the Sabbath draws on—you know to what you are doomed on that sacred day. You know the people who now approach to possess themselves of your strong city, and hold your very lives at their disposal—I will not say mercy, for mercy they have none—all this you know, and do you hesitate?"

The crowd remained silent; except that a faint shout came in answer from a number of boys and lads, some wearing aprons, and all characterised as working or shop apprentices of the city.

"They know that King James is their king," said Alderman Norman, answering for the people; "that the soldiers who approach are his soldiers; and they naturally fear to incur the guilt and punishment of rebels, by opposing them. But more of this, Mr. Walker, if you favour us with your presence at a council we are about to hold at the house of a worthy alderman, Mr. Paul Evelyn, who, doubtless for good reasons, prefers meeting us in his own dwelling to attending us at the usual place."

"It was the very house I and my friends sought," answered Walker; "therefore, lead on. Only let us despatch, for God leaves us now but few moments for deliberation. With your leave, my companion, Mr. Robert Evelyn, will also witness your debates."

This, after some official demur, was conceded; and our friends, accompanied by the aldermen, and surrounded and followed by the whole crowd, advanced up the street, to the Diamond.

Having been admitted into Mr. Paul Evelyn's house, we pass over the greetings that rapidly ensued between niece and nephew, and uncle and aunt. We also leave Esther to the care, of whatever kind it may be, of her still-offended relations; and hasten to the largest room in uncle Paul's house, in which were assembled, along with himself, and those we are already aware of, the Lord Bishop of Londonderry, several clergymen, and the whole of the corporate body.

Mr. Walker opened the hurried and limited consultation by taking out his watch, laying it on the table, and calling the attention of the assembly to the short period of time allowed them *for a decision.* Then he urged, with more

method, and in a calmer manner, the reasonings he had already addressed to the populace.

The bishop mildly but firmly answered every argument by the one simple one which called their attention to their oaths of allegiance. He advised the soldiers to be peaceably admitted.

His clergymen naturally agreed with him; a single dissenting pastor supporting Mr. Walker. The elder members of the corporation seemed to take the same side; leaving, however, their silence, instead of their words, to answer for them. The only alderman who spoke was Mr. Paul Evelyn; and he, with tears in his eyes, besought them, for peace sake, and for their own sakes, to hearken to the words of their bishop.

A few of the younger members of the corporation, alone, warmly seconded Mr. Walker's advice. But they seemed overruled as well by the majority as by the experience and rank of the council, which, after a few minutes, was disposed to break up without coming to any hostile resolve. Walker grew pale with emotion; bit his lip; took Evelyn by the arm, and left the room.

"I had not cared for the authorities," he said, as they gained the street-door, "were but the slavish crowd disposed to exertion. But see—they have mostly drawn off—not able to command as much zeal, or patience, or consistency, as would serve them to await a decision on which depended their liberty and lives."

The populace had, indeed, nearly disappeared from before the door; and, even for some distance, no considerable body of them could be seen, except the groups of boys and lads, already mentioned, who, attended by a few full-grown men of the lowest description, were now hurrying down the street, in order to ascend the terra plane over Ferry-quay gate, and from that place witness the approach of the soldiers.

"Let us follow them," resumed Walker; "the lad David slew the Goliath: and a spirit of redemption for us may yet be found in the youthful ardour of these poor boys."

As he and Evelyn accordingly joined the boyish group on the walls, Lord Antrim's regiment had just defiled along the opposite banks of the river, accompanied by an unseemly concourse of wild-looking women, and half-naked children.

"*Aye, look* you over the water, Will Crookshanks," said

ne of the lads, overheard by our gentlemen; "yon's the wild Irish, truly."

"And mind you, Jem Spike," answered Will, drawing his hands from under his linsey-woolsey apron; in order to point towards the objects of his remark; "mind if they've not the wild Highlandmen with them, too. Fellows, by the rood, without hose or breeches."

"No friends, I reckon, to the tailoring craft, Harry Campsie?" resumed James Spike.

"They be shameless knaves to look upon," answered the incipient tailor; "a man—I say it—without covering for his limbs, is no sight in the streets of a Protestant town, that knows better."

"Hosing shuttle never wove gear for 'em, Dan Sherrard," continued Spike, addressing a juvenile manufacturer of scarlet stockings.

"Nor ever shall, Jem, with my liking. Pity to waste good yarn for the decking out of Papist shanks."

"Look you, Jem," said Harry Campsie, "I'd send them home till their breeches are spun, and not let the Derry lasses be shamed at such a sight."

"And I'd have them draw proper hose over their legs, ere they walk them up Ferry-quay-street," echoed Sherrard.

"You're but fools, as well as churls, both," remarked the person addressed; "for see you not they'll be asking for breeches and hose together, as soon as they learn the difference amongst us, and so shears and shuttle will be the busier."

"I'd see the waters of yon lough run smooth over every loon of 'em, ere I'd cut cloth at their asking," said the detesting tailor.

"The poor youths but jest with their ruin," said Mr. Walker, addressing Evelyn, but sufficiently loud to be overheard. "Yonder—Scotch or Irish as they may be—yonder are the Papists, who have sworn to wade knee-deep in our blood."

"Hear you that, goodmen lads?" asked Will Crookshanks, who was a fiery, though rather taciturn youth; "this is the reverend gentle who counselled to leave them at the wrong side of the gate."

"But our own good council is against it," in solemn accent demurred Robert Morrisson, a steady, sober, heavy-looking writer to the single practitioner of the law then in his native town; and here *we crave the* reader to observe, that all the

names we have mentioned, are, together with Mr. Walker's, historical names; and "immortal" ones, too—in Derry.

"What be that to us?" asked wicked Will.

"Nothing at all," answered Jem Spike, winking knowingly on Dan Sherrard, and bending over to him as he whispered something additional.

"I mean, Jem," resumed Crookshanks, "what be to us the fancies or the resolutions of the great townfolk, if it like us to take a thing into our own heads?"

"Very little, I believe," replied Jem, still winking, and still wittily.

"There!" resumed Mr. Walker, with energy; "the first boat puts off from the ferry, bearing to us the first band of our sworn assassins. Gracious God! and will the blind and slothful people of this doomed city leave their gates wide open to their own ruin?"

"Can't we just shut the gates ourselves?" queried Crookshanks.

Boisterous assent was given by many voices, amongst whom were some apprentices sent over to Derry by order of the Worshipful London Company, when it was resolved not to admit Roman Catholics to trade or set up business in their little colonial city.

"The raising of an infant's hand might confound them!" continued Mr. Walker.

"Shut them out!" was shouted.

"We are not to have our throats cut so quietly!" said some.

"Not by wild Irish Papists!" said others.

"They will burn us in our beds, as once before they did, in good London town," said one of the hospital boys.

"Will you stand by us, Tom Sexton?" asked Crookshanks, of a tall, lubberly man.

"May I never pull rope, if I don't!" answered the sexton, with a professional flourish of his hand.

"Perchance, rope may be pulled for you, to save you the trouble, Tom," jeered Jem Spike.

"And those at your back?" continued Crookshanks, meaning the town-crier, town-bailiffs, and some such humble hangers-on of the corporation.

"O-h, Y-e-s!" said the Derry witling, answering for the first-named personage, while he imitated his well-known *proclamation* tone, and motioned as if he held a bell in his hand.

"Then follow me, hearty lads," shouted Crookshanks, king off his working cap, and waving it round his curly ed head, as he stood tip-toe, up to the full height of sixteen ears.

A general shout answered him. The soldiers, some of whom had debarked, and were in motion over the stretch of ground between the river and the walls, supposing the loud cheer to be meant for their welcome, returned it, waving their bonnets and hats.

"You're but fools of papists, after all," laughed Spike; "for, we mean you not half so kindly as you guess us." He was joined in his laugh by the whole crowd of lads, who, followed by their more mature seconders, raced down the steps leading from the wall to the gate, immediately under them.

"The cackling of geese saved the queen-city," said Walker, "and a like salvation is in store for Derry—haste! haste, brave lads! the Papists come on, quickly—run, run, I say!" In fact, two officers entered—one, Edmund M'Donnell, bearing an order to the sheriff for billets; and by this time almost the whole regiment had landed, and more than half approached within twenty yards of Ferry-quay gate. Walker and Evelyn rapidly descended after the youths. When they reached the point of action, there were some whose boyish hearts naturally failed them, and expostulation and clamour ensued.

"Oh! they but mocked themselves and us!" cried Walker; "they do not their work, and the accursed Papists touch the verge of the drawbridge!"

But, as he spoke, and while the voices of Crookshanks and Jem Spike predominated in spirited command or exhortation, the raising of the drawbridge, before the gate, was heard; then a heavy clash, and immediately after a rapid noise of locking, bolting, and barring. In another moment the young crowd scampered by, to shut the other gates, some serious, some frightened at their own daring, but the greater number chuckling and laughing in such a way as told that there was as much fun as patriotism, as much whim as daring, in their important frolic. But, quickly and securely did they close the remaining gates on the astonished soldiers, for whom they never opened. And thus reputably was commenced the first struggle for the *Prince of Orange*, in Ireland.

## CHAPTER XVI.

ALTHOUGH none of the citizens of Derry, properly speaking, took part, or seemed inclined to take part in the affair just related, few of the less respectable class failed to second the young leaders, when the gates had once been closed, and fewer still disapproved of these proceedings. Still, however, none dared to acknowledge, that in shutting out the King's soldiers, they had meant to shut out the King. On the contrary, when Evelyn attended, the same night, in company with Mr. Walker, a meeting of the sheriff, aldermen, and citizens, at the guard-house, he heard them, in some surprise, adopt two addresses, one "To all Christian People to whom these presents shall come;" another, as in duty bound, to their masters, "The Right Worshipful the Society of London;" both most sincerely showing, "that no other motives prompted them to such a resolution but the preservation of their lives against a vast swarm of Highland and Irish Papists." And whilst they had resolved to stand upon their guards, and defend their walls, and not admit of any Papist whatever to quarter amongst them, so they firmly and sincerely determined to persevere in their duty and loyalty to their sovereign Lord the King, without the least breach of mutiny, or seditious opposition to his royal commands.

No one seemed more anxious than Mr. Walker to express and promulgate these sentiments.

"Are you not yet content?" he inquired of Evelyn, as they left the council.

"If all I have heard be as true as it professes to be I can have but slight grounds for disapprobation," he was answered.

Next day, a considerable body of the humbler citizens joined the apprentice boys, and, without pausing for the consent of the still loyal, or timid, or cautious Mr. Deputy Mayor, the magazine was broken open, and between one and two hundred muskets, a barrel of powder, and a proportionate quantity of balls, taken out of it; the whole stock of powder in store being only seven barrels. Then, lists were made of *those in the* city able to bear arms, who did not amount to

ree hundred. And, in pursuance of the resolution expressed the addresses, and especially to take precautions against ıe dreaded morrow, the ninth, Mr. Walker and the apprentice oys routed out a whole convent of Dominican friars, with )'Haggerty at their head.

"We have met again, heretic" said the young friar to the Protestant clergyman, as he and his fear-stricken brethren stood, preparing to cross the ferry at the river side, "but not on the appointed ground."

"Yet shall that meeting come," answered Walker.

At the same time, all the Roman Catholic residents, who could be discovered, were likewise ordered, without much anxiety about their loss of home, property, or comforts, to quit the city. After them, of his own accord, the Protestant bishop retired to a country seat; one of the many respectable individuals of Derry who sincerely disapproved the steps taken, and still cherished, at heart, an allegiance to King James.

Some motion was made to detain, in strict custody, the two Irish officers who had been entrapped the preceding day, ostensibly as hostages for the good conduct of the army to which they belonged. But the more wary or timid of the advisers seemed against such a measure; and at the urgent entreaty of Evelyn, they were permitted to rejoin their friends.

He was, himself, the bearer of this intelligence to Edmund. The former friends met, with a warm and anxious show of conciliation on the part of Evelyn, but a haughty and repelling manner on the part of M'Donnell.

"Let us not again part in anger, Edmund," said Evelyn, as he accompanied him and his brother officer to the water-side. "Hear what I have to say, and you will at least give me your hand."

"Neither of us have time for private, and, now, useless parley, sir," replied M'Donnell; "every instant spent from my post were error and dishonour. You, too, have your duties to attend to in yon traitor city"—his foot was on the prow of the boat—"but I refuse not my hand. Even foes may at any time exchange a greeting—farewell!"

He took Evelyn's hand, and shook it strenuously. The boat put off; M'Donnell standing up in it, with his back to his old friend; who, in a struggle of offended pride and bitter sorrow, remained gazing after it till it had touched the opposite shore, and then mournfully walked back to the city.

As the eve of the dreaded day approached, he found every one in increased bustle and anxiety. The rapid arrival of persons of every rank from the adjacent country, and the certain accounts they gave of the general carnage that was to take place, served, too, to increase the panic, which, among the lower orders at least, had already been sufficiently felt. Lord Antrim's entire regiment remained at the opposite side of the water. And though it was known that they had no guns to make a breach in the walls, still the proximity of such a large body of supposed foes caused great apprehension.

When night came on, no one thought of retiring to bed. Lights were placed in every window; a few guns, the donation of the Worshipful London Company were badly mounted on the walls, and pointed, as well as those who knew nothing of the matter could manage it, towards the hostile shore. Parties of the citizen soldiers, headed by the most mature of the apprentices, patrolled the streets, from gate to gate; other parties held watch on the walls. Thither, too, flocked numbers of the unarmed townspeople, including such of the corporation as had courage for the undertaking, all creeping on hands and knees along the terra plane, under the low curtain of outside wall, and ever and anon peeping over to catch glimpses of the numerous host of wild people, who, having bivouacked for the night, might be indistinctly seen sitting or moving round their fires, to a great distance by the bank of the river.

It was calculated by the most apprehensive, that a first assault should naturally be expected after the twelfth hour at night, in the very infancy of the morn which ushered in the bloody day. Mr. Walker and other clergymen encouraging this notion, public prayers were offered up in the church, by a vast crowd, at about eleven o'clock. Thus prepared, all who were not appointed to guard the gates and walls, repaired to their separate houses, fortified them as strongly as as they could, and in their most secret apartments awaited the approach of midnight.

Twelve o'clock struck; and, not only in every house but through the whole devoted city, death seemed already to be master, so instantaneous and breathless was the silence. The patrols stopped, and stood without word or motion on their way from gate to gate, and in the full discussion of the all-engrossing *topic.* On the walls, every eye was turned, and every ear

directed to the opposite army. But, after a long pause, instead of the trampling of a thousand men, and the rushing of a host, nought was heard abroad save the tumbling of the wintry waters of the broad river, or of the still broader and more distant lough, or the rushing of the north-west blast over the bleak hills of Inishowen.

Thus, in that strange kind of disappointment which is sometimes waywardly felt at even our escape from an expected danger, the long December night, or morning rather, wore away. Not, indeed, without sufficient suffering on the part of those whose imaginations made up for the absence of reality.

Soon after day-break, however, more serious cause for alarm seemed to arise. A great stir took place among the lines of the army at the water-side; all got into order, that is, as well as they knew how; and a terrific yell echoed from them to Derry. Again the guns were manned and levelled; again the thrill of terrible expectation ran through the city; when from the walls, a very old gentleman, in civil attire, was seen to advance to the water's-edge, and beckon for a boat to convey him over. At another glance, many averred that this was Colonel Philips, of Newtownlimavady, the same person who had sent them word not to admit the redshanks; and this circumstance once recollected, little opposition was offered to his approach. Arrived within the city, he informed the inhabitants that the recent movement on the opposite bank was caused by the coming amongst his regiment, of the Earl of Antrim; that he, Colonel Philips, had been obliged to accompany the Earl from Newtownlimavady, as his envoy to Derry walls; and that, solely in consequence of a promise which he could not refuse to give, he now demanded entrance, in Lord Antrim's name, for himself and his army. Some further hints fully served to restore to confidence with the citizens a gentleman in whom, on account of his having formerly been governor of their citadel, in the time of Charles the Second, they had much reliance. He was instructed to forbid, by letter, all admission to the Irish army; he was appointed, once more, governor of the city he had called on to surrender. Finally, having imparted some new and favourable intelligence from England, guns were fired in great triumph and joy upon the walls; and the so much dreaded army instantly marched towards Coleraine, without

having committed a single act, among the Protestant people scattered around them, to confirm the former terrible opinion in which they had been held.

After this alarm, the dreaded 9th of December, 1688, passed over quietly in Derry. The night and following morning, too, were undisturbed by the approach of any foes to its walls; and now, the most lively general sentiment seemed to be pity and bowel-yearning for the thousands who must have fallen in the open country. But, strange to relate, the fully-risen morning only brought to the gates a number of Protestants of the county, who, with eyes and cheeks to which some spirit and colour had just flown back, informed their astonished and almost incredulous brethren of Derry, that, as far as they knew, not a drop of Protestant blood had been shed in Ulster the preceding day. Increased intelligence confirmed this statement. So that, by the night of the 11th, the loyal men of Derry seemed no longer warranted, through immediate fear of their lives, in keeping their gates shut against King James's soldiers.

Shut, however, the gates continued to be; and every possible preparation went on to resist the entrance of a Roman Catholic garrison. On the 10th, some horse and foot, part of the new levy of the Protestant northern association, were marched into the town to assist the citizens, who formed themselves into companies, commanded by captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, of whom many were chosen from among the apprentice boys. At the same time, an agent was despatched to the London Society, requesting assistance, and also entrusted with a letter to the secretary of the Prince of Orange.

The example given by Derry becoming a kind of starting post for all the northern Protestant spirit, the Antrim Association, headed by Lords Mount Alexander and Blaney, and Sir Arthur Rawdon, soon after published a politic manifesto, professing no motive but that of self-preservation against the numerous levies of Roman Catholics, while, in the same breath, they, too, sent a private address to William. The other northern counties followed them. Sligo, though not an Ulster town, also produced a union and an address; Enniskillen, imitating Derry, refused admission to some Roman Catholic soldiers; Coleraine made a defence. In a short time, the whole of the north, with the exception of the fort

of Charlemont, and a few other strong places, was in the hands of native and self-recruited bodies of Protestant soldiers.

To go back a little. Before affairs had taken this formidable appearance, Tyrconnel sent the young and gallant Lord Mountjoy, with a considerable force, to reduce Derry to submission. On the first notice of his approach, the citizens sent him a humble and lachrymose letter, praying his intercession, in their behalf, with the constituted authorities. On his appearance before the town, a capitulation, after some seeming demur, was effected; one highly advantageous to the men of Derry; one that increased their strength with two companies—(but no more)—of Protestant soldiers—and one, indeed, that showed little zeal on the part of Lord Mountjoy for the real service on which he had been despatched. He remained in the city, together with his Lieut.-Col. Lundy.

Soon after his arrival, and a little previous to the manifesto of the Antrim Association, Mr. Walker received a letter, in consequence of which he took his departure from Derry towards his own residence.

"I am now called away," he said to Evelyn, "by high advice, to do good in my own parish. A brave body of men, who honour me by electing me as their commander, are ready to garrison and keep, against all intruders, the strong place of Dungannon, a check upon any hostile approach northward towards this good city of Derry. God willing, I shall do my best to honour the confidence of my friends, and discharge the duty to whfch I am appointed. Farewell, my young brother. Have you thoughts when you, too, shall move towards the honorable post of duty and danger?"

"Before I can adopt any such course, Mr. Walker, I am first bound to visit my paternal estate and mansion, now requiring a master's eye, in such agitated times, and after so long an absence."

"It is well," resumed Walker; "and by the time you shall have wound up your affairs, the valiant soldiers whom you are appointed to command will be, perhaps, near you, in the neighbourhood of Lisburn or Hillsborough, where you can join them. There is but one caution I would offer you. Go not alone to your father's house. The scum and outcasts of the Papist enemy, under the name of Rapparees or Tories, are unloosed over the face of the country, without hindrance from the more regular Papist army—with whom, indeed, their spirit

of hatred towards us is identified—and as yet unchecked by honester men. So strong are they in numbers, and so audacious in enterprize, that they have already seized the Castle of Monaghan, and other strong places, together with many seats of private gentlemen. Therefore, expose not your life to their cruelty, I say; ride not home unaccompanied. And so, Providence be your shield on the road, and farewell."

Evelyn, resolving to follow this advice, did not, however, leave Derry, on his intended journey, till some time after Mr. Walker's departure; the delicate and uncertain state of his sister's health not allowing him immediately to lose sight of her. In the interim, he watched the thickening of important events around the walls of Derry. After the promulgation of the Antrim address, Tyrconnel could not avoid becoming seriously alarmed at the growing appearance of affairs in the north; nor did he find much cause to continue his confidence in the new and noble governor of Derry, who, fully sharing the views of the citizen soldiers, not only allowed them to increase the strength of their position, but zealously superintended or ordered many new arrangements for future defence and resistance. At his instance, a number of useless arms, found in the stores, were repaired; dismounted guns supplied with carriages; a committee appointed to raise funds; some ammunition landed from Scotland; and some more, destined for Lord Antrim, and lying wind-bound on the coast, seized and deposited in the magazine.

The always rash and violent Lord Lieutenant, seeing the error he had committed, by sending such a man to such a place, now recalled him. Lord Mountjoy was advised by many friends not to obey the summons. Fearing the consequences of Tyrconnel's vengeance, he went, however, leaving behind, him, as governor, and in lieu of Col. Philips, his Lieut.-Col. Lundy, a man, by the way, in whom the citizens had less confidence. Arrived in Dublin, Lord Mountjoy was sent to France, on an errand to James; accounts add, that, the moment he arrived in Paris, he was shut up in the Bastille, and however unauthentic this story may be, it served, when known or reported in Derry, to confirm in the breasts of the sturdy citizens, an indignant determination of resistance.

At this juncture, Evelyn, attended by two well-armed men,

set out, in a southern direction, through the province of Ulster, to visit his house on the banks of Lough Neagh. He had not been uninterested by the progress of events around him. Nor could we refuse to allow, even in a work like this, more historical correctness of detail than they have yet found, to the affairs of a place, which, however inconsiderable it may be, or however unimportant or ridiculous might have seemed the beginning of its resistance, carried on a struggle, that first helped to insure to an adventurous Prince the crown of three kingdoms.

## CHAPTER XVII.

EVELYN had left uncle Jeremiah and Oliver Whittle particularly in charge of his house. A good number of servants remained in it; but Oliver, as steward, major-domo, and factotum, commanded them all; while Jerry still overtopped him, as representative of the proprietor.

It was early in March that Evelyn bent his way homeward. March had, this year, "come in like a lamb," so that the weather proved very agreeable for, at least, the rapid and blood-stirring kind of travel he adopted. The evening of the second day brought him in sight of his house. At a pretty hamlet, about three miles distant from it, just as a young moon rose to assert her empire over the twilight, Evelyn, so far unmolested on the road, dismissed his armed attendants, and fearing little through a neighbourhood where he was so well known, and where friends abounded, pushed on alone towards his country mansion.

The road, within half a mile, commanded a view of it. Evelyn paused a moment to contemplate, after so long an absence, the roof that had protected his childhood, and the scenery that was so familiar to his eye. Although day had entirely sunk, the clear light of the moon, shining full upon every feature, allowed him sufficient opportunity for his survey. It was a house, built, we may almost say, in England, like many northern Irish houses of that period. That is, its wooden frame, its interior divisions, its flooring, wainscoting, door, and windows, &c., had been constructed and

adapted to each other in England. So that, when afterwards conveyed by the English colonist to Ireland, he had but to choose a favourable spot of ground, to put together his skeleton house upon it, to build between the wooden compartments of the outside frame, with brick and mortar; to plaister over what he had built, leaving the wooden divisions still distinctly visible; and the result was an ordinary country mansion of that day, not unaptly styled calimanco work, such as he had been used to, for half a century, in the sister country.

At a house of this kind, then, Evelyn was looking. He could recognise the woodbine-covered window, in the second story, which lighted his old sleeping-chamber; the large bow windows of the drawing-room, and of his father's study; the porched door under the middle one, with seats in the porch; at the gate nearest the house, the horse-block, by means of which his father, in his old age, and himself, in his childhood, had gained their saddles; the court, planted round with evergreens; the park, extending at each side of the building, once well-stocked, as Evelyn recollected, with hares and rabbits, and a few deer, inclosing two fish-ponds, and running, at the back of the house, against a gentle acclivity, thickly and tastily planted, which gave shelter from the rude blasts that occasionally swept the bosom of the adjacent Lough Neagh. While, to complete the picture, that vast sheet of water could be seen, over house, acclivity, trees, and all, spreading to a great distance in the moonlight, but now only dimpling and trembling under its ray, as an evening breeze fluttered across its surface.

As Evelyn continued to regard this scene, he was struck with an unusual blaze of light in the lower windows of the house, which belonged to the hall and parlour. It seemed as if a great entertainment was going on; for, as the servants had their own hall, that in question was never so gaily lit up, except when periodical feastings were given to the surrounding tenantry. This was bad housekeeping, he thought, on the part of uncle Jerry, or of Oliver, or of both, in his absence; and, feeling some little anger and impatience, he gave spurs to his horse, anxious to view and reprehend such unthrifty, and, indeed, unwarrantable stewardship.

Arrived at the gate which led into the straight approach to the house, he found it flung wide open. Here was very culpable negligence, too, in such unsettled times. But as he

looked up the little avenue, getting an unobstructed view of the house itself, his wonder increased to observe the hall-door open also, while, through it, as well as through the windows of the hall, he now caught the faces and figures of a number of men, seemingly making very merry at his expense, and without his invitation. Continuing to look on in surprise and wrath, a new incident changed his sensations, by startling him. All along the avenue, the moon's rays were interrupted by the arching sycamores overhead. Half way on, however, owing to a deficiency in the line of trees, a pure stream of moonlight swept across, showing silver white in contrast with the red glare from the house; and Evelyn's eye was struck with the figure of a man, who, starting into this vivid light, looked sharply around him, and then, his steel cap glimmering as he moved, crossed and disappeared among the stems, where the shadow was impenetrable.

Hastily taking a pistol from his holster, Evelyn dashed forward. At the first plunge he came violently in contact with some heavy obstacle in mid air, which, striking against his breast and face, sent steed and rider a step backward. He re-advanced more cautiously, and looked close, to discover what had thus interrupted his career. A moment's inspection showed him the legs of a man, covered with prodigious jack-boots. They swung to and fro, as if in consequence of their late contact with his person; and Evelyn, looking up, became aware that they belonged to a dead body, which hung by the neck from the arm of a sycamore. He strove to recognise the face; and the moon, darting through a favorable aperture between the arching boughes, shone full on the convulsed and disfigured features of poor Oliver Whittle.

This spectacle changed Evelyn's ardour; bringing a suspicion, too, that the guests in his hall had come without invitation from his hitherto faithful steward. Even uncle Jerry began to find an apology in his nephew's thoughts, who now, indeed, could not help surveying the other trees around him, in a misgiving that from one of them might append the goodly bulk of his affectionate, and, with many faults, beloved relative. As he and his horse stood stock-still, the propriety of making the best of his way back to the village occurred to Evelyn; and he cautiously turned the animal's head to the avenue gate, and walked him softly a few steps upon the velvet sward, near the trees, in order

to avoid the sounding of his hoofs on the middle of the way. But the avenue gate appeared occupied by six or seven men, standing, indeed, quietly, and with their backs turned to him, but by no means inviting approach, under all the circumstances. Evelyn stopped, therefore, a second time, and hoping he had not been perceived, quietly dismounted; tied his horse to a tree, and stealing, in the deep shadow, by the wall, that at a little distance from the trees bounded the avenue, made way to an opening in it, with which he was well acquainted, resolving to escape thereby into the park, and so, if possible into the country. He gained the opening, got a view of the faintly-marked path, that amid groups of light trees and tufts of bushes, wandered over the park, and was just about to enter, when, within the grounds there appeared another man slowly walking onward, his back turned, and a carbine resting on his arm. Once more Evelyn gave up his plan; but darting across the avenue ran to a second opening, in the opposite wall, which served as a short way to the kennels, dovecotes, and other petty out-offices. Exactly at the far side of this gap stood another stranger, his regards seemingly fixed on the starry heavens, pistols in his belt, and a half pike in his hand; while, further on, a new group of persons conversed, in whispers, in the moonlight. Really alarmed, Evelyn stepped back, and threw a hasty glance up and down the avenue. Now his eye caught, or he thought it did, more and more forms of men, gliding in the shadow among the stems of the trees, or standing stationary between them. Confused, if not terror-stricken, he became embarrassed for an instant; and this gradual closing-in upon him of so many mysterious individuals, gave something of the sensation of a wild and shadowy dream.

As he stood, leaning against a tree—

"Go on," said a deep voice, very near him.

He started, but remained where he was, suspecting that his overwrought feelings had deceived his ear.

"Go on as you're bid," repeated another voice, over his head.

"Whither?" he asked, now certain of the reality of the words.

"To the house, to be sure," he was answered, "where you'll get a welcome, an' *cead mille phalteagh.*"

*Still he* hesitated, naturally enough.

"*Dhar-a-Chreesth!* why don't you go on?" cried another invisible neighbour, angrily. And "go on!" was repeated by many voices, at different distances. "You're expected," they added.

Evelyn at last moved towards the house, not very certain of the welcome he was promised; nor, indeed, of his way thither. In perfect safety he entered, however, the gate that terminated the avenue before the house, and stood to observe more closely the people in the hall. They drank, or spoke, or laughed uninterruptedly. Among the voices he caught some female tones, loud in hilarity, although he could not see the speakers. In the doorway, and in each side of the porch, appeared a crowd of persons, drinking and conversing too, who either did not or would not notice his coming: but as he stood in the deep shade of the evergreens that ran all around him, perhaps they really did not perceive him.

A last thought of escape occurred to Evelyn. Near at hand, the thick rows of bushes divided, and allowed a passage behind them, which, sweeping by the sides of the mansion, communicated with the grove on the hill at its back. In a moment he had cautiously entered this brake, and in another had gained the rere of the house, where no ray of moonlight disturbed the profound darkness. With a beating heart he stept lightly along the narrow path, scarce finding, among a double row of evergreens, room to make way, when a strong hand grasped his collar, and a rude voice said, though not threateningly—

"Stop man; where 'ud you be going?"

"Unhand me, fellow!" cried Evelyn; "I wished to enter my house."

"Only you missed the way," resumed the man, relaxing, though not relinquishing his hold, "an' more shame for you, that ought to know it betther. But I'll find it out to oblige you, anyhow; an' you'd betther be said and led by a friend, nor vex them that has you well watched, whichever way you turn."

Evelyn accordingly retraced his steps to the front of the house, and finally entered. As he passed the porch, the men who occupied it, and whom he could now perceive were, in various ways, rudely armed, rose up, to his great surprise, doffed their steel caps or penthouse hats, and inclining their wild shock-heads, bid him welcome in a southern brogue.

Whether they jested or no, Evelyn's confusion did not allow him to determine. The hall was full of strange people, o the same appearance, some seated round the large oak table some grouped in corners, and some stretched out upon th ample brick hearth, basking in the light of a mighty fir made of the roots of trees and logs, or engaged in caress ing or playing with the hounds, mastiffs, and terrie which Evelyn had left behind, all then faithful to him, b which now seemed so much fascinated with the newcomer as not to have time to notice his entrance, or else to notice by snarling, barking, or baying only. Other followers, to did not seem a whit more faithful. Mixed with the men, i remote parts of the hall, he observed a number of athleti broad-shouldered, sunburnt, and wildly-habited wome evidently their associates; and here and there, the maide and matrons of his own establishment, laughing and giggling and as happy as happy could be.

His conductor having stopped in the hall to communica with the few who seemed interested about his entranc Evelyn was afforded time to make and continue his observ tions. As he took care to keep himself enveloped in h large riding-cloak, he was also enabled to look about hi without fear of recognition from his own former servants. S havoc seemed to have taken place on every side. The o broadswords, partisans, and daggers, the fishing-rods a spears, and, above all, the flitches of bacon, had disappear from over the huge mantelpiece; the hawks from the perches, at one end of the extensive apartment; the hawkin and hunting poles from their rests; the portrait of Que Elizabeth had vanished from its recess; the Book of Marty lay, half burnt, at the back of the fire; the fox and otte skins had descended from the walls to grace the heads, aft having been fashioned into rude caps, of the unwelcom guests around; King Charles's Golden Rules, and a fe antlers, were the only ornaments that remained. The flagg floor was strewn with half-picked bones and with winecup and along the walls had been ranged, to save trouble to t butler, casks of good wine and ale, and kegs of brandy, which man and woman recurred at pleasure.

The dogs, of different degrees, now beginning to recogni their old master, Evelyn was glad when his conductor at la ended his conference with his friends, and advanced, by h

side, towards the parlour, into which a door opened from one end of the hall. Notwithstanding fears for his own personal safety, Evelyn's saddest reflection, up to this moment, had been caused by uncertainty as to the fate of his uncle Jeremiah. Arrived within a step of the half-open door, however, and able to see into the parlour, apprehensions for his life yielded to the wildest wonder to see him living, situated and engaged as Jerry now presented himself. But before we come to him, it is convenient to notice the whole company of the room, and, at the same time, its own present appearance.

A Turk-wrought chain, which had adorned the parlour, was wantonly destroyed; and with a swelling and indignant heart, Evelyn beheld, reduced to fragments, the numerous portraits of his ancestors, strewn upon the oaken floor, or flung into the corners—though if true taste for the arts had alone influenced his feelings, the destruction of such an everlasting corps of shepherds and shepherdesses, wearing full-bottomed perukes, and court suits, while they performed sentiment with crooks in their hands, could not have caused him much regret. At different tables sat about ten men, more regularly habited than those in the hall, and with an air that approached near to respectability—particularly one short, slight, well-made youth, with a handsome, high-coloured face, well-marked nose and mouth, and a keen, glancing blue eye, who seemed to command the groups around him. But, like the meanest of their companions, all in the parlour indulged freely in libations; their winecups and liqueur-glasses mixed up on the tables with hawks' hoods and bells—some of the articles they had found in the house—and with dice and cards, pipes and skeins—some that they had brought into it.

Stretched out at full length on the hearth, that here, also, was very ample, and paved with brick, lay a man of unusual, indeed almost gigantic, proportions, his vast chest and shoulders corresponding to an extent of figure that could not be less than six feet and a-half, his arms and lower limbs perhaps too bulky and fleshy. His dress was superior to that of any around him; being formed of a complete breast and back piece, brightly burnished; a buff coat, curiously wrought about the sleeves and skirts; horseman's boots, well spurred; a sash; with, now lying by his side, a fashionable cocked and flapped military hat, gallantly plumed.

Altogether he bore the appearance of a military officer of rank; and, as Evelyn perceived, slept profoundly.

Of the other ten or dozen men in the room, half were sitting at the walls, paying gallant attention to some fresh-faced and comely young lasses, who had joined them from the neighbourhood, or who belonged to their own community. While all talked or laughed loudly, two or three, male and female, sang out together. And now, and at length, we come to the first group that struck Evelyn's eye—namely, his uncle Jerry, sitting between the plump housekeeper and our former acquaintance, Rory-na-chopple, or the Whisperer, one hand round the matron, and the other hand affectionately clasping that of the Rapparee, as, over and over, Jerry praised a song he had lately performed, and gently urged him to repeat it.

"Songs I have heard," he said, "by sea and land, from Turk, Jew, and Christian, of every sect and country, but that song, excellent Rory, surpasseth them all."

As Evelyn entered, his conductor announced him, in a few words of Irish. The first person who took notice of his presence was the quick-eyed young man already spoken of, who, starting from his seat, advanced, in a French style of courtesy, and with many welcomes offered his hand. Evelyn, his spirit and indignation at last overmastering his personal apprehensions, haughtily stepped back. At which the young man drew up, even more proudly frowned, let fly a dangerous glance at his visitor, and quickly resumed his seat.

"Musha, welcome, an' a thousand welcomes," cried the Whisperer, nearly at the same moment; "sure it's joy is in our hearts to see you here agin, when we thought you left home, for good-an'-all."

"Hollo—a!" piped Jerry, staggering a little (as he relinquished the housekeeper's waist), and, by such an usual symptom, giving omen of how vast and deep had been his libations. "Nephew of my heart, welcome amongst us."

As, with some tacking, he steered forward, Evelyn lost all self-command.

"Wretched man!" he cried, "where and with whom do I find you?"

"Where!" repeated Jerry—"where but in the old ship still, sticking to her thro' all weathers. And with whom! with honest fellows, trust me."

"*What*, sir! is this your natural feeling—not to say duty

—in your brother's house—carousing and clasping hands with its plunderers?"

"Have a care, young gentleman," cried the person Evelyn had just offended, starting in his seat, and grasping a pistol that was in his belt.

"Asy, a-vich, asy," said the Whisperer—"say as little as you can of your own friends."

"What could I do?" asked Jerry. "What would you have me do? I fought them fairly while we could give a broadside. I met them foot to foot as they boarded us; and two of 'em could tell you as much, only they can't speak, for the life of 'em, at present. And so could Magog himself there, if he was awake, seeing he still bears a compliment from my hanger."

"It's God's thruth, every word," interrupted the Whisperer. "A betther man, for the little of him that's in it, never broke bread, or throd in shoe-leather."

"And," continued Jerry, "when the Devil himself, had he been captain, could have worked ship no longer—when there wasn't a cartridge left in the powder-room, nor a hand left on deck but Noll and myself—what could brave men do but strike? And there again, when they boarded us, like gentlemen, and were for remembering our good services, and treating us kindly—brave foes, brave friends, you know, the wide seas over—and—a word in your ear—when I saw Noll dangling from the yardarm, because after striking he was too serious, and thought to break treaty—and especially when they were all hearty lads, hand and palm, and cup to cup with me—what was to be done, I say? Would you have me follow Noll by the cathead? Or, worse, would you have me be the only sad heart amongst merry men and honest fellows, nephew? You know I never liked that."

"Honest!" resumed Evelyn. "Tell me, uncle Jeremiah, how long has this happened? How long has my father's house been a thieves' barrack? How long have I been a ruined man?"

"Speak lower still, nephew, and I will try to tell you. Let me see. The first night we got through the cask of Burgundy—that was of a Wednesday, I think; the next night the Geneva was out—I believe the next, but I don't pretend to be sure; the night after the Canary ran dry—I thought there had been *more of it;* that must have been on the

Saturday. And stay, what day is this?—Monday, I opine. But, in fact, nephew, there has been such a running of day into night, and thereby of one day into another, with, as you see, some running from the winecasks, that you will excuse me in the matter of extreme particularity."

"Pray, inform me, Mr. Rory-na-chopple," continued Evelyn, turning away in disgust from his uncle, "on what day was I first honoured with this visit? You, I presume, are master here," he added, recollecting the transcendant fame of Rory.

"No, then, I am not; an' for why or for what should I?" answered the Whisperer, meekly. "Sure I'm no more nor fit to help my betthers, now an' then, wid the little janious that God ga' me; an' only for it mightn't I die, like an ould horse, in the ditch? Poor Rory is only the *dochthoor-na-chopple*,* you see, wid a little to do in the way of providin' bastes, an' a thing of the kind, for the army. Bud the genteel that spoke you so fair a-comin' in—an' a genteel he is, sure, if his own sef tells the story"—(winking shrewdly)—"he's the Captain. A good mother's son; butther wouldn't melt in his mouth, he's so quiet when you don't put the anger on him; bud you'd rather not stand in his way if he war angry. An', then, the gineral, entirely, is that weeny gorçoon lyin' asleep forninst the fire. No great things at the tongue, an' as soft as a child at the breast; a great big slob, you'd think. Only he'd walk by a stone wall the day long, an' never take a bite out of it, if he war ever so hungry, I'm thinkin'."

"I have asked you," said Evelyn, assuming indifference, though he really was not indifferent to Rory's indication, in his own way, of the characters of those with whom he found himself called to deal—"I have asked you to inform me how long it is since your party has visited my house?"

"Five days exactly," answered the Captain, who had overheard the question.

"And how long am I to be indulged with your company, gentlemen?" he continued.

"That will depend on the state of things abroad, and on the will of our general," answered the same person.

"I am anxious—naturally, you will say—to get a little more information, sir. I am anxious to know to what extent my property has been of use to you; and how far, after your

* Horse-doctor.

departure, at your own good leisure, my private coffers may still administer to my wants."

"Private convenience," replied the Captain, "must, on all occasions of public need, be little considered. The ready cash you speak of has, of course, been appropriated to the carrying on of a war against the traitors and enemies of King James's crown and person."

"And I am left a beggar!" said Evelyn.

"I regret it, sir; but you should have remained at home to protect your property by your presence. When you fled to the rebel city, your whole possessions became forfeited, in consequence of the new and wholesome law, recently promulgated in the name of our zealous Lord Lieutenant, which dooms to confiscation the house and estates of all fugitives."

"Giving you, and such as you, the right to execute the confiscation?"

"Me! and such as I!—What mean you, Master Evelyn, by that particularity?"

"I believe you hold no command or commission from King James, or his Lieutenant," answered Evelyn, his ruined prospects making him rash and desperate—"to authorize you in carrying into effect the edicts of either. And I know that the justice of your country is, even now, preparing to hunt you down for such interference with its mandates. Deceive me not—I am aware of your character."

"Not so, by Heaven, when you dare rouse it by speech like this!" cried the Captain, jumping up, drawing his sword, and cutting at Evelyn. But Evelyn, snatching another sword from the table, was on his guard, so that nothing resulted from the young man's attack but a loud clash of their weapons. At the same moment, there was another jingle of arms.

"What's this?" cried the hitherto sleeping giant at the hearth, gathering up his unwieldy length of limbs, and striding forward—"Pace! pace! pace is best! Pace, little Captain Willy"—twirling him by the neck to the far end of the room.

"Bravo, bully Magog!" cried Jerry—"bravo, noble Goliath! And now, welcome my nephew home, and tell him whether or no the old ship struck at your first summons."

"—Hah—eh—aye—who is the newcomer?" asked the person addressed, staring stupidly at Evelyn, and now and then *rubbing his eyes and yawning*. "Your nephew, truly,

little admiral? Welcome he is, then, and welcome let him be—welcome as the flowers o' May!" And the Rapparee general seized Evelyn's hand in his, with a grasp that almost crushed it.

"You know me, don't you?" he continued, observing Evelyn's cool and offended manner.

"I have not that honour," he was answered.

"Heard you ever, then, of a man of some size, called Galloping Hogan, youngster?"

Evelyn readily assented; as, indeed, he had, from many sources, become acquainted with the prowess of that king of southern Rapparees.

"He stands before you, and offers you his hand," continued this dangerous person—"do you refuse it?" Evelyn thought proper to allow his words and actions to answer in the negative.

"Galloping Hogan they call me," continued his new friend, "because, though a heavy man, put me on the back of a good horse, suited to me in bone and muscle, and, it is no boast to say, I can cover you as much ground, when need is, on advance or retreat, as courier or confidential messenger, as the lightest hop-o'-my-thumb jockey from the Causeway to the Devil's Punchbowl. Such sarvice coming by nature to me, afther a manner, since my campaigns in the Low Countries, from a boy up. You have seen foreign parts, Master Evelyn?"

"Yes; but not on military service."

"The more the pity. It forms a man's hand for his work at home, so dacently. Here's your weeny lump of an uncle, now, could never have done such nate business against us, t'other day, only for a thing o' the kind. Salvation to my sowl! but I'll be witness for him to the end o' the world, that there isn't a handier bit of a creature on Ireland's ground, this blessed morning—"

"Evening, general," interrupted Jeremiah.

"Don't mind him," said the Whisperer; "it's the dead o' the night that's in it, gineral, honey."

"Morning, night, or evening, as it may be," continued Jerry—"here's my nephew, brother, would say you boarded us with our free will."

"How comes this rent in my buff, then?" asked Hogan, holding out his left arm to Evelyn. "As I hope to be saved, the little round man cut me down two tall fellows on the threshold, before my face, and, as I came in, myself, ran me

his point through and through the muscle of this arm; my wonder being how could he reach so high, until I recollected that he had the two steps of the porch-door to help him halfways up to me. So, no more talking about that. All was fair and dacent; give and take on both sides; clean work, and who-should, for it. And, since I and my boys won the inside o' your house, nothing but love and liking between us; and welcome he was to the best of everything, along with us; and the same welcome for you, on his account, at present. Only one little bit o' bother happened. An ould follower o' yours had the impudence to break faith with us, after all was over; so the Whisperer was forced to take care of him, outside o' the house. He's handy at a matter o' the kind, along with everything else"—Rory grinned his thanks for this flattery—"and maybe you met him on your way up the avenue."

"He did meet him," said the man who had ushered Evelyn in. "While we watched for Master Evelyn, as you bid us, gineral, we saw them meeting together."

"You had notice of my approach, then?" asked Evelyn, of the general.

"To be sure we had, avich; and of every step you took on the road. Do you think you could get inside the first gate, if we didn't like it? Sure all I feared was that you might run back from us, the way you came, and we all so ager to make you welcome. And now let us think of a bit of supper. It's past the time for it; but a nate supper there's ordered, to entertain you. I thank my God I know good things. Where's that wizenfaced witch of a cook?"—a subaltern went out to seek her. "And, first, Master Evelyn, the welcome cup. Do you say a rummer of Cognac, or a stoup of Claret, or Canary?"

"The Canary is out," said Jerry.

"Then a cup of Sack, or Vin-de-Cahors?—all are at your service, Master Evelyn."

Evelyn declining the several liquors mentioned, named a glass of Champagne, which, with considerable courtesy, was immediately placed before him. And when his host had pledged him in a bumper of Claret, toasting "to their better acquaintance," the cook appeared at the door, superintending the entrance of supper. The moment the poor woman's eye met that of her old master, she stood, stock-still, pale as death, and evidently *trembling*, not for her own safety.

"Walk over here with yourself, mistress cook, honey, and don't be standing there with a face that 'ud make a dog strike his father," resumed Galloping Hogan. "Moreover, take care, I advise you, of the dishes in your hands. Aye, now you find the use of your legs. Put 'em down, there, purtily—that will do. Now, the little fellows—one, two, three—very good again. And so, Master Evelyn, take your sate, and your fillin'. Captain Willy, come out o' that corner, and lave over playin' with the snaphance of your petronel. Little Admiral Jerry, the best sate for you. Rory, *a-vich-ma-chree*, draw near. Gentlemen, all, to supper."

The table soon became full; Evelyn not venturing to decline the seat, or the fare, so generously offered.

"Them capons has a pleasant look and smell, about 'em," continued the host, going through all this without the slightest affectation; indeed, his heavy nature knew nothing of the word. "Ensign Turlough's pet flitch, and Thady's leg of mutton are nice, too; the pigeons not to be faulted, either; nor the salmon, either; but, still, the capons for me. Stop a bit; sit down a minute, mistress cook, and swallow, as fast as you can, a man's share of everything you lay before us. It's an honour we pay you every day, you know, for a little raison we have. Though, since Master Evelyn is our guest to-day, the ceremony might be overlooked, maybe. No matter; betther sure than sorry. Swallow, misthress; and fast, fast, or you'll be starvin' us."

The cook obeyed, and left the room.

"And now, master," resumed Hogan, addressing Evelyn, "welcome again, and fall to. Deny me not that the supper I have ordered you, with an after relish of neats' tongues and caviare, while we sip our wine, does not disgrace my knowledge or my breeding."

"It's manners to taste, bud not make a male," said the Whisperer, conveying a pigeon to his trencher.

"Lay hoult o' the flitch, Turlough," cried a hungry fellow.

"Make mooch o' yourself, Thady," said a second Rapparee officer to a third at his elbow.

"Och, I'm atin' for bets," answered Thady.

"Who's at the outpost?" inquired the general, after he had somewhat satisfied his hunger.

"Johnny Donellan," answered the Whisperer.

"A good watch," observed Hogan.

"Never a betther," replied Rory; "he'd know a Sassenach's skhin dryin' on a bush."

The supper was over; the relish, too, passed away; the champagne was unwired; the claret bumpers were quaffed, when two harp-players took their places at the parlour-door.

"A dance! a dance!" cried Jerry; "a hall! a hall!" Many voices joined him; and those in the other apartment catching the sounds, the answering cheer became uproarious.

"A dance, then," said the general, slowly rising. "Tho' I will but suit partners, myself, and look on; seeing that your Irish jig is accounted too vulgar, and, mayhap, too brisk in movement, for one of my quality and weight. Did your poor musicians know anything of the French chausée or borée, I were likely to join you." It will be seen that the speaker uttered, at different times, the true brogue he had imbibed in his childhood, and the tolerable English his after-intercourse with the world had taught him, just as the humours of familiarity or dignity were for a moment uppermost.

All moved out to the hall, Evelyn inclusive. The general, as he had promised, made partners. Evelyn, wondering at the scene, and inclined, in the midst of his better feelings, to laugh at the figure he cut in it, was introduced to a southern girl, of some beauty, whose glance at him told strangely of coquetry and recognition. Jerry was constant to the housekeeper. About a dozen couple, altogether, stood ready to obey the first sound of the harper's wire. "Strike out!" cried Galloping Hogan; when, anticipating more gentle music, a hideous bellowing was heard abroad, equal to the roar of some dozen mad bulls. An instant after, a man rushed into the hall, yelling forth, "The Sassenachs!"

"I knew it," said Hogan, "by your signal horns—silence!" as the throng of women in the hall gave meet response to the noise abroad—"silence, and hear my orders! First, how far are they off, Johnny Donellan?"

"About three miles, when I saw 'em from the hill."

"How many?"

"The double of us, I think."

"Horsemen or foot-soldiers?"

"All horsemen—I seen them blackenin' the road in the moonshine."

"Half our men to horse, then. Half of them, again, to the first gate of the avenue, the other to the second gate. Let the rest of the men stay in the house; a dozen, only, to watch at the back. But, first of all, let hatchet, saw, and pickaxe, and every man that hears me, work, work, work, for the dear life, to tear up the ground before both gates, and fell trees and bushes to choke them—speed! speed!" The hall was cleared in obedience to his orders: the Whisperer only stayed with him.

"They will give us time for this," the general continued, "because they will advance cautiously; or our ambushed piquets and videttes will make them give us time. You, Master Evelyn, are to remain by my side. Fear nothing—we have faced greater odds before now, and won the battle. If they force in upon us, I will still bother them; the house over my head shall burn to charcoal ere they possess it—fear nothing."

Evelyn wondered by what perversion of reason this speech—if the speaker was really serious—could be meant to allay his fears. But he did not know the character of the man who addressed him; and who—in downright earnest, indeed—spoke of Evelyn's house as his own, from the moment it had fallen into his hands.

"And then, as to a retreat," he continued, "my name is not Galloping Hogan, if I forget how that used to be managed."

All this time his vacant length of visage underwent no change; his large staring grey eyes only roved from one face to another around him, as was their wont; his jaw continued dropped, his mouth open; his neck stooped between his high shoulders. Altogether he gave the appearance of a man completely free from agitation or excitement.

"You want a straight blade," he went on; "and do you fight with petronel and dagger, also?"

"Though I believe I am no coward," answered Evelyn, "I should prefer, if you please, not to fight at all on this occasion."

"Why so?" demanded Hogan, staring at him.

"If you bring to mind the peculiarity of my situation, you need scarce ask me," Evelyn replied; "some of my former friends, perhaps, are approaching."

"And that's true, sure enough," casting his heavy eyes a

moment on the ground. "Here, O'Moore; stand by Master Evelyn, in this window; and if you see us beaten, shoot him on the spot." And he strode out, leaving Evelyn in charge with a fellow scarce inferior in stature to himself, and well-armed; while from the moment he had entered the house the prisoner remained defenceless.

The moon had by this time almost set; yet, in the waning light it still afforded, Evelyn could discern, through the window, a crowd of men toiling, at the far gate of the avenue, to throw up the bank and abattus their general had ordered. A deep line of horsemen formed behind them. At the near gate, the lights from the house, together with the brands which flamed on the spot, and which were held mostly by the wild-looking women attached to the band of Rapparees, more plainly showed the operations there carried on. In the midst of his people, Galloping Hogan soon appeared, striding about from point to point, and issuing his orders with his usual coolness, indeed almost indifference.

Many hands make light work; and Evelyn beheld, with the utmost surprise, that, by the hundreds of strong men engaged in the task, the preparations for defence were already nearly completed, before his eye or ear could catch any signal of the arrival of the enemy. Yet all was not perfectly arranged, perhaps, at the far gate, when a rush of horses came in that direction. A cheer from the assaulters, and a yell of defiance from the Rapparees, burst on the night; and the flashing and report of pistols and carbines were, almost at the same moment, seen and heard. The men on foot, who had been working at the rude entrenchments, ran up the avenue, got inside the second line of horsemen, who stood, headed by Hogan, behind the second abattus, and joining their other dismounted comrades at that point, rushed in to garrison the house.

"Something is as it shouldn't just be at the end gate," said Evelyn's guard, glaring ominously at him, as he examined the priming of the pistol.

"I hope you may be mistaken," said Evelyn. "None of our horsemen flinch a step; and, even suppose they do, no danger of defeat is to be reckoned on, while your general remains at the head of his second line, and is so well protected by the trees and earthwork."

"I don't know how *that* is," said the fellow, coolly and

carelessly, as if, having his own work to do, the action abroad concerned him only as it regarded the fulfilment of his orders.

"And more be the shame on you, Deermid O'Moore," cried a girl, who had advanced to the window, in the recess of which guard and prisoner stood. She was the same whom Hogan had presented to Evelyn as a partner, and who, we should have mentioned, had seemed much flattered by the arrangement.

"Set off wid yourself afther the women, Moya Laherty," said O'Moore; "they're far wid the road by this time. Be movin'."

"Be movin' your own sef, Deermid," retorted Moya, in the flippancy of an assured beauty of humble degree, "or else don't be talkin' of killin' the poor young genteel afore his time."

This might have been meant for Evelyn's comfort, but the downright allusion it contained had a very different effect.

"Don't you be makin' a ballour o' your mother's daughter," resumed Deermid. "What do you know about killin' a man, or a genteel either?"

"Nothin' at all, for pace sake; anything to plase you, Deermid, a-roon. Will you taste?" holding out a can of wine.

"Not that, but somethin' else, if you're so civil, Moya."

"Musha, what a beau your granny was," said Moya, in her own elegant irony. "An' that's all you'd be axin', is it?"

"Take yourself out o' my way, then," resumed Deermid, in a sulk.

"My mammy she bet me, an' well she knew how,
For stayin' out, dancin' the one-horun cow,"

was Moya's only reply, as she faced him, playing off saucy airs of flirtation with her head and eyes, and moving her feet to the verse she sang.

"You won't, won't you?" he asked, advancing on her.

"You don't know what I'll be afther doin' for you. Whisper a bit, Deermid," as she wound her arms through his.

Deermid held his ear, and grinned delight.

"Whisht! we ought to be on the look out tho'," he resumed, as a second cheer broke from the assailants at the end of the avenue, and two full volleys succeeded to the dropping fire that, for the last few minutes, had been heard.

"The boys gi' them never an answer," Deermid continued.

"Nien," said Moya; "they're too hard at their work to mind 'em. Bud, stop now, a-cuishla," clinging close to him,

if for support. "My sowl to glory, if they don't gallop up the house! Hould yourself asy, Deermid," as he struggled free his arm, his eyes fixed on Evelyn.

Wrought upon by the sounds of retreat abroad, as well as by the dialogue he heard, the spasm-terror of death came on Evelyn's heart. His temples grew moist, his eyes swam, and he was obliged to lean against the walls of the window recess for support.

"An' they don't run away afther all," Moya rejoined, 'barrin' it's only for fun, like. See, Deermid, honey, Captain Willy draws 'em up agin acrass the middle o' the avenue."

"An' now cum the Sassenachs to try 'em another bout," said O'Moore. "They only waited to form themsefs afther breakin' the fencework. *Curp-an-duoul!* what a power of 'em is in it! An' look at their ginerals an' captains!"

"Look, above all the rest, at the dark man that rides on afore his sodgers. See, now, he is the first to lep his horse agin our men. Christ save us! That's frightful."

"He's the red divil, I believe," cried Deermid. "While the two throops is at their work, *threena-chela*,* look how he lays round him—a man down for every slash. Witherin' to his arm! It'll be the ruin of us."

"Never say it!" cried Moya, clapping her hands, while an arm was still passed through one of her companion's. "Captain Willy picks him out, now. Power to your elbow, captain, jewel! Och, the Willy you war!"

Evelyn excited beyond the momentary influence of his first natural fears, had started to the window.

"Do you know that dark man, that now crosses his sword wid the captain?" O'Moore demanded of him. Evelyn looked attentively; the flaring light from the house fully illuminated the faces and figures of the combatants.

"That man I know," he answered, fixing, in rallied spirits, a watchful glance on his guard.

"Better for you if you never did know him," observed Deermid, as he again peered out. "By the mother o' saints, Captain Willy is down at the first thrust!"

"What's the matter for that?" exclaimed Moya; "the gineral has his fresh men, yet. All's not lost that's in danger."

"All must be lost," replied O'Moore; "the gineral's throop

* Pell-mell.

isn't one to ten agin the Sassenach. An ' see !—now he's left alone wid that throop only at his side—Captain Willy's men are breakin' off thro' the gaps in the avenue wall, or thro' the thick o' the Sassenach, down to the far gate, or across the last fence—God's curse on their heads !—to thrample it down, an' make it asy for their enemies. Lave my way, Moya !"—she had got between him and Evelyn—"Let us do our gineral's biddin', an' then take care of ourselfs ! Stand a one side, I say !—the men in the house are quittin' it !" His eyes turned on his prisoner. Evelyn, now collected, and resolved on a struggle for life, riveted his on the pistol, watching its motions.

"Look, yet !" still cried Moya, struggling with him, as she still strove to look out—"they're not over the fence, yet—an' it's harder for em', now, with the hapes o' dead men an' horses. Now they thry it—now !"

"An' now they crass it !" roared O'Moore, as another tremendous shout and a full volley echoed abroad. "See what a gap that volley makes in our last line ! An' see that born divil, yet—see how he mows 'em down ! Three times the gineral and he met, but the hurry parted them."

"They meet agin, Deermid !"

"They do, but he gets off agin ! And now the gineral is amost alone—run, run, gineral ! Why does'nt he run ? his life is worth us a thousand men. Look, look ! he gallops off, at last, an' now let the best o' them ketch him."

A final shout testified the retreat of the Rapparees abroad. Those that remained in the house gave one volley from the windows, and hastened to follow them through the back entrance. The salute was returned by the assaulters, and many bullets whizzed through the glass, by Evelyn's ears. At the same moment a smell of fire became perceptible, and the hall filled with smoke.

"The last bidden is done !" cried O'Moore—"all but mine is done. Kneel down !"—to Evelyn.

"Musha, never heed him, Deermid, for my sake !" suddenly appealed Moya, at last showing a hitherto disguised purpose, as she yet endeavoured to pinion, half in fondling, but with her whole strength, the right arm of the ruffian. Evelyn's eye remained fixed, and he braced himself for an effort.

"No; not for the sake o' the mother that bore me !"

O'Moore answered, shaking her off, as the smoke increased, and a loud assault seemed to be made on the door of the house. At the same time he raised his arm over her head.

—"Then, only because I like it," Moya added, jumping aside, and dashing the cup of wine, which she had placed on the floor, over the pistol. O'Moore pulled the trigger, but the damp powder did not ignite. "Thry a wrastle wid him, now, if you're a man!" she went on, turning to Evelyn, with the spirit and expression of a young tigress. Evelyn did not need the hint; he had closed on O'Moore in an instant. They tugged and strained; but the Rapparee soon flung his antagonist on the floor. Then freeing another pistol from his belt, he was about to discharge it, or to prepare to do so, when Moya, snatching his skein from the same place, struck it into his left shoulder. He fell instantly; rolled over once or twice on the floor; and then, turning his eyes upon her—died. At the same instant the porch door was burst open, and a body of armed men rushed in through the smoke.

"Here comes the dark man, that is your friend," cried Moya, "an' you are safe. God speed you! it's often I seen you afore this night, an' wished you well, when you little thought of me. An' now I'm afther doin', for your sake, what my own blood used to run cold at seein' done. Loock an' speed, I say—an', now an' then, think o' poor Moya Laherty." She hastily kissed his lips, her tears falling on his face, and had passed out of the hall by the time that Walker, followed by a number of strange men, came up with Evelyn.

"He is unhurt!" cried the clergyman, as they exchanged a greeting; "but he is weak. Bear him out, soldiers, and quickly, the house fires fast."

When Evelyn regained his self-possession, in the open air, Walker presented him to other gentlemen, by whom he was surrounded. After mentioning some names, "This," he said, "is Sir Arthur Rawdon; this, my Lord Mount Alexander, your commander. By him, and partly by the very troop you are commissioned to command, your life—I regret I cannot add, your property—has this night been saved. I heard of the attack on your house, by these miscreants; and knowing that you had returned to it, gave an intimation to friends, who were not remiss in your behalf. Look here!" Mr. Walker continued, as the flames, rapidly devouring the combustible building, burst through it at the moment. Then taking Evelyn

aside, "Are you now ready," he asked, "to forswear a King and a Government in whose name such atrocities are perpetrated? Is there now anything to delay you from joining your companions-in-arms?"

"Need I be asked such questions, Mr. Walker? Am I a man, to behold that sight, without a man's feelings? When can I join my brave men? How soon can I have the honour of heading them on good service?"

"This moment you can join them; and very soon, I believe, there may be an answer to your second question. Follow me!"

They regained the group of officers, around and before whom more than one troop had, returning from pursuit, got into order.

"Men!" cried Walker, addressing one of them, "behold your captain, Mr. Robert Evelyn."

They waved their caps; and the shout of recognition with which he was received thrilled through the veins of Evelyn.

Jerry disappeared with the Rapparees; his nephew supposed to join them and their liberal courses, with a free will.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"TYRCONNEL," said Walker to Evelyn, as the next day they took their route, along with Lord Mount Alexander and Sir Arthur Rawdon, and the body of men they commanded, to garrison Dromore and Newry, two considerable towns in the county of Down; the latter, so far southward, as almost to border on the province of Leinster—"Tyrconnel, having seen the mistake he made in sending the gallant Mountjoy to Derry, has, after issuing a vain proclamation against our Northern Union, at last appointed a proper man to command his rebel army. I mean Lieutenant-General Hamilton."

"He who has served with such character in France?" asked Evelyn.

"The same; and more. The very man who, having been taken prisoner in England at the head of the first Irish levy sent over to assist James, caused, by his counsels to the Prince of Orange, the present obstinate continuance of Papist spirit in Ireland."

"How so, Mr. Walker?"

"It is known that he prevailed on William to allow him to pass into Ireland, only on the conditions of doing all in his power to persuade Tyrconnel to give up the cause of the abdicated bigot. Before his arrival here, the Lord Lieutenant, dispirited by the flight of James, the arming in the north, and the general bad prospect of affairs, was well disposed to listen to such counsel. But the moment Hamilton found himself in Ireland, instead of urging the advice he had agreed with the Prince to follow, he applied himself, by every argument in his power, to rally Tyrconnel's hopes, and change his plans from submission to resistance. He succeeded; and the result is the near approach of a civil war. James is every day expected from France in person; and the campaign opens by the march of Hamilton from Dublin, to put down our Protestant levies, and reduce Derry to submission. Let him try both. I do not fear the trial of either."

"Nor I," said Evelyn, "with such brave fellows as now surround us. Has Hamilton yet left Dublin?"

"We surmise he has; but we are prepared for him."

"Where is it proposed to make the first stand?"

"Look around you," said Walker, as they approached the suburbs of a small town. "This is Hillsborough, the principal rendezvous of our newly-levied force. See, yonder spreads their camp, and a considerable body quarter in the town. But it is resolved to push on a good army to Newry, and there first try the mettle of this invader of our Protestant north."

"How fares the Munster Union, Mr. Walker?"

"I grieve to say, already broken up by the perseverance of its enemies. We, however, are better prepared, and must succeed better: the Lord is with us, and the Evil One against us. Farewell! here we part, as I take a western road, to return to my own charge—the strong place of Dungannon."

By quick marches, Evelyn, his noble commanders, and their strong detachment, joined by the main force of the army at Hillsborough, gained Newry on the evening of the same day. Arrived there, two pieces of intelligence awaited them: first, that William and Mary had been crowned in London in the middle of the last month; secondly, that Hamilton was certainly on his route from the Irish metropolis. The one event was hailed by public acclamations, and by

proclaiming the new monarch; the other met attention the bustle of preparation that immediately became evident. Men and officers spent every available hour in acquiring a knowledge of the tactics and discipline that, as newly-raised militia, they naturally wanted; and Evelyn, amongst the rest, was on horseback, sword in hand, from morning to night.

Few days were, however, allowed them for this necessary task, when Lieut.-Gen. Hamilton appeared before Newry. As had been determined upon, the officers of the Protestant Union proposed to give him battle. But the spirits of the new soldiers were not found to correspond with this arrangement, and the army accordingly retired to Dromore, before an enemy not superior in numbers, and, after all, chiefly composed of levies as recent as their own, and not better disciplined or appointed.

This movement was, however, useless. Hamilton rapidly followed them to Dromore; and the battle they might as well have ventured at Newry, there became necessary. It was fought, and ended in the total defeat of the Northern Union, amongst whom the slaughter there proved great, as well on the field as along the road to Hillsborough. At Hillsborough, indeed, they made a second stand, but the result was even more unfortunate. The enemy quickly routed them out of the place, pursued, and almost entirely dispersed them; and, seizing the castle and depots, became possessed of all the papers of the General Council of Union, which had previously met at Hillsborough, as well as of the provisions and other stores of the Protestant army. In fact, only four thousand men, kept together by the exertions of Lord Mount Alexander and Sir Arthur Rawdon, were able to muster after this defeat. They, flying over the whole stretch of the county of Antrim, took their route to Coleraine.

In the first action, before Dromore, Evelyn had been slightly wounded. While endeavouring, with some of his brother officers, and a handful of men, to cover the retreat from Hillsborough, a worse accident befell him. One of Hamilton's soldiers slew his horse with a thrust of a handpike, and, ere he could fully extricate himself from the saddle, aimed a second blow at himself. The weapon turned wide of Evelyn, and, striking against a stone, snapt across; but, with the heavy wooden handle, the fellow dealt him a furious knock on the head, and Evelyn lost all consciousness.

When he regained his senses, everything was quiet around him, except the trickle of a little stream near at hand. The moon shone bright, and the stars twinkled merrily through the cloudless blue sky on which his eyes opened. A sensation of extreme cold and numbness affected him; he strove to move; but his first effort was, through loss of blood and consequent exhaustion, useless. At last he sat up. A soldier, also sitting, confronted him, and, with looks of great consternation, demanded if he was alive. Receiving the proper assurances, he acquainted his companion in suffering that, from a bad wound in the thigh, he, too, had been unable to quit the field; but, he added, there was some consolation left; and thereupon he put his hand behind his back, and produced a small bottle of brandy, and a good piece of oaten bread.

"I hid 'em," he said, "when I saw you move; but you are now welcome to a share—and a waur thing than a mouthful o' brandy and oatcake ye might have til your supper after such a day. Ah, yon's a gude wife—the best in the bonny north!—and it's now I wonder how I ever took heart to leave her. Ill luck to the Papists! A canny wife singing at the ingle-corner, and a merry loom, and I singing at it, had never brought me to this."

Evelyn thankfully partook of bottle and cake, and soon found himself better. Refreshed, he then moved in the direction of the stream, guided by its sound; washed the black blood from his hair; bathed the wound with another small portion of brandy; bound it, from the chill air, with a handkerchief; and, finally, looked round him for a horse. Of many which grazed quietly on the field, perhaps between the dead bodies of those who a short time since were their masters, he soon selected one; and returning with him to his accidental comrade, announced his intention of trying to get to Derry.

"And leave me here to perish, after my cake and brandy?" the poor fellow asked. But Evelyn assured him they should not part till he had lodged him under some friendly roof in the neighbourhood. The man urged him against his intended journey, for his own sake. The Irish would be abroad, he said, all over the road; he would meet sworn enemies at every step. And Belfast—that would be filled with Hamilton's soldiers, and he could never pass it; and, even if he did, Hamilton

would be before him at Derry, and he never could get into the town.

The prospect of these manifold dangers did not deter Evelyn from his purpose. He raised the wounded man to the saddle; led the horse, till he had succeeded in finding the residence of a Protestant peasant; there deposited his charge; and now mounting, himself, took a bye-road towards Belfast. Although he agreed with his Job's comforter that some danger must be incurred in trying to pass by or through Belfast, Evelyn had stronger apprehensions of the road further on, at Carrickfergus. Still he determined, using the utmost caution, to risk everything rather than stay away from his sister, during the siege that now threatened the city in which she resided. He thought if he could but succeed in clearing the two towns, already mentioned, he might, with little prospect of interruption, then continue his journey along the coast-road, on which, in the beginning of this tale, we have already seen him a traveller. The better to take his chance, Evelyn, on his first stage, at the early break of day, divested himself of his military costume and accoutrements, retaining only a case of small pistols, and assuming the dress of a peasant, put his trust in heaven, and pursued his perilous way.

Belfast was cleared; Carrickfergus was left behind; and Evelyn's spirits rose, as he found himself free, and seemingly unobserved, on the rude mountain-road, before described, between the villages of Larne and Glenarm. He dismounted at the door of a miserable cabin to seek some food. While he partook of it, the woman of the hovel informed him that, early that morning, a party of Lord Antrim's Redshanks had been scouring the country in quest of the Protestant runaways from Hillsborough; that they had gone the very road he came, arranging to return; and that, as he had not met them, they must have taken another course, across the hills, and could not be far off.

This intelligence put an end to his towering hopes; but he was really alarmed when the poor woman, standing at the door, interrupted her own narration by declaring that she now got a glimpse of the Redshanks, returning. Evelyn was on horseback in a moment. Ere he dashed spurs into his good stout steed, he looked back in the saddle, and plainly saw a *military party* just mastering the brow of the last hill he had

cleared on the road. But as he then started very near the summit of another, and in a few minutes could put it between him and them, he yet held hopes of escape, by concealment.

So, on he pressed against the steep road; his horse, though jaded, not refusing to put forth its whole strength, to gain the relief of the level at the top of the ascent, and the sweep downward at the other side. But, ere the willing animal could so far serve his temporary master, the effort became too much for him, and he fell.

Evelyn jumped up, uninjured; but when he regained his seat in the saddle, whip and spur failed in their usual effect. Again looking back, he saw the mounted soldiers stop a moment to speak with the old woman he had just quitted, and then gallop towards him with increased speed. Thus pressed, Evelyn altogether abandoned the horse; and trusting to his own feet, bounded up the hilly road, soon gained level ground, and lost sight of his pursuers.

But he knew that, by keeping the straight way, he could conceal his person and motions from them only during the time they took to achieve his present vantage-ground. This made him determine to trust for safety to some retreat among the rude scenery at either side. He broke, therefore, at his right hand, through a natural fence of wild bush, which, in line with more solid boundaries, had hitherto shut out all prospect, in that direction, save the sky. Looking down, there was now a vast and sudden sweep of green land, immediately under him; a tremendous valley, in fact, running parallel to the road; with successive falls of rough ground beyond it, and the ocean seen over all. He plunged almost headlong down; and, his legs failing him at the first bound, he rolled with great rapidity, though without material hurt, to the bottom; ran across to its opposite side; soon mastered the summit; and ere he proceeded farther, once more glanced behind him. The height from which he had cast himself seemed immense. Upon it the Redshanks stood, as if wondering at his progress, or uncertain how they should follow him. In another instant they were in motion, and Evelyn was at the far side of the valley, again shut out from their notice.

On he hurried, over height after height, the ground now rocky and wild, and each descent dipping lower than the former one, until he gained a level, which, extending horizontally right and left, gave promise of an easy approach to

the sea, whose waters did not, to his inexperienced eye, seem far removed from it, nor far under it. So, mustering his last strength and speed, he raced to the edge of the level, gained it, and was preparing to jump over, when he started back in horror from a precipice that fell, straight under him, into a dizzy depth and space of the wildest and most broken ground, which, sweep after sweep, curve after curve, still lay between him and the ocean.

Evelyn looked round almost in despair; a cruel, and, from private causes, a particularly enraged foe at his back, and nothing before him but the impassable or merciless precipice. His nerves got into some disorder; his self-possession wavered; he half felt the not unusual and terrible impulse to cast himself forward; but, at the moment, a large eagle screamed over his head—his eye became diverted—his attention fixed—he looked up at the royal bird, and saw it, with outstretched wings, descending, slowly and stately, from its realm of mid-air, uninfluenced by the angry gust that came from the ocean. Almost at the same time, a fox started close by Evelyn, his bush trailing the ground, and his neck cowering. The eagle, not regarding him, suddenly shot, at Evelyn's left, into the wild depth beneath, and became invisible. The eye of our fugitive followed, by an impulse of hope, the track of the less noble animal, traced him along the continued edge of the precipice to his left, and saw him, as the range became depressed, disappear along it. With the hardihood of despair, he followed the rugged way thus pointed out. In a moment the fox again met his eye, still pursuing the still sinking line of the precipice, and, at last, deviating from it into the rocky valley. Evelyn reassumed his full speed; in a short time arrived at a place where the wall of rock had ended, and where a descent from the high ground was rendered practicable, though very difficult, along the steep side of a pathless, rock-strewn, and crumbling hill. Without a moment's pause, however, and, now, without venturing to look behind him, he recommenced his flight into the abyss, calling upon it, in his heart, to give him, against the hatred of his fellow-men, some savage shelter it did not refuse to the wild animal sight had opened it to him.

ed necessarily checked, and with a precaution that ssance of close pursuit could not affect, he continue his scrambling way obliquely downward,

and at last sank, completely exhausted, amid an inclosure of shivered rock, and little mounds of earth and stone, one of many similar retreats around him. Here Evelyn lay panting for some time, he could not tell how long, when his attention was re-excited, by the falling of loose earth and stones, over his head. Starting to his feet, and looking up, he saw four men, in rude military costume, half-visible over the highest part of the inclosure, and with their carbines, covering him, rested upon it.

"Stand! stand!" they cried out; and, as they spoke, an officer hastily parted from them, evidently with intent to approach Evelyn by a more circuitous way. He had thus a moment's reflection. Determining not to be dragged from his mountain lair, without a bloody struggle, he disengaged, with as little motion as possible, a pistol from his inside belt, cocked it, and put his finger on the trigger.

The officer soon appeared, entering the little amphitheatre by the same opening through which Evelyn had passed into it. Evelyn stood with his side to him, fully and desperately prepared. Advancing nearer, his sword drawn—

"I arrest you, in the name of King James!" he exclaimed: "surrender or die."

"No surrender!—death!—but not alone!" replied Evelyn, discharging his pistol. The moment he had pulled the trigger, he recognised his old friend, Edmund M'Donnell. With a loud cry, he let his pistol fall, clasped his hands together, started back, and cried—"Merciful God! what have I done!"

"Nothing, Mr. Evelyn," answered M'Donnell, quite unhurt. "Soldiers!"—speaking up to them, as, at the report of the shot, they again brought to bear on Evelyn the arms that their officer's approach to the fugitive drew for a moment from their mark—"soldiers!—recover arms!—I am not hit—it was accident. You have done nothing, sir; for I see you no more knew me, than, in such a garb, I knew you."

"There you do me justice. I did not know you, by my life, M'Donnell; and you cannot, yourself, rejoice more heartily than I do, that my shot has proved harmless."

They stood a moment silently regarding each other.

"Now," Evelyn continued, as, with the rapidity of a springtide, old recollections swelled up in his heart—"now let us, again exchange—and with more consistency than

ever—the hostile greeting you gave me on the banks of the Foyle, Edmund."

M'Donnell offered his hand; but not so sternly as before.

"And now," added Evelyn, presenting his second pistol—"now I am your prisoner."

"Not so," answered M'Donnell, his own eyes glistening, as he refused the pistol—"not so, for two reasons. You would have followed up your shot, by a second, had I been a stranger. Perhaps your first had told better, but for your confusion at seeing me. And, had I known your person, we should not have met thus, at all. I need not say that personal feelings act, in the breast of an honorable man, so as to turn him aside, on his public course, from injuring a private—enemy—foe—or one he is not friends with—rather than impel him to use official power for their gratification. We are both above the meaness of seeking or even availing ourselves of a personal advantage, thus obtained. Therefore, you are no prisoner of mine," he added, sheathing his sword—"you cannot—could not be. There has been no struggle, and therefore no victory. There is now no summons, and therefore no surrender."

"You have argued it fairly, I believe. I thank you, M'Donnell," said Evelyn, much moved.

"If I have argued it only fairly, thank me not at all," returned M'Donnell.

"Captain M'Donnell, wull your honour please to bring oop the prisoner?" here demanded the sergeant of the party, a braw Scot, who, rather late on the field, had just arrived with the remainder of the men, excepting those left behind to take charge of the horses.

"This gentleman cannot be made our prisoner," answered Edmund; "on the contrary, particular circumstances give him a claim on our protection. Draw off the men, sergeant, to Glenarm, and I will stay to conduct him out of this difficult place." A mutter, if not a murmur of voices, was heard amongst the men above. The sergeant again spoke, requesting to know, with all duty, "what for did the gentleman flee awa', then?" adding, that many of the men thought his honour might be mistaken, inasmuch as the gentleman was well known to them, as Master Robert Evelyn, a traitor in arms against King James; one whom Lord Antrim particularly wished to secure; and, along *with that,* one who had done muckle wrong and insult to

the clan M'Donnell, and to his honour's ain sel, as the head of that clan.

M'Donnell, in an angry tone, again desired the sergeant and men to retire, on pain of disobedience of orders. He was answered sturdily enough, that an older soldier than his honour, might take the liberty of judging how it was that orders were really disobeyed: that the men were unwilling to return to Glenarm without their prisoner, whom, heaven knew, they had risked limb and neck to secure. Finally, that it was for his honour to calculate the consequences of sending him back, empty-handed, to make such a report, as he should be obliged to make, to their commander-in-chief, the Earl of Antrim; the consequences to his honour's self, as well as to the speaker.

A louder murmur followed this speech.

"Do you mutiny, scoundrels?" asked M'Donnell, in much anger.

A fellow, with a red bushy head, abruptly replied that they were nothing but true and loyal clansmen. But that they would best prove they were such by "having her tamned Sassenach up awa' to ta laird's big hoose." And a clatter of arms ensued.

"Ground arms, this moment!" cried their young officer; but, to his surprise and alarm, the old sergeant roared out a contrary order; and while many voices applauded him, plumply told M'Donnell that it was he himself who acted a disloyal part; that he should be made to feel it; and that, for the present, the men should have their prisoner.

"I am ready to go with you," here interposed Evelyn. "I own myself your prisoner; and wish neither to accept your officer's generosity, nor expose him to your hostility for exercising it. M'Donnell," he continued, lowering his voice, "this must not be; your honour, perhaps your life, is at stake; I insist on your doing your duty as King James's officer."

"Absurd!" cried Edmund; "my duty I will do, in spite of the mutinous and insulting conduct of these fellows, or even in spite—though, pardon me, Evelyn, your course is well meant, is honorable, and I value it accordingly. Black Coll!" he went on, addressing one of the soldiers, his foster-brother, who immediately bounded down to his side. They spoke a word together, in Irish. Black Coll, after a moment's pause,

clutched his broadsword firmer, spit on it, and twirled it in his hand, looking at once determined to do or die for his commander. Both then harangued the men, in the same language, and a division of forces took place, the sergeant remaining at the head of but a third of the party. "Ground arms, now, ye dogs!" again cried Edmund, "or take a dog's death!"

The mutineers did so; their countenances showing, however, something in final reserve.

"Off with them to Glenarm!" he continued; and those who were faithful to him, gathering up the arms of the others, all began to move up the ascent. But not before one of the victors ran down to whisper Black Coll, very earnestly, who in his turn whispered M'Donnell, with increased vehemence; and when his foster-brother, after a moment's thought, only gave a "pshaw!" in answer, he moved to rejoin his party, half in dudgeon, half in evident anxiety.

The two friends stood, for some time, watching the disappearance of the soldiers among the surrounding heights. At last M'Donnell turned round abruptly, and—

"Now, Mr. Evelyn," he said, "the sooner we get down to the shore, and, along it, by Glenarm, to some safe place, the better. I lead, sir, as I know this wild ground well. But you are ill, Evelyn, or weak; you cannot stand," he continued, as, at the first effort to follow him, his old friend grew pale, and tottered. "Sit down a moment—hold—allow me to support you," and he passed his arms around Evelyn, gently placed him in a sitting posture, and still held him up; the two young men feeling, in common, strange sensations; the one at again embracing, and the other at being again embraced by the former friend from whom it had but just now seemed he was for ever parted.

"I see how it is," resumed M'Donnell, as Evelyn recovered; "you have lost much blood lately. Here has been a Papist pike-staff at your head. You were at the Hillsborough affair, last Thursday?"

"You guess it, indeed," answered Evelyn.

"Well, you see how it went. That was a bad beginning for you; but let us pass it. It might have been our own fortune, or the fortune of brave men, at any time. Do you feel better?"

"Much better; quite able to follow you, now. It was not the loss of blood alone, but some fatigue and fasting, day and *night, since*; with, as you know," he added, smiling, "a good

runaway and scramble among these wild hills and rocks all day."

"And I the hunstman—I say nothing of my pack—without intending it. It is a wild place, indeed; yet it has its beauty too. Come, if you can walk and climb a little still, follow me, and admit as much. I am sorry I have no refreshments to offer you," as they proceeded, "but I know a lone house, lying between us and the shore, the only one in this entire district, where we may help you to something. And now, look around."

They had emerged from the little retreat, and Evelyn found himself in the midst of successive inequalities of mound and rock, running at every side, while no one form resembled another, into the most picturesque, fantastic, and peculiar lines and shapes. Sometimes he caught a perspective of thin and shattered rock, shooting up into configurations such as art might give them, rent here and there, and admitting, through and through, the slanting beams of the declining day, as if through so many archways, windows, and loop-holes of a line of ruinous palaces and fortresses. Yet, in some of the spaces left between these pilings-up of rock and earth, spots of the tenderest verdure, clusters of the earliest spring flowers, were to be found, looking as fresh and as dainty as if some hand more careful than the rude one of the wilderness had been about them. Upon one very level spread of ground, almost entirely inclosed by bulwarks, such as have been described, there was a covering of primroses, blue-bells, and daisies, made out by alternate patches, rather than intermixtures, of each kind of wild flower, so closely wrought, so smooth and even, so brilliant, and showing so many curious figures, that here again it seemed as if the solitary sport of nature had been in rivalry with art, to produce a carpet after which even luxurious Turkey might vainly toil in imitation. But all these things were only the minor, though more fascinating features of the scene in which he stood. Before him, in continued sweep and curve, the land fell—nay, was hurled to the ocean, which, its shore yet hidden, now expanded beyond the last shattered line in the evening sun. Nearly opposite was the remote Point of Garron. Behind him towered the abrupt and majestic precipice, with—that nothing might be wanting in unique beauty—the crescent moon just faintly peering over the white mass of rock.

"And this," said M'Donnell, after they had made some progress, still over hill and hollow, towards the beach—"this is the little Deer Park of Glenarm. It is so called, I know not why, since it shows few features of a park, great or small; unless the name be applied in compliment to the few wild deer, that, time out of mind, have been allowed to range through it, rather, indeed, on account of the impossibility of chasing them through it, or out of it, than with any feeling of indulgence to them. It is, however, a tremendous, and to me a most delightful solitude. Here might a man rove or sit, and—. But we lose the evening. One scramble more, and we reach your house of rest. Adieu, then, to little Deer Park, with all its delights, as fast as possible."

The first shadows of evening fell around them as they continued their often-interrupted descent towards the shore. Both relapsed into silence inspired by the scene. Often, too, forgetful of the lateness of the hour, they paused to survey its ever-changing features, now rendered even more impressive by the gloom which began to wrap their depths and recesses. Peculiar and indescribable loneliness was the character of the place. The wild deer started by them, to seek his heathy lair, or the king of birds floated majestically towards his eyrie, or the lonely and melancholy crane was seen perched, at a distance, on the pinnacle of some seashore rock, only to give, by contrast, a stronger sense of solitude. Nor did the sounds they listened to—the heavy booming of the sea—the wild screams of its gulls—the bark of the fox among the more remote hills—the hoot of the owl, or the croak of the raven, from the precipice behind, unfitly echo through such scenery. Like the light which but made darkness visible, these noises only served to confirm a sense of the reigning silence.

In this mood of excited feeling, a similar effect was produced by the appearance of the solitary house M'Donnell had spoken of. Its individuality of character had no influence over the vast desert of hill and water around it; nor could the assurance, that it gave shelter to one or two human beings, induce any cheery expectations of human fellowship. The two young men held their way to it in continued silence. The evening had crept deeper over the sky; all sharp effects of light and shade had disappeared from the bulwark precipice behind, and from the heaps of natural ruin it overhung

Everything looked monotonously brown and undefined; amongst the rest, the hut they were approaching, of which the thatch, alternately bleached, blackened, or patched with dark green, could scarce be distinguished from the similarly-tinted crags with which it grouped. Our friends gained the rock-strewn platform before it; all was silent within; no lights appeared through the windows. They stood stationary an instant, both experiencing feelings as agitating as they were novel and unaccountable. At last, M'Donnell entered the black, wide-open doorway, and Evelyn followed him closely. The house contained but two large apartments, divided by the passage running straight from the door, along which they stepped. Other doors on either hand opened into these rooms. M'Donnell stood at one, Evelyn at the other; after a moment's survey, they changed places. Nothing was to be seen in either of the apartments, except large dark masses, that, in the deep shade of the corners, could not be at once analyzed, and no living creature appeared. They tried to exchange a glance across the passage, and hastily left the house.

Abroad, they again stopped. "I do not understand why my sensations should be as they are," M'Donnell said; "but, to me, there has been something heart-chilling—something I never before experienced, in finding that house so unexpectedly deserted."

"Our sensations are common, then," said Evelyn; "I did not like to remain in it."

"But a few weeks ago it was inhabited by a man to whom Lord Antrim had given nominal care of the wild deer of the place, and by his numerous family: what can have become of them all? Let us conquer this childish nervousness, and enter the house again; perhaps some one yet is to be found in it; either its old or some new inhabitants. You noticed the dark shapes in the corners?"

"I did—let us in," answered Evelyn.

They recrossed the threshold, and stepped lightly along the short passage. They separately entered the two rooms, and, a moment after, again confronted each other in the passage, more agitated than before.

"Hush!" said M'Donnell, in a whisper, "all around this room," pointing into the doorway he had issued from, "armed men are sleeping."

"And in this also?" said Evelyn. "Do you know who they are?"

"No; how could I know?"

"But I do—speak lower—tread softly—let us get out, and I will explain."

They accordingly left the hut a second time, and walked rapidly away from it. "These men," he resumed, "are part of a Rapparee army from the south, who, joined to their whole body, have lately been routed from my house, after they had possessed it for some days, plundered, and finally set fire to it. They now, I suppose, await here a re-union with their scattered party. Extreme fatigue, assisted perhaps by the desolate security of the place, has sunk them in the deepest sleep. But a ray of twilight, such as it is, streaming down from the broken roof, showed me the gigantic limbs of a man, which, though his dark cloak envelopes his face and the rest of his person, can belong to no other than the great Rapparee general, Galloping Hogan. While, by his side, I distinguished the features, simpering even in sleep, of our old acquaintance, the Whisperer. Startled as I was at this discovery, I ventured another glance around in quest of a person who, albeit my near relative, I expected to find in their company; I mean my uncle Jeremiah. But I could see no form that corresponds to his. Did you happen to light on such a one in the other room?"

"No," replied M'Donnell; "but your whole account surprises me. These fellows have plundered and burnt your house, you say?"

"They have left me, for the present, penniless.

"Where were you when it happened—with your corps?"

"No; nor did I take a sword in my hand; until returning to the house of my birth, I found it held by these men in the name of King James, and at last saw it consumed to ashes by their hands."

"Ha! small wonder that you then acted like an outraged man. But, Evelyn, one discrimination you must make. King James no more authorizes the violence of these scoundrels, than King—the Prince of Orange does. On the contrary, his Irish justices are just now about to take a special circuit to try and put them down. And no wonder; for the rieving Rapparees prey on friends as well as foes, whenever it suits *their con*venience; attacking and plundering the suttlers

and other people belonging to our camps; and even besieging and storming the houses and castles of Roman Catholic gentlemen."

"I am glad, at all events, that such men are not recognised by the more legitimate spirit of your party," said Evelyn.

"My *party*, sir," replied young M'Donnell, resentful of the tone in which these words had been spoken, "are, doubtless, thankful to *you* for your good opinion. But, now we at last gain the shore, it behoves us to make as much speed as we can out of this place; there are reasons why we should be speedy, and prudent, too. Do you feel strong enough for a last scramble, over rock and stone, by the seaside?"

Evelyn answering in the affirmative, they moved on, in resumed silence.

## CHAPTER XIX.

NEARLY on a level with the sea, our friends continued their course along a natural causeway of soft white stones, made with much uniformity by the tide, which, from time to time, cast up the material in its flow, and confirmed it in a certain shape at its ebb. After a quarter of an hour's walk, this footing failed, and they found the remainder of the beach, as far as they proceeded, heaped with round, black rocks, great and small, from one to another of which they were obliged to step, or else clamber over or round the bases of some, that, from their bulk, proved otherwise impassable. Here and there, among an unusual confusion of these mountain-fragments, they encountered a rock of gigantic magnitude, leaning, angle-ways, against a second, that similarly inclined to it, both thus forming a rude archway, through which it seemed foolhardy to pass, but which afforded, nevertheless, the only outlet for pursuing their way.

All this time, the evening grew darker and darker, yet not unusually so. Though threatening towards the decline of day, the sunset had been almost cloudless; and the stars now began to peep out through a clear cold sky. But the breeze came from the ocean fresher than was pleasant; assisting with its impetus, as M'Donnell soon perceived, a rapid and furious tide.

"We must hasten," he said, after glancing sharply along the savage beach, "or this tide may prove more troublesome to us than Rapparee or Redshank."

They accordingly quickened their steps, over stone and rock, till they arrived at the edge of a little inlet, in which the tide was breaking, tumbling and roaring, with a heavy surf.

"Fairly baffled, by St. Senanus!" cried M'Donnell, in tones of dismay.

"And what are we to do?" asked Evelyn.

"Nothing for it but climb up as fast as we can. You see it is impossible to pass yon pile of rocks that meets the hill-side, more inland; and in ten minutes the stones we stand on will be many feet under water. Follow me; though, in truth, I know not how or where to lead, having never entered or left this unlucky place except by the beach, at low tide, or by the hill-path, in the direction we have come from, and by which, as I judge, you gained the spot where I first found you. Yet, courage! I have heard of an old track from the brow of the precipice, at the village side, winding all through the successive sweeps between us and it. If we can find that, it will serve. At all events, we must now change our place."

So saying, he led the way, and Evelyn followed, up the side of a steep hill, that took its rise about thirty yards from the beach; both hastening away from a great swell of tide, which, before they moved, had broken over their feet. Evelyn, quite unused to such exercise, found the ascent he was engaged in very severe, to say nothing of its peril. The hill produced but a meagre vegetation, and was composed, on the surface at least, of coarse, loose earth and unbedded stones, which gave little assurance either to hand or foot. The wavy kind of furrows into which it had—heaven knows how—become broken, afforded, as he crept upward in an oblique direction, the best help. But even this surface sometimes disappeared, and was succeeded by a vein of bare, mouldering ground, at the least safe places too—across which Evelyn felt both difficulty and alarm in endeavouring to pick his steps. M'Donnell pressed on, however, with little seeming toil or apprehension, some distance before his companion. One way or another, the effort was persevered in by Evelyn; until, after more than a quarter of an hour's uninterrupted climbing, *he was at* last obliged to cry out for a rest; and, clinging to

he soil with one hand, sank, completely exhausted, in a sitting osture. Thus situated, his face was, for the first time since eir ascent, turned downward to the beach. When he easured, with one hasty glance, the great height he now and himself elevated from it, and, with another, spanned e continued towering of steeper hills above him—the barrier recipice frowning over all; when he felt his position so inse- ure, that the slipping of almost a handful of clay might have een enough to whelm him among the rocks, or into the oiling ocean below; and while his strength seemed altoge- her unable to dare the incalculable strain yet necessary to ee him, if he could be freed, from present danger—the lood chilled at his heart, and he felt such a shuddering for ife as, perhaps, none can imagine, save those who, like him, ave, for the first time, stood in a similar situation.

But, after a good rest, and many assurances from M'Donnell hat he thought they should soon come on the right path, Evelyn found his novel misgivings gradually give way, and is strength return. Again he followed his guide over round somewhat less difficult, wondering at the weakness of is recent apprehensions. Evening now began to yield to ositive night. The hillside grew indistinct, and increased aution in placing their steps became necessary. As they dvanced (Evelyn knew not whither, for he ventured no fur- her looks up or down), this necessity increased. Once again the soil proved smooth and loose, and the hill, the second in elevation they had climbed, almost perpendicular. But up they still pulled; Evelyn ashamed to request another pause, and, indeed, from the nature of the ground, afraid also. Still up, without any promise of an end to their toil; and, after all his resolves and efforts to the contrary, Evelyn again sank upon a ledge of rock, almost reckless whether or no it remained firm under him.

"I fear I shall not be able to proceed farther, to-night, M'Donnell," he said, as his friend, retracing the way he had been in advance, came to join him.

"Good heart! good heart!" answered M'Donnell, heerily; "only try once more, and all will be over. I ave found the path. At about twenty yards on, it winds, ig-zag, over the bosom of yon other dip of hill, which e have nearly gained. And see, a little on still, and a ttle upward, where the precipice, gradually encroached on

by that hill, at length meets its top—there is our firm and level ground."

This, little farther-on-and-upward, proved, to Evelyn's view, immeasurably high and distant. He did not, however, refuse, after a short breathing time, the last effort he was called on to make; and once more young M'Donnell led the way.

"Here it is!" he resumed, after another long and strong pull; "we are now on the path. And see—yon's an inclosure of some kind—a park-wall, I think—so, we must be nearer to release and relief than we had reckoned. It *is* a wall—come on!"

But the young mountaineer, experienced as he generally was in such kind of scenery, now proved altogether at fault. He ascended no regular, or even irregular path, formed by man's foot, but a wild sheeptrack, worn by flocks of those animals, just as wild as it, and, in their wanderings amongst the hills, nearly as adventurous and nimble as goats. Neither did he see a park-wall, nor any other wall raised by man's hands; but a natural wall of rock, which often shoots from the summits to the bases of a range of basalt hills, completely intersecting them; and, in many cases, having a ditch or a dyke at one or both sides, accompanying it through its whole course, and, therefore, partly conferring its present name of whyndyke. He is not charged, indeed, with being ignorant of that present name, as applied to the object he then looked upon, inasmuch as its invention and use are of a very recent date. But had not his eye been cheated of its usual power of determining proportions, as well by the tremendous scale of the only common objects around, as by the darkness, and, perhaps, his own impatience, it should have informed him that what he took for a low park-wall, of about five feet high, was, in fact, fifteen feet high, at the point in which he saw it.

Full of his own idea, however, young M'Donnell scrambled on; the increasing steepness and looseness of the hill over which he stepped scarce baffling his foot, or checking his ardour.

"Here it is, indeed!" he again said, now within a few yards of the dyke. "A good step across, and a catch at the top of the wall, is all we want—over, then!"

He half-bounded, half-stepped across, and, as he had purposed, vainly strove to catch at the top of the natural barrier. *His hand*, not reaching half-way, grasped a slight projection

ɜ, just as his legs, overstrained, and in an untenable
ı, rested, one on the far and slippery edge of the dyke,
er on the more solid, though still dangerous ground he
t abandoned. Thus situated, Evelyn found him, as,
ı alarm, he gained his side. He was more alarmed
ɔven in the imperfect light, he saw M'Donnell's jaw
ınd his face grow ashy pale. Nor did the words he
, when Evelyn offered his hand, serve to alleviate
ɔnsion.

ıch me not!" he cried, or rather screamed—"touch
, if you would not share my fate! I am lost for ever!
'th crumbles from under my feet—the stone slips from
ıd—and beneath me is an uninterrupted yawn of
ls of feet, to the beach! Stand back, Evelyn—look
ɑ down—it will overpower you. But, farewell!—and
ɣ sister!"

ır hand! your hand!" interrupted Evelyn! "this ob-
is madness—come, I have it now. Keep yourself col-
Do not pull me, nor spring round. This near foot is
ɔugh—rest on it, and plant the other here, too, while
ıgainst your weight. I am pretty safe; a furze-root
e a grasp on the hill. Now—slowly!"

ıall but drag you with me!" cried Edmund, as he
o follow these orders, given by a man who rose in
cy of spirit with real occasion. "We shall but perish
r!"

ır not; or if so, let it be so!" cried Evelyn. "Turn—
ıow—your foot on yonder little rise. Bravo, M'Don-
ɑ are safe!"

embraced each other, both sinking on the most secure
ɔ hillside afforded.

ɨ now, Evelyn," said M'Donnell, after he had some-
gained his breath and self-possession, "you, I fear,
ke the lead in this adventure."

ou allow me to prescribe our movements," answered
ıpanion, "I would advise, then, after retracing our
ong this last wild track, to gain some secure, level
where we may rest for the night, and await the cheer-
ɔf day in freeing ourselves from this fastness of hill
ɛ."

d on, at all events, to such a resting-place; here is no
ting. We shall then talk more on the subject. But

first Evelyn—dear Evelyn!" he added, with all the old cor ality of manner, "accept my thanks for the part you ha just acted. I know your nature now for the first time thanks! thanks!"

"I will not have thanks from you, dear M'Donnell," s Evelyn.

"A renewal of friendship, then, soldier-foes, as we are. W that serve?"—taking his hand.

"That will serve," answered his reinstated friend, his vo broken, as they exchanged a warm pressure.

Downward they immediately moved, Evelyn leading t way, along the sheeptrack they had last followed, and wh had so nearly led them to their ruin. Arrived at the po where they first struck into it, Evelyn looking attentiv around him; and pointing to a wide gully, or wat course, between two hills, very precipitous, and runni up so high as to be almost lost in the darkness, challeng M'Donnell to scale it.

"Wherever may be its origin above," he said, "there, at events, must we find the level ground which concentrates t waters that, during heavy rain, have formed it. The strug upward will prove less toilsome, and, though the gully abrupt, less dangerous than any we have yet made, on accot of the sharp projecting rocks and stones that line its sid Shall we venture?"

"Yes! yes! But, as I know more of these places than y do, with this precaution. Let neither of us look downwa during our progress, nor, if possible, speak a word to e other. There will be little breath to spare; neither let pause a moment. Lead on; attend to yourself, and ne mind me. To prepare, I doff my military coat."

Evelyn began to ascend. As he anticipated, the jutt rocks and stones at first greatly assisted his efforts. I when much time had elapsed, and much way been ma and that still, as he looked up, no termination appeared the gully, this momentary sense of relief was lost in a ret of misgiving, impatience, and the greatest weakness he had felt. Upward he pulled, however—up! up!—perspirat teeming from every pore; and his head getting dizzy, as every step, the broken lines of the savage hills, around and ab him, blurred and ran into each other. The bed of the wa course soon proved less firm, too, than at the outset he l

mund it: large stones slipped from under his feet, and rattled nd thundered downward. This necessarily increased his gitation, both on his own account and that of M'Donnell. t every fragment which leaped away, his own or his riend's death seemed an inevitable result. Often he wished o stop, turn, and look behind, to assure himself of that riend's situation. But he dared not. Towards the edge f the heights over him, his strained eye alone turned, but here found no relief. The ever-varying forms of the lark hills, backed by the sky, perplexed and almost con-ounded him.

More than once he thought some living shapes started to the outline of a height to his left, and then seemed to mingle with the darkness: at last he felt really assured that a human being stood against the dim blue sky, in the same direction. He looked again, scarce pausing in his ascent. Instead of such a figure, there appeared a four-footed form, as if engaged in watching his motions. It stirred, here and there, still inclining its head; and Evelyn, taken by surprise, allowed himself to yield to horrid associations, which froze his blood, and made his hair to bristle, while the thing seemed to swell to a huge size, and assume monstrous particularities of appearance. At this instant, another piece of rock plunged downward; and presently he heard a scream; while, at the same instant, the wild sheep, that had so much worried his spirits, ran off—was succeeded by a flock of others, who all peeped down to reconnoitre the strange visitant of their solitude, and then scampered after their leader, their identity at last evident to the clamberer, whose presence of mind somewhat rallied, in consequence, although the cry he had heard curdled the blood at his heart. It was, he concluded, the last breath of Edmund M'Donnell.

But self-preservation did not allow him to dwell on the ickening thought. The termination of the gully at last appearing, the same powerful stimulus lent him a final effort, nd he soon stood, quite free of it, on a little space of level nd. Hopelessly did his eye then dart down the abyss he ad cleared—no living thing appeared in motion after him. le cast himself on the damp soil in agony and despair. He ushed again to the edge of the watercourse, and now, somening white stirred, a good distance beneath. He riveted his lance, and became assured he saw a moving object, coming

towards him. It grew larger and more distinct; and, prese
M'Donnell's voice was heard, shouting, "Evelyn! Evely
"Here! here! safe, and awaiting you!" he shouted, in r
"Thank God!" returned M'Donnell.

In about five minutes, Edmund gained the edge of the
space, in his white undress, and dreadfully exhausted. E
grasped his arm, and pulled him to his side.

"Why did you cry out?" gasped Edmund.

"It was not I," replied his friend; "but, Edmund, I f
it was you."

"I did not utter a sound till I approached you. What
could it be?"

"I know not; its tone was very horrible."

"It was terrific. From all evil things of this wild,
Heaven deliver us!" said Edmund, piously crossing hims

"Amen," answered his companion; his heart not
from superstitious weakness.

There was a mocking laugh at some distance.

"Amen," echoed a voice.

The young men stared at each other, in dismay and sil
which was at length broken by Evelyn.

"Come," he whispered, "let us lie down on this platf
and trusting ourselves to God, attend the rising of a
friendly morrow."

"It is impossible, Evelyn," answered M'Donnell, in the
tone; "we dare spend no more time here than will ser
recruit our strength; and, though I did not intend
must now tell you why. Draw nearer," he continued, l
ing his voice still more. "You saw Black Coll hold
secret communication with me, as he retired with my
to-day? It was to warn me that he had overheard
sergeant and his friends pledge each other to obtain a suffi
number of men at Glenarm, to intercept us both on our
or pursue us, as the case might be. I make little d
but the moment he reached Antrim Castle he was freed
the custody of my few faithful fellows. Nor—so deac
the present spirit of political hatred on both sic
can I hesitate to believe, that he further obtained
help he spoke of, and has since been looking out fo
This moment, perhaps, we are watched by his spies.
least I am inclined, on reflection, to attribute to one of
*the cry* and sounds we have just heard. Now, the

is this. Should we wait until morning to pass by Glenarm, there is no chance for us; in the darkness of this night our retreat to Glenarriff is possible, and barely possible. Yet, perhaps, our wandering adventure here has been all for the better; perhaps, our non-appearance, farther on our route, at the time we might naturally have been expected, has, until morning, thrown them off their guard. At all events, should we, before daybreak, succeed in getting among my own immediate people, I shall not then value even the hostility of my titled cousin himself. And there is more to urge you. Black Coll will not fail to report, at the Strip of Burne, our situation and peril, when he parted from us; help and friends will be on the road between Glenarm and the caves of Cushindoll; farther, towards proud Antrim's castle they cannot advance. Perhaps, indeed, one or two friends have already been despatched in search of us, and now wander, like ourselves, among these very mountains; friends that might advise us of the best course to be taken, but friends that we cannot see."

"Friends that you cannot see!" echoed the invisible listener.

"I think I know the voice," said M'Donnell, starting. "Come forward, Onagh."

"Onagh it is," the poor girl answered, appearing from a high embankment; "and reason you have to know her voice."

"Was it you that screamed out, just now, Onagh?" Edmund continued.

"And why shouldn't I," she answered, "when I saw the both o' you so far below in the darkness, creeping about like the ship at a distance, when the evening is black and stormy, and I stand at my dour to sign the cross on the waves and wind for it?"

"But, Onagh, why are you so far away from your own house, to-night?"

"For your sake, Edmund M'Donnell," she answered; "an' at the biddin' o' your own people. I am sent to clear your road o' some that are waitin' to give you no welcome on it; an' I'm to walk before you, as others once walked before me, to the threshold o' my house, by the bay-side."

"Who sent you?" asked M'Donnell, apprehending something either from the sincerity or consistency of Onagh.

"One that wore that ring when she spoke to me," Onagh replied, giving one; "and that wore another, too," glancing at Evelyn, "that is newly come on her finger. Have no fears o' me, Edmund M'Donnell. The turn I am here to do you, I never would refuse to do. Though there is a different cause that I would cross you in, if it were by opening an early grave at your feet. But now, fear nothing." M'Donnell, inattentive to the latter part of her speech, only looked on the ring, which he knew to be his sister's. As he held silence a moment, Evelyn asked in a low tone of Onagh:

"She yet wears *my* ring?"

"She does; and will never part it, Sassenach."

"And does she yet love him who put it on her finger?"

"As well as he loves her."

"Has she told you as much?"

"She told me nothing; no one ever speaks their heart to Onagh. Still, she loves you."

"I am determined to be guided by this poor woman," here interposed M'Donnell; "she gives me a true token, Evelyn. It must also be evident to you that we can soon wholly escape from this place, by following her over the path she has so far descended."

Evelyn agreed to give up his project of spending the remainder of the night among the hills. The young men and their guide moved onward; and after half an hour's further toiling, the friends were led by Onagh to the superior height, from which the precipice took its range, and, over it, into an open, level country, by the very path Edmund had spoken of, and which he had so long sought for in vain.

During a last rest, here, Onagh produced some refreshments, which, though coarse, were well relished by the adventurers, and lent them a little fresh strength to pursue their still dangerous way. Turning to the right, every step now led downward, by easy descents, to the village of Glenarm; and they were on the alert to see if their path remained clear. They gained, however, the brow of the last descent to the bay, without any interruption; and were about to venture forward, when Onagh interrupted them.

"Let me first go down," she said, "and make ye sure, and not sorry. I will run close by the bay, not passing near the houses, the same road you must follow me. If I come back *a step, all is safe*; if I stay away, remain ye where ye are."

› hurried from them; and they soon recognised her , rapidly moving by the edge of the sea, far below. She ›ded a good way along the strand, till she met the road winding with the bay, turned off towards Glenarriff; they could indistinctly observe her pause, and, standing high point, look around her. At last she waved her in the direction they were, and got into motion, return- ›wards them. The friends instantly ran to meet her; ncountering Onagh on the wet strand, about the middle e little bay, all were soon safe on the Glenarriff road.

t as the friends began to congratulate each other, a hank, armed with a carbine, started from behind a ng rock, stood before them on the road, and gave his ›nge.

'riends to King James !" answered M'Donnell. "Good , and speed you !"

'tand !" continued the soldier, presenting his piece. ›nnell rushed on him; they closed; the man's piece went ırmlessly; Edmund wrested it from him, clubbed it, and him a blow that stretched him at his feet. Other shots presently heard towards the village, and a gun was fired the castle.

Jow," said Onagh, "nothing but the speed o' the red can save ye;" and she instantly set a good example of

.

'he poor woman speaks true," exclaimed Edmund; "man ›orse will be on our track in an instant. Hark ! do you lready hear a rush by the rough road near the strand ? am not hopeless yet; there lies the last sentinel between ıd home; the next man we meet will be a friend—at I think and pray so. Let us decide it."

ıh followed Onagh, at the utmost stretch of their limbs ıuscles. They were near the summit of the first ine- y on their road; they soon gained it; and, with re- ›d velocity, shot down its opposite descent.

think you were mistaken," said Evelyn, when they another disheartening hill; "no sounds of pursuit come gh the night."

, may be so; but on !" answered Edmund.

spent and staggering, they approached the second high of the way, the figure of a man was seen standing nless upon it.

"Look!" cried Evelyn.

"Friend or foe, let us front him!" said Edmund. "Hush! hark! I am not mistaken now: here come the horsemen!"

Beyond what nature could afford they had already exerted themselves. Now, in a final and desperate effort, the young men often fell on the rocky road, as they approached the stranger. Onagh continued to lead the way, frightening, rather than cheering them, by her wild cries of alternate encouragement and despair. At last, as a party of horse clattered down the first hill, they had gained the second.

"Who goes there?" cried the man they had seen at a distance.

"Carolan's voice!" answered M'Donnell. "Is it you, dear Carolan?"

"Speak no words," he resumed, his ear turned towards the coming sounds of alarm; "your pursuers are too near. I am left here to watch for you, by one who, when the shots were fired, galloped back to bring on your own men, in time, or else get the cot ready in the first turn of Red Bay. Up on your horses!" he continued, pointing to a shadowed part of the road, where, to their great joy, three strong saddle horses stood—"up, and do your best!"

"Up, you, with us, Carolan!" cried Edmund, as he and his companion, scarce commanding strength enough for the exertion, made many efforts to gain their saddles—"here is a third horse."

"Heed me not," returned the blind man; "it is better for me to stay here, and speak the Redshanks fair. Soon may we meet again—spur, spur!—I hear the horses under me."

"God bless you, then!" cried the friends, dashing off.

"One left for me!" exclaimed Onagh, springing sideways on the saddle of the third horse, and galloping after them.

Soon after they had got into a third hollow, shots were heard behind.

"He is killed," cried Edmund; "let us ride back, and revenge him."

"Agreed," said Evelyn—"or share his fate."

"This way!—this way!—are you mad?"—cried a shrill voice before them. They looked up the again climbing road, and discerned, at a short distance, a female figure, on horseback, in rapid motion towards them.

"Mind her voice!" exclaimed Onagh; "they will not dare to hurt a hair of the harper's head."

"It must be Eva!" said M'Donnell; "and Onagh is, perhaps, right. We must at least protect my sister."

"My wife!" echoed Evelyn: and they strained against the hill.

"Spur! spur!" continued Eva, as they approached; "the madmen are almost on you! Hear that!" she continued, as some shots came from the top of the second height, and the bullets whizzed past them, or struck against the rocks that crowded the mountain-road.

"Thank God!" she went on, as they joined her. "One rush now down the point, and the cot waits us at the first level of the bay; and you will see a crowd of friends on the opposite shore—ride!"

All dashed, like its own winter-torrent, down the last frightful descent, which has, twice before, been the ground of our story. With iron-clenched knuckles and joints, the reins were held tight, and the brave horses scarce stumbled till they had won the side of the water. Eva flung herself off her jennet; the young men and Onagh followed her example; then all ran to the bay's edge, and jumped into a long, narrow boat, manned with four oars, which there awaited them. The moment they were within it, the men pulled from the shore.

"Row! row!" cried Eva—"row till your veins burst, rather than that the blood of the M'Donnells shall be shed by a brother clan!"

The little boat shot like a seabird across Red Bay, scaring the faint starlight that slept upon its bosom. Scarce had it cleared the shore two ropes' length, when a clatter of horses was heard down the Point of Garron; and, in an instant, the pursuing party stood on the spot where the fugitives had embarked. But a short time only they stood, to observe the progress of our friends, and to give them another volley, when they again dashed spurs into their steeds, in an effort to gain, by a sweep round the square of Red Bay, the point to which the others rowed in a straight line.

"They may get round before us yet!" said Edmund. "I see not the friends you promised, Eva."

"They cannot—must not! Look along the coast to the right—see you not a close body of men darkening over the strand?"

"Yes; but they are too far, and move but slowly to meet us. Pull men! pull!"

"Pull! pull!" echoed Onagh, "for see how the horsemen turn, like a blast, round the bay, and hear how they gallop, gallop! Pull! or may the next wave swallow ye!"

Pull they did, as if, indeed, to shun her malediction. And on came the horsemen, as if they coursed on the "sightless couriers of the air." Already had they nearly gained the second angle of Red Bay; but the boat was near to shore, and the men, to whom Edmund continued shouting, near the point of safety. Another minute, and the pursuers turned the side on which the boat was to land, but which, at the same instant, shot into a little placid creek, fully covered by the timely succour of a host of friends. The pursuers, becoming aware of this, reined up their horses at but a short distance, and then, baffled and enraged, rode back slowly by the bay.

## CHAPTER XX.

"No pause, still!" cried Eva, soon after they had gained the land; "you are too important a prey to escape so easily; your route will be at once ascertained. I reckon that you, Evelyn, are bound to protect your sister, in the besieged northern city. A stronger party will be sent to intercept you on some point of the coast-road, more northward."

"This I believe," said Edmund. "And we cannot even take from your side, sister, in these convulsed times, any portion of these faithful friends—some," he continued, addressing Evelyn, "who, after the repulse at Derry, left Lord Antrim's regiment, and, joined to others who had never quitted Glenarriff, formed a body for the immediate protection of our house."

"You cannot, you mean, take them from our father's side, Edmund," she resumed; "for, think you, I shall see you ride on, in danger, and remain inactive, and oh, how miserable at home! No; your companion I will be till you are out of immediate peril. Heaven knows how you can yet be safely disposed of, till the savage anger of the old Earl and his people

is appeased and reasoned down. But I think that you should push on sufficiently near to the English lines to remain out of reach of your own friends—your foes, alas! for the time."

"What a wretch I am," said Evelyn, "to have caused this trouble and danger to you, Edmund!"

"No," cried Eva, "you caused it not. Or—be that as it may, my brother only did what, if he had left undone, must have made him for ever unworthy of the blood and name he bears. But let us think solely of our present situation."

"A few of our people," said Edmund, "should be quickly despatched along the road we have to travel, and take post about the passes of Knocklaide, outside Ballycastle, as that is the point where, in all probability, Lord Antrim's soldiers, rapidly approaching by another route, will try to intercept us."

This proceeding was, after some discussion, decided upon. Two men accordingly moved in the direction spoken of.

"And now to the Strip of Burne," resumed Eva; "yet only for an hour's rest and refreshment. It is long past midnight, and the early dawn should see us sweeping by the Fair Head, towards Knocklaide."

All turned to the right, to gain the Strip of Burne. As they proceeded, Edmund and Evelyn pronounced, in a breath, and with great alarm, the name of Carolan.

"Fear not for him," said Eva; "he has since been in the South, and is now entrusted with such credentials to Lord Antrim as must insure him not only a safe guidance, but a cordial welcome. None, amongst our enemies, suspect the wanderings of the poor harper; yet was not his late visit to the black north entirely on account of his private griefs, nor as he now returned to it without a purpose. So much I learned from him, this morning, when he crossed our threshold to make a passing visit. And—to speak of other matters—ever, Edmund, shall I forget the zeal and promptness of his feelings and exertions on your and Evelyn's account, when, as we sat conversing together, Black Coll came running from the little Deer Park, to tell us of your danger. He comforted me, he counselled me, and he acted for me. He would not quit my side. And when, at last, the shots sent me back to make one desperate contrivance for your safety, poor Carolan assumed the post of service and of danger, on the road, where you found him."

Accompanied, or rather kept in view by the body of men, they soon gained the Strip of Burne. Once more Evelyn was kindly received by Eva's father; once more he sat in friendship at her father's hearth; once more he sat in friendship by her own side. But he could not avoid noticing in the manner of all, a something that had no share in their former intercourse. Only a few hours ago, Edmund and he had warmly agreed to admit their old understanding; yet Edmund, though kind indeed, was not the Edmund he formerly knew. His permitted kiss was yet warm on the lips of Eva, and she seemed to have forgotten her late hostility; yet she was not the Eva who had once confessed that her soul, life, and happiness were in his keeping. He fancied that the whole show of warmth he met, and all the zeal and devotedness evinced in his behalf, sprang from a spirit of pride, not of returning confidence and affection—from a haughty sense of honorable duty, rather than from a sincere wish to renew the vows that had so often been mutually interchanged.

This view of his situation kept Evelyn restless and dispirited during his short halt in old M'Donnell's house. And such feelings were increased in consequence of the part acted by the dumb man, Con M'Donnell, who, at Evelyn's entrance, had shown him but a cool welcome, and who afterwards refused to sit down to eat or drink with the party; taking his stand on the threshold of the door, and looking wistfully abroad; or else flinging himself on a remote seat, either very seriously or sullenly, and again starting from it to the open doorway.

At last, the man's proceedings became still more strange, if not still more alarming. Getting some sudden whim into his head, he ran suddenly from the door towards Evelyn, took his hat from the table, abruptly presented it to him, and motioned that he should depart. Old M'Donnell checked him, by signs, as Evelyn calmly replaced his hat on the table. But Con seemed little put out of countenance; again he stood at the door; again rushed in, and again urged Evelyn's speedy departure.

"He fears—I should almost say, foretells—some coming danger," said Edmund. "For, afflicted as our poor uncle is—cut off from all ordinary communication with probable occurrences, one can scarce attribute to anything but a spirit of prophecy, the frequent consciousness he has evinced of

approaching events. I will give you a remarkable instance of what I mean.

"One dark, stormy night, in November, when all had retired to rest, he was observed to get hastily out of bed, run to the cowshed, drive out the cattle into an adjacent field, and then return to his sleeping-chamber. The servants, who watched his motions, not wishing to leave the poor animals exposed to the rigour of an inclement night, drove them back again to their shelter, as soon as they thought he was asleep. But to their increased surprise, they had scarcely retired, after doing so, when my uncle again visited the place, again compelled the cattle to leave it, and again went to bed. A second time the servants counteracted his measures; a third time he renewed them. The people, at last getting weary, allowed him to indulge his humour. Towards morning, all were aroused by a great noise; and, on examination, it appeared that the cowhouse had fallen in, oppressed by the weight of a large hayrick that was piled on its roof, and which, had it fallen on the cattle, must certainly have crushed them to death."

The anecdote was not well finished, when the subject of it repeated his urgency to Evelyn.

"Whatever may be his meaning," said Eva, "it is time we were on the road;" and she rose to prepare for her journey. Edmund and Evelyn also rose. When their uncle saw them obviously getting ready, the pleasure he had shown at a prospect of Evelyn's parting yielded to the wildest surprise, terror, and, finally, indignation, as soon as he understood who were to be his companions. He uttered one of his unnatural cries; plucked out of the hands of his nephew and niece the whips, hats, gloves, and other articles they had taken up; shut the door, put his back to it, and with frantic signs commanded them to remain where they were. It took some precious time, and much earnest interference, on the part of his brother, to oblige the dumb prophet of evil to yield a free way to the young party. When he was at length compelled to leave the doorway, he burst off, in a mighty passion, to his own apartment, without any leavetaking; and they could hear him lock himself in, as if implacably enraged and offended. Just before they got on horseback, he as furiously rushed back again, renewed his admonitions in a more entreating style than before, and, when every endeavour failed, burst

into tears, uttered cries of the wildest pathos, clasped his niece and nephew to his heart, and ran, as if despairing, from them.

The young travellers, once more reunited in the dangers of the road, and attended but by two men, who were to return with Eva, set off, on fresh horses, for the village of Ballycastle. The road did not continue to run so near the coast as, between Glenarm and Glenarriff, it had done; but, sweeping through valley after valley, and over hill after hill, shut out, for the greater part of the way, all view of the ocean, taking an almost straight direction towards Fair Head, and dispensing with the curvatures formed, on the way, by Tor Head and other nearer headlands.

Before leaving Glenarriff, Evelyn had silently resolved to lead Eva, if possible, into some acknowledgment of her forgiveness of the past; or, at all events, into some conversation relating to it. For this purpose he took, the moment they started, the most favourable place at her side. Gratified that M'Donnell seemed intentionally to lag behind, in conversation with the men, he now only waited to arrange his thoughts into the best mode of expression, when Eva suddenly turned in her saddle, and called out her brother's name, who, immediately attending her, remained, during the whole night, at her other side. The sister and brother conversed fluently together. Evelyn, disappointed, grieved, and somewhat vexed, was silent.

Often he asked himself why he should be so; why he should consider M'Donnell's presence as an obstacle to any conversation he might wish to hold with Eva. Why, in fact, he did not speak out, before him, as freely as he wished to do with his sister, inasmuch as the explanation he was disposed to give certainly concerned the one as much as the other. Often, too, having persuaded himself of the propriety, indeed necessity, of such a course, he was about to break silence, and begin. But, as often, his heart, or his temper failed him; he felt disinclined, he knew not why, to humble his spirit to young M'Donnell; or, at least, to address to him, in common with the woman of his choice, any words that would acknowledge the rash and unfeeling part he well knew he had acted.

Wondering, perhaps, at his taciturnity, M'Donnell directed to him, from time to time, a question or remark upon some

common subject; or Eva appealed to him for an opinion, in support of her own, and connected with subjects discussed by herself and her brother. But the brief or embarrassed replies of Evelyn, giving, unknown to him, an appearance of reserve and coolness—they were, in fact, only the natural result of his agitated state of feeling—his friends soon became as taciturn as himself. Their journey thus continued a very cheerless one; the bad road, and the monotonous succession of hill and valley, valley and hill, little cultivated, scarce inhabited, and lying blank and undefined in darkness, contributing not a little to the dreariness of their sensations.

But when the morning broke, and that the travellers, sweeping over a commanding eminence, saw it calling into shape the distant ocean to their right and straight before them; the islands that lay upon it, the bold headlands that ran into it, and the intervening hills, clad in green or brown, or crested with rocky pinnacles—the spirits of each rose with the rising day, and, all individual vexations for a moment unthought of, they felt cheered, if not happy.

"Yon," said Eva, pointing to the headland right before them, and which lay at about three miles' distance—"yon's the Fair-Head."

"Why called fair, I know not," said her brother, "for 'tis as foul a point as ever was doubled in a rough sea."

"And to the left," she resumed, pointing to a very high inland mountain, with a curious round, flat top—"behold old Knocklaide, which has, on its summit a cairn, called, by some, 'The cairn of the Three'—meaning the three sons of Usnna, whose chivalrous adventures and tragical death form the subject of one of our most beautiful Ossianic poems. That, however, is not our present concern with it."

"No," said M'Donnell, "but the rather to see whether or not there glimmer on its sides, or at its base, some score hand-pikes or broad-swords more than at present we have need for."

The two men who had been despatched to reconnoitre now jumped on the road.

"What news?" asked Edmund.

"You must not pass Knocklaide, to-day," they answered; "your enemies are there before you."

"Then, where shall we shelter us?" he asked, turning to Eva, "back we cannot go. And there is no house—not

even a safe cavern—in this wild nook, nearer than the Head."

"And thither a M'Donnell should not face for sa added Eva, half smiling.

"No, sister; the place was never friendly to our fa her brother replied, more seriously.

"What do you mean?" asked Evelyn, "is not the district uninhabited?"

"Yes," replied Edmund, "but not the less objection

"It has only one inhabitant," said the elder of the co "an' that's the Grey Man."

"He was seen on his path, last night," subjoined the mysteriously—"where he hasn't been since the night your honor's father lost his own."

Edmund's countenance assumed a still graver expr and he appeared occupied with disagreeable thoughts. I knew not what to make of the conversation he had hear much wished to ask for information; but, in the prese the men, delicacy checked him. One of them contin stating that, previous to the event last mentioned, th Man of Fair-Head had not appeared on his "path" celebrated chieftain of the M'Donnells, returning from to Scotland, was wrecked on the coast.

"Come, come, Edmund," resumed Eva, "you know always tried to laugh you out of this conceit, and I m so now. First, let me correct the bad and lame tradi these men; they are wrong in saying that from the t Cromwell's confiscation, this bug-bear of our family w until last night, seen on his path. Do you not recollec our uncle Ronald broke his neck, hunting the deer o flat land between our present resting-place and the Did not the whole country aver that the Grey Man ap the evening before? Was not our grandfather's secon also lost on the coast, when only crossing home, aft marriage, from Rathlin, to our continent?—and all in quence of another appearance. Nay, there was yet a for which none of us could account, except, indeed, t two days after it, my mother's black cat died. Yo am skilled in all this lore. Need I remind you also- from the absurdity of the whole thing—that scarce family in the north, but appropriates, in common wi selves, the Grey Man, his path, and his talent for

miserable, allowing to no others a claim over their ned and unenviable privilege? Come, I say, yon awful nd we will tread, notwithstanding the warning of ages. should we be necessitated to wear out the precious night , upon yon still more awful path shall we keep midnight h, and dare this portentous man, black, brown, or grey, may be—hobgoblin, ghost, or living seer—to a friendly view. It is time we were moving from our present sed stand; the morning begins to shine fully out, and, if be keen eyes on Knocklaide, we must soon be—if we have lready been—observed. Follow me, sirs."

eviating from the road, she put her horse in motion, and followed over trackless and uneven ground, which, gra- ly descending, soon deprived them of a continued view of ea. After some further progress, the land became, for a t distance, level, though still very rough. Then it once rose, but not precipitously. Eva continued to lead ast this ascent, leaping across many natural drains, which, st, intersected the ground, and then through clumps of , and over patches of bedded rock. Until, finally, the y gained a nearly flat stretch of barren land, terminating ght before them, in a horizontal line, beyond which was arallel line of the ocean. Here they dismounted, and, ng their horses to the men, continued their way forward. s they approached the bounding line, all became conscious they verged towards a great precipice. Indeed, they soon l on a safe point, from which they could hazard a look ward.

Sit down by this broom-tuft," said Eva, "and let us look nd. I have sat here before, and can act the guide. ler," pointing a little to the left, "at only a few miles' nce, is Rathlin Island; or, as the natives call it, Raherry— to Scotchmen for having once afforded shelter to Robert Bruce; you can catch a glimpse of his castle. The more nt land over it, or at either side of it, are Isla and the of Jura. Still to the right you plainly see the hills of n. How beautifully, as the eye follows the horizon line, ars that long, craggy, isolated island, and that other d one, the most remote of all, rising out of the blue waves the dome of a great building, the continuation of which y may suppose sunk below them—an ocean-god's palace, d on the bottom of the sea."

"But," asked Evelyn, "before we travel so far, what is that large sweep of land, nearer to us than any we can see, excepting the Bruce's island?"

"The Mull of Cantyre—only about twice the distance, indeed, of Raherry; and, although an island, too, yet considered part of the Scottish main-land. To your extreme right, and, at a greater distance, you look on bonny Scotland still. Over part of the Water between Cantyre and that more remote land, your eye traverses the mouth of the Frith of Clyde. Is it not inexpressibly, indeed unaccountably exciting, to sit, thus, on the verge of one country, and look across the dividing waters into another? I, at least, have always felt it so, though I know not clearly why. But, as one gazes on hills and mountains, trodden by a strange people, such common features of nature assume an aspect as strange as our thoughts of them. You imagine you have seen none like them, at home; and the young heart beats with curiosity to wander among them, half with awe at the venture. Such have been, I believe, the nature of my sensations, particularly when I first saw, walking on a shore then hostile to her, the land of beautiful France; and again when, after a long absence, and having before known nothing of our sister country, I gazed across the sea, on the white coast of powerful England."

"I have felt the like emotions," said Evelyn; "I have felt how strange a thing it is to see the family of earth so divided. How strange to stand on the edge of one nation, and look, but a few leagues into the bosom of another, yet know that it contains a branch of that common family, so different in language, dress, complexion, manners, and policy, as might serve for a contrast in another world. But where is your Grey Man's Path? Have we already traversed it? Does it lie concealed in the wild, at our back? Or, perhaps, with some violent contradiction of words, you may point it out in the pathless ocean?"

"Follow me," said Eva. The young men rising, followed her to the right some short distance by the line of the cliff; then, turning a little inward, they gained the opening of the Grey Man's Path.

If, to compare great things with small—the reader supposes himself looking down a straight, tremendous staircase *(such as Piranesi might dream for one of his cloud-piercing*

palaces) confined between two walls of rock, and of which the bottom, on account of the irregular projection of its craggy steps, cannot be seen, he will at once have a general idea of this natural wonder. At some remote period, during an explosion of earthquake, or perhaps of frost, the outside precipice had been cleanly cleft through its face, some paces inland, and half the displaced fragments hurled to the beach, or to the sea; while the other half, arresting each other in their descent, formed an abrupt and rugged inclined plane, of nearly one thousand feet from the flat ground that gave descent into it, to the very level of the ocean.

"This," resumed Eva, "is the Path of the shadowy being whose imagined existence so much frightens us all. On the eve of some coming calamity he may be seen, to appearance a tall, gaunt, aged man, clothed in some vaguely-conceived grey dress, toiling up and down among the rocks that give him his only footing. Look at this huge natural pillar that has fallen over the chasm, at top, from side to side. Sometimes he has been discerned, from the sea, sitting upon this pillar, no ways fearful of adding his weight to its already insecure position—for you may see it has hardly any rest, at either side, and looks as if the hopping of a bird upon it could hurl it down the path. But whether he be seen sitting or moving, the fisher who, in the twilight, or while the midnight moon shines clearly, discerns, afar off, the Grey Man's figure on the Fair-Head, will tack his little vessel, and, for that night, tempt no further the iron-bound coast. While, at any hour of day or night, at which his bark ploughs by, he prays to be delivered from the bad omen of his appearance.

"But, come," she continued, "as he does not frequently reveal himself, and especially, as it is now broad daylight, who will descend, with me, this rude staircase, for the matter of fact purpose of trying to hail a boat which may convey us round the coast, to our place of destination?"

"You do not surely mean to venture down that chasm," remonstrated Evelyn; "it cannot be safe or practicable."

"I do, indeed, propose to go down, because I know it is both. I have gone down, and come up, often before."

"Then I will accompany you," cried Evelyn, eagerly, his one thought of a private conversation with Eva, still uppermost, while he sincerely hoped Edmund would refuse.

"Do so," said Edmund, meeting his wish; "I shall remain here to look out towards Knocklaide."

Eva paused a moment, in quick thought; then, as if she had taken her resolution, moved towards the opening of the path. Evelyn offered his hand. "No," she said, "no such ceremony here; it is useless, because unavailable. I only require you to follow, and give yourself—your eyes especially—no trouble about me."

Both accordingly began to descend, very slowly, stepping and clinging from rock to rock, and sometimes inconvenienced with a spot of abrupt loose earth. In such a progress it was impossible for Evelyn to address Eva, who, as he moved, still kept some distance below him. Or, if a favourable moment for speaking did occur, she seemed designedly to anticipate him, by speaking herself, and directing his notice to the features of the scene around them.

The fissure, at top, was but a few feet broad. As they descended, however, it gradually widened; showing, at either side, basalt pillars, of a nearly perfect kind, beautifully varied in range and elevation. Until, at the bottom, they rose to a height of between two and three hundred feet.

Evelyn gained the base of the precipice, and looking up and around him, his private feelings gave way, for a moment, to the tremendous influence of the scene. Straight upward ran the basaltic pillars of the Fair-Head; before him was the vast ocean. Around were the mighty fragments that, at its making or marring, had tumbled from the precipice—enough to yield material for all the cities that earth ever saw; and looking, on account of their columnar shape, like the ruins of some elder city of giants, who, ere man's present dwarfish race sprang from the slime of the flood, might have possessed the world, and built themselves fitting palaces upon its surface.

"What a sight and sound must have been here, Evelyn," said Eva, "during the creation or the ruin that caused this scene! Was the sea here before it happened? Did the strong hand of God rend into pieces a previously solid globe, pushing one part here, and another there, to form so many countries. And then did the foamy waves come roaring and tumbling to fill up the abyss? Oh! mighty is the God of nature, however it has been—mighty, thrice mighty, is He in a place like this—even though He seems to have wrought here but for

destruction—thrice mighty!" Overcome by enthusiasm, she clasped her hands, knelt down, and prayed, fervently, although silently. This, Evelyn felt, was no purposed direction of discourse, to keep him from a dreaded topic, whatever might have been the speaker's first object. He saw that from Eva's soul tears started to her eyes, and that her spirit had for a moment flown to do homage to its Creator. His own eyes filled, as he looked upon her with admiration, sympathy, and profoundest love. Perhaps his tears were bitterer than Eva's, at the thought that a creature so beautiful, so gifted, and so good, was—even after she had sworn to be his—grown indifferent to him. He turned away his head, as she arose, to hide the emotion that a continuance of this misgiving rendered too evident.

"I offer no excuse," she said softly, "for having acted as if you were not present."

"How, Eva!—am I as a stranger to you, then?" he asked in a sad voice. Eva, not noticing him, spoke wide of the point.

"Now, however, as one acquainted with this scenery, I owe you some information. Look up, and see, in Fair-Head, the *Robogdium Promontorium of Ptolemy.* See, also—we just get a glipse of it—an unbroken, unjointed, pillar of rock, two hundred feet high, the largest in the world. But what is the matter?—you are very ill—or agitated."

"Oh, Eva," he said, overpowered by his feelings, "forgive me! I have acted, I know not how—done, I know not what—but everything that was at once unworthy of you, and of the love I bore you. I was mad—I have suffered! I am miserable, penitent, and humbled, too, in my very soul. I entreat your forgiveness—I kneel for it."

"No, Evelyn," she said, arresting him, "you shall never bend a knee—you never ought to bend it—to the woman who has vowed to you the honour and obedience of a wife to a husband."

"Then say I am forgiven—say—"

"This I say, Evelyn. Although in the first burst of that most extraordinary outrage, and while its first effects continued, my mind and spirit utterly cast you off; still was my heart reclaimable to you. And when I lately reflected on the whole occurrence—the political deception practised on both sides, the bad advisers on both, the hastiness of

[illegible]

"Except, Eva, the treachery of cowardice."

Eva paused. Evelyn continued softly.

"But, if such a course be indeed necessary—if one or the

her must stand neutral—why, dearest Eva, should not you
s that one? You, a woman—my wife—whom no human
eing can expect to take an active part against me—would
; not be more natural than that I, a man, and an accountable
ne, should forsake the friends who have called me to an
onourable place by their side?"

"Ask me not that," she answered, vehemently; "name it not, Evelyn! I, who in this cause, have at stake the lives of a brother and a father, the freedom of my country, and the worship of my God; who, from my cradle, have dreamt of such a cause, and felt my whole soul expand to meet it—can I be expected—can I be asked to stand coldly neutral while it abides the trial? No; though the consequences should be ruin to my earthly peace—destructive to my love of you—though I lose you in the struggle—worse—though we should clash in it!—Though what does now seem so unlikely, we should meet in the very field of strife, armed and sworn foes to each other, yet must I not show coldness or indifference in acting the part I am called on to act! Every consideration requires the contrary at my hands. The past—the present—the future—our former wrongs—our present sufferings, joined to the call of a king betrayed and insulted, an altar overthrown and darkened, and a country outraged and defied; the hopes of honourable redress, too, if I may not add, honourable revenge, judge for me if here be not sufficient and irresistible obligations!"

"But, beloved Eva, nothing to show a necessity for our ives and fortunes continuing separate."

"What!—do you hope for peace and warfare in the same amily?—confidence in divided interests?—union in struggle?—love in political jealousy?—No, Evelyn; if we really love ach other, let us not tempt its blasting in the rude storm hat already has begun to howl. Let us shelter it from the nnatural contest that must soon rage between our parties; ince foes we must be, let us be such, as far as is unavoidable nly. This I must in candour say," she added sadly, "Had been aware of your intention, Evelyn, to take up arms gainst me and mine—against the religion that gives me hopes f God, and the king that gave me hopes of liberty—never truly and dearly as I loved you—never should my hand ave been yours. Since, in my ignorance, I have become

your wife, force me not into the wretched, half-trusting, devoted intercourse which, if we at present meet, must between us. The battle shall soon be fought, and, on or other, decided. Then, whatever is the result, let us to each other for ever, and love and serve each othe dividedly. That is all I want—opportunity from c stances, and permission from heaven and my own he love my husband as a wife ought to love."

"These reasons, Eva," he said, considering them, s as the heated language in which they were expressed, n more than the hasty feelings, uttered upon impulse, of thusiastic girl—"these reasons, dearest Eva, might weight, provided it was to follow, as an inevitable re our union, that we were to live unhappily together. because obliged to think differently on general matte were also of necessity obliged to think differently o other."

"I, at least, Evelyn, could not sufficiently draw tl tinction—plainly and candidly I tell you I could not. there are other reasons. In such a time of civil disco jealousy, each party will be watchful; each will exact fi friends a scrupulous line of conduct, the overstepp which must be followed by dishonour or death—ruin events, in one shape or other. Both of us will necessa subjected to this nice scrutiny. Supposing us socially, tically connected, how could we hope to satisfy it? not your friends suspect the husband of a Papist? An —my father's and my brother's friends—suspect the a Protestant, and through her, the dear relations, heart's-blood might be spilt in consequence? Evely may—for you can—command me. But oh! in the n our mutual love—in the name of honour, nature, and d —command me not in this—where submission woul mockery and a misery. Where affection, first ou might at last be disgusted—where man forbids, and God seem to disapprove."

"Well, Eva," he answered, at last touched, if n vinced by her strange earnestness, "be it so. I h wish, perhaps, after all, no right, to force your free i tions. For the sake of my own happiness, dear one not, at all events, make the trial. Let us live as stran

ach other—except in the heart—until, as you say, we can neet in undivided love. I have no fears of you, in one espect: no doubts of—"

"Of my truth?—of my constancy?" she interrupted. "Do you mean that?"

"I only meant to say I did not fear either."

"Oh, Evelyn, why glance at such a matter? Why start it, even in thought? I hoped—I believed I was far elevated above suspicion—far above even the little doubt that would prompt you to tell me you did not fear me. Oh, you know not the heart of woman, such as it beats in the bosom of Eva M'Donnell!—you know not its deep, tranquil faith and loyalty where duty sanctifies love!—when the word of God, and the hands of God's minister, have approved and blessed the enthusiasm of affection! Evelyn, dear Evelyn, I wish you had never breathed that word."

"Then, dearest Eva—Eva Evelyn—not Eva M'Donnell—I wish it too; and never shall you hear it repeated. But there is still another point on which I would fain receive your assurances. Just now, you made an allusion that pained and startled me. You said as much as that it was not improbable you should take some personally-active part in the civil commotion which surrounds us. Gracious Heaven, Eva! do not suffer me to entertain any such shocking apprehensions as that hasty expression must, if unexplained, give rise to. Do not, dear one, permit me to fear, during the sad period of our eparation, that you are disposed to place yourself in personal anger or responsibility—to do aught, in fact, forgetful of my nxiety for your safety and honour—hear me, Eva—for your haracter as a woman, a lady, and a wife."

"Fear me not," she replied; "should we both outlive this ruggle—"

"Dear Eva," he interrupted, in dismay, "again your indict meaning afflicts and affrights me! What, supposing you bear yourself as a delicate though zealous woman ought, hat can be the possible peril to you? I, indeed, a man and soldier, destined for the field—I may not outlive it—I may ll, Eva—but you! what can you purpose or think of?"

"Still, my answer is the same I was just about to give, and ill be found sufficient for all your fears and questions. ould we both meet, I say, after this coming strife—meet,

never again to sunder—I will not ask you to take me to your side, if there shall appear, in my conduct, a flaw to dishonour or displease you. More, Evelyn—I will not cross your threshold, to sit at your board or hearth, until I have invited—demanded your scrutiny. Is not this enough? But, Evelyn, I repeat, over and over—fear me not. Fear not—your party-prejudices of course forgotten in the investigation—fear not the woman who, while she is called on to befriend her unfortunate country, is also called on to support the character of your wife."

Evelyn, still believing that Eva, fired and agitated by religious and patriotic zeal, either conjured up, as probable, circumstances that could never occur, or else imagined herself of more importance than, in any circumstances, she could ever be, professed himself contented with this explanation.

"And now," she continued "let us attend to our business here. We descended, I reckon, to look out for a boat, by which we might get round the coast to some landing-place beyond Ballycastle. But" looking over the sea, "no such help appears. Can any boat have passed while we discoursed together?"

"I cannot answer yes or no. In truth, my Eva, I did not sufficiently take notice."

"Nor I, indeed," she said, meeting his smile with one as fond. "Well, then, since our attendance here seems useless, we should return to Edmund." She moved towards the chasm by which they had descended, paused, came back to him, and said:

"Farewell, dear Evelyn; I propose to make our adieus here, because, although we do not immediately part; yet, we soon must; and then, doubtless, with witnesses. Farewell, my dear Evelyn—my husband!" the girl added, as she yielded to his farewell embrace. "I ask you not to wish me success till our next meeting; but, Evelyn, should I return to you with it, who then shall share with Eva the honourable rewards of success? It may be that defeat and confirmed degradation, shame, and utter poverty shall attend my coming back; if so, Evelyn—" her voice faltered.

"If so, Eva," the husband said, his voice sinking to a whisper, as he continued to hold her to his breast, "then

be my time to act, as it is now my time to speak.
; why need I utter it? Farewell, Eva. I am now
) echo your farewell. God bless you, my wife. Yes,
ull trust in you! Let us return to your brother."
more toil, though less difficulty than they had de-
, Eva and Evelyn gained the top of the chasm, upon
e of which Edmund was still seated.
boat?" he asked, as they approached.
" replied Eva; "and no Grey Man, either."
nd fixed his eyes, inquiringly, on the conscious fea-
f his sister and his friend. When they had quite
is side, Eva saved him further questioning.
nund," she said, her hand slipping into that of Evelyn,
st is, as it ought to be, forgotten."
rose, with a smile, took their disengaged hands, and
l—
it ought to be, indeed. But for the immediate future,

tect Eva, Edmund, till we meet again: for she will
so," said Evelyn. "When we do meet another will
our circle."
nen who had met them on the road produced some
but very welcome refreshments, and nature thus
d, they awaited, with what patience they might,
ning of night. The day wore away, and, at last,
fell, somewhat before its time, on account of the
vatery clouds that blinded the setting sun. In the
ilight the men were despatched to reconnoitre, once
he road to Ballycastle. In their absence, Eva, M'Don-
d Evelyn, sat on the edge of the Grey Man's Path
best place to afford them, through its downward
a sight of the ocean, and, with it, a view of any boat
ght be passing.
the mists that gradually swathed the waters, soon
d unnecessary their continued watchfulness. Their
n only served to afford them a view of that most com-
and desolate of all the appearances of nature—the
g of the vapours with those of the heavens, until the
rizon-line is lost, and all becomes "one face" of
ss and tintless monotony.
10 would think," asked Edmund, "but for his eternal

voice, grown hoarse in calling out, that the furrowed and angry ocean tossed beneath that shroud of mist, and that all the fair islands and land we this morning gazed upon, sleep under its shadow?"

"And who," demanded Eva, "as the white vapour comes, curling up this chasm, would suppose that the Grey Man had so steep a path for his walk, as we know it to be? Look, the view down is already more than half interrupted: and up, up, still rolls the mist."

"A proper evening for his appearance," observed Evelyn.

"Most proper. How fitly would he appear, emerging from that abyss of vapour, and toiling among the rocky fragments, towards us. But see! has not yon grey stone moved?"

"No," said Edmund; "yet look closer."

All did, indeed, glance more attentively down the chasm, and beheld the head and shoulders of a man protruded through the body of mist. It was, however, only vaguely recognisable, on account of the evening shadows, and of the thinner portions of exhalation that skirted the principal mass, and which, floating between them and him, gave but a dreamy indication of form and feature. So far as the spectators could discern, however, the face was aged and the hair grey. The apparition stood still but for an instant, as if regarding them, and then sank back into obscurity. Edmund started to his feet, and began to descend the chasm.

"Do not throw away your life," cried Eva, detaining him, "you shall not venture down."

"I will, sister, and instantly. Who now allows supernatural fears to terrify them?"

"Not I, Edmund—I fear no spectre here so much as living men disposed to do you harm."

"Tush, Eva, am I a child, to be swallowed in a mouthful? Pray release me."

"Then you go not alone," said Evelyn.

"No," cried Eva, "we shall both accompany him."

"Sister—Evelyn—stay where you are—this is my adventure, and mine only. Be seated, I entreat. If I require help, I shall give you notice by firing one of these pistols—farewell."

He rapidly clambered down the path, soon entered the mist, and was lost in it.

"Though, as I have said, I feared no ghost or demon, on his account," continued Eva, "yet do I now feel a superstitious horror at seeing him swallowed up from our sight in the silence and mystery of that cloud of vapour, to confront, singly, whatever peril may await him within its void."

"We—I have done wrong in remaining inactive, notwithstanding his entreaties," said Evelyn. "Do you fear to rest here while I follow him?"

"I should not fear; but 'tis better not to follow him. I must, for the first time, acquaint you, dear Evelyn, that the spirit of Edmund has, of late years, changed from that of a youth of, mayhap, too great gentleness and bashfulness, into a sharp and wayward manhood. From me, who, when we were boy and girl together, could call him to me like my pet doe, he will now scarce brook even slight contradiction. Although, indeed, his manner is not directly hurtful or unkind, and, though I know he still loves me well. Therefore I join my entreaties to his, that you stay where you are, and not give cause for any unseemly contest between us, by thwarting what appears to be his fixed purpose. Let us sit here, patiently if we can, and pray for his speedy and safe return."

"As you please, then. But, Eva, I have, myself observed the change of character you speak of, and wondered whether it was a mature shew of nature, or caused by the sudden and stern change of the times. I have heard you speak of two other brothers; one, who died in youth, much your elder; another, who went for his education to Spain, almost your own age, and, withal, very like you. Does Edmund resemble in spirit either of these?"

"The first, not at all," she replied, "my elder brother, Donald, was, as I recollect, only remarkable for good nature, good humonr, and love of ladies. My younger, James,"—tears filled her eyes—"had much, I believe, even since his childhood, of the fiery temper only lately shewn by Edmund. Mayhap, as Edmund has changed from gentle to bold, James, during the long period he had been absent, might have changed from bold to gentle. But 'tis no matter now."

"What do you mean?—Does that younger brother soon visit Ireland?"

"Alas, alas—spoke I not of him as of a brother that has

been?—Our last accounts of him told us he had died of a malignant fever."

Evelyn, who had proposed his questions chiefly for the purpose of diverting Eva's attention from Edmund's absence, now found it impossible to continue the discourse. Both became silent, gazing down the rocky chasm upon the wreaths of mist which choked it, and conjuring, out of every motion of the vapour, the figure of Edmund, or of some more unwelcome visitant.

A considerable time thus elapsed. The shades of night fell thicker; the throat of the chasm filled, more and more, with vapour and darkness. And still he came not. Eva's fears grew ungovernable. She and Evelyn prepared to plunge down the path, when, at last, a human form appeared struggling through the dense medium, in motion towards them. The first glance determined no shape, and Eva's worst terrors nearly overpowered her—she thought they were approached by her brother's murderer. But a little pause reassured her;—it was her brother's self.

Slowly and silently, and with a manner very different from that he had worn at his departure, did Edmund now gain the verge of the chasm, and sit down by their side. He was pale and agitated, but that might have been from toil; his hair and clothes were damp, too, with the mist. They paused till he should speak; but he continued silent and thoughtful.

"What is this, Edmund?" at last asked Eva; "has any real injury happened to you? Was that person an enemy?—a spy, perhaps?"

"Dear Eva," he answered, "ask me no questions about this matter. I have met neither foe nor spy; let so much content you, for the present at least. But I have other intelligence. A small galiot has just moored below; I have spoken to her people, and they consent, thank God! to take us, on the turn of the tide, which is near at hand, round the coast, as far as Ballintoy. We shall thus, in all likelihood, escape our present foes; and Evelyn will be free to continue his north-west journey. Let us descend at once; the galiot expects us.

At the same moment the two scouts re-appeared, with assurances that all the passes at their present side of Knocklaide were still beset. No delay was then made in once more braving, even amid the extreme perils that the night flung

over it, the descent of the Grey Man's Path. The men attended them; abandoning, in their urgency, the horses that had conveyed them to Fair-Head. After many pauses, and many dangers and escapes, about half an hour brought the whole party to the base of the precipice.

Here Edmund gave a hail, and was answered by near voices from a little sandy cove—the only safe one on that point of the coast. As all advanced, four men were dimly seen through the mist, standing up in a boat. Our friends and their attendants got in, and were instantly rowed, they knew not where, outward through the vapour of the ocean. A hazy light at last shone a-head, and they gained and were hoisted into a small, dingy vessel, whose sole recommendation, to the experienced eye, was that she seemed built and rigged for quick sailing.

The crew were a set of rude, boisterous fellows, having for captain, or commander, a man scarce more respectable, in appearance or demeanour, than themselves. On the fore part of the deck other men, rolled up in cloaks, coverlids, and sacks, slept, or appeared to sleep, evidently no part of the crew. Evelyn, seeing one of their faces by the gleam of a lantern, thought he should know it, but wisely said nothing. From the cabin, which was interdicted to the chance passengers, he heard a voice, which was also familiar to him: still, he said nothing. Glancing into the hold, and along a goodly range of casks which were lashed on deck, he finally thought he could guess at the nature of the cargo on board; but, still, he was prudently silent.

The tide turned. The breeze was fair; the anchor was heaved; and the galiot, standing out to sea, soon doubled the Fair-Head. Passing close by the island of Rathlin, where she had to contend with a heavy surf, she emerged into what may be regarded as the confluence of the great western and northern oceans;—no broad land, after an hour's tacking between her and the unknown pole.

Ere break of day she stood off the little seashore hamlet of Ballintoy, and, anchoring in its safe and good bay, lowered a boat for our friends to gain the shore. As Evelyn prepared to get into the boat, he offered the captain money, which, to his surprise, was refused. The boat put off; and, after half an hour's rowing, the fugitives landed in the darkness of the night, on the edge of a village, where there did

not seem to be a single soul awake to receive or direct th
But, tempted by a fee, the men who had rowed them fi
the vessel, engaged to knock up the inmates of a house t
well knew, and from whom refreshments, horses, and
dance, might be obtained. Accordingly, our party ac
panied them up the straggling street of the village. Aft
noise, sufficient to awake the dead, the doors of a mud-c
were thrown open, and men, women, and children appe
half-dressed within, ready to afford any accommodatio
their power.

This, indeed, was not much, nor of a superior kind.
as three horses and a guide could be obtained, the trav
were satisfied. In less than an hour, Eva, Evelyn,
Edmund, followed on foot by the men, rode, at an easy
towards Coleraine.

## CHAPTER XXI.

WITHIN a few miles of Coleraine, the friends were abo
part; M'Donnell to proceed towards the house of a Prote
relative, where he purposed to remain till his late see
errors might be explained to Lord Antrim; Eva, with
in order to obtain some rest previous to her return t
father; and Evelyn, through Coleraine, to Derry. But
a new interruption changed, in some degree, their plan
destinations.

A party of horse, headed by Lord Mount Alexander,
up with them from Coleraine. The nobleman and E
recognised each other, and exchanged greetings. Ed
was then noticed, and desired to account for himself.
rupting his friend, he told, bluntly, his name, and his pc
and military situation: he was instantly placed under
Evelyn warmly pleaded for him; but Lord Alexander
not hear of his being set at large; conceding, however,
entreaties of Evelyn, that M'Donnell might remain
prisoner, only giving his parole not to attempt an e
Eva, who, boiling with indignation, had silently wit
these arrangements, was permitted to dispose of l
as she pleased. The gallant commander even offere

of his men to protect her. But the attendance of the scouts, now mounted on the horses Edmund and Evelyn had ridden from Ballintoy, enabled her safely to decline the favour.

"My own people will prove sufficient, my lord," she said. "Edmund farewell. I rest a few hours at our friend's house; then home to comfort our father, and to use my influence with our angry cousin. Farewell, Evelyn. This," she whispered, "this, in any case, shall be our last parting."

She turned off with the two men; and her brother and husband faced towards Coleraine, along with Lord Mount Alexander and his troop.

"As yet," said this nobleman to Evelyn, as they rode side by side, "we have fared badly. Those two affairs at Dromore and Hillsborough were very unfortunate; Sir Arthur Rawdon and I have saved or kept together but four thousand of our whole army. A few weeks ago the nine counties of Ulster, and one in Connaught, were held for William and Mary. Since then, we have been beaten out of Down, Antrim, Armagh, Monaghan, Donegal, Cavan, and nearly Tyrone; the counties of Londonderry and Fermanagh, and a few places on the banks of the Finn, in Tyrone, being our whole present possessions in Ulster. And these, too, I fear, we shall soon lose—the counties at least. Derry county must quickly be overrun, from Donegal at the one side, Antrim at the other, and Tyrone at the south. The undisciplined Irish have done more than we expected: it is quick work during one month."

Alarmed, by these accounts, for Esther's safety in Derry, Evelyn expressed his wishes to be allowed immediately to repair thither. But his commander over-ruled him; stating, in the first place, that Derry could experience no distress till they had reached it; in the second, that Evelyn's services would be necessary in Coleraine. Coleraine gained, Lord Mount Alexander at once engaged him in business of a nature so urgent, that it scarce allowed him any conversation with his nominal prisoner, Edmund, although the young men shared the same quarters and the same board.

Some time thus elapsed. At a late hour, on a particular night, as Evelyn and other officers sat in conference with Lord Mount Alexander, an uproar was heard in the town. Soon after, three or four military gentlemen, pale with

fatigue and emotion, broke into the room. "Sir Arthur Rawdon!" cried his lordship, starting up, "Col. Edmonston —Major Michelburne—The Bann is forced?"

They answered that it was; that they had been attacked in their entrenchments by Gordon O'Neile, and routed at every point; that the pass of Portglenore had proved particularly fatal; and that the enemy was in rapid advance.

"Ulster, then, has but one strong-hold left—Derry! We must quickly throw ourselves into it."

"That, indeed, is our only course," said Sir Arthur Rawdon. "Yet, do not call Derry our last dependence. The Finn and Foyle are still guarded by Walker, Colonel Mervin, and others, and a good stand there may yet serve us. I have already ordered my dragoons, by the most direct road, to Derry; Skivington and Caning, their foot. Whitney's and Edmonston's men are in Coleraine, to assist yourself in a defence, but this is not now possible."

By the 9th of April, all the retreating forces had appeared before Derry, and had been severally ordered to repair to the passes on the Finn and the Foyle, by Lundy, the governor of the city, now confirmed in his appointment, in consequence of advices received from King William. At the instance of his considerate colonel, Evelyn was permitted to join his sister within the walls, his prisoner, Edmund, still attending him.

After providing quarters for M'Donnell, and paying a visit to his sister, Evelyn could not remain inattentive to the uproar around him. Numbers of people of every rank were hastening to quit the beleaguered city, and seek refuge in Scotland or England. Those who remained had no trust in their governor, no hopes of opposing a hitherto triumphant enemy. The suburbs were fired, however, the neighbourhood swept clear of provisions, and every step taken that haste could take, to provide for a siege.

In the midst of the panic, the enemy appeared at the water-side; but, after making a show of crossing, marched off along the opposite banks of the Foyle, towards the passes of Lifford and Clady Ford, where the Finn and the Foyle were fordable, and where they had been expected. Increased consternation attended this movement, which was plainly observable from the walls of the city; but some Derry energy was also shown. At a hasty and scant council it

was resolved, that, by the day the enemy were expected to attempt these passes, "all officers and soldiers, horse and foot, and all other armed men whatsoever, that could or would fight for their country against popery," should, in addition to the considerable force already on the ground, "appear near Clady Ford, Lifford, and Long Causeway," the latter place within a short distance of Derry, "and then and there be ready to oppose the enemy, and preserve life, and all that is dear, from them." At this council, Lundy, though so much suspected, was chosen commander-in-chief, the doubts of him originating in his refusal to send assistance to Coleraine, but mainly caused by the bitterness of failure on every side, not weighing, after all, against the high opinion of his military zeal and talents, which were supposed to render him a match for Hamilton himself.

A little confidence now seemed to spring up. It was known that the advancing foe did not exceed seven thousand men, while the Ulster Protestants could still oppose them, one way or another, with double that number. And when, at the head of a reinforcement of ten thousand, Lundy marched to join the forces already on the appointed ground, good results were fully anticipated by the remaining population of Derry.

Soon after his departure, another circumstance increased their hopes. Two well-disciplined English regiments arrived in Lough Foyle, together with some arms and provisions for the relief of Derry; and one of the commanding officers addressed a letter to Lundy requesting his advice, but, at the same time, offering some of his own, which, from the posture of affairs, it was impossible could, at so late a period, be adopted. At all events, as the governor was not at hand, the letter remained unanswered till his return.

And for that return, all who remained behind him in the city, waited, in the greatest anxiety and trepidation. Upon the tidings he should bring home, seemed to depend their properties, liberties, and lives. The day passed in painful and almost wordless suspense. Evening came, and still no courier from the field of battle; still no triumphant governor to announce success and safety. At last, late in the night, Lundy, accompanied by his scarce diminished force, hastily re-entered the gates. Every post, every pass had been lost, and all who defended *them had fled from* the face of a still irresistible

though very inferior enemy. In fact, it appeared that the governor's reinforcement did not strike a blow; but, after Hamilton's men had carried the most important point, retreated at once before them. Louder than ever was he now charged with determined treachery, and by the very men who suspected him before they marched to the field under his command, and who, at his first word, had readily fled home with him. However that question may be decided, the day was lost, and Derry left without a protection, save her walls and her garrison.

The first order issued by the governor on his arrival was to shut the gates, and, on no account, and to no person, to open them. This was obeyed, much to the annoyance of such portions of the force stationed on the Finn and Foyle, as had not entered along with Lundy, and who, from time to time, during the night, arrived in confusion under the walls, vainly craving admission. With them came crowds of the country people, of both sexes, screaming for shelter and protection. They were answered by the cries of the fear-stricken citizens within, and the scene became so terribly exciting, that Evelyn could not remain a moment off the walls, which gave an uninterrupted view of it.

At an advanced hour of the night, a new body of fugitives, horse-soldiers, galloped furiously up, headed by a man whose person and bearing Evelyn thought he recognised. Arrived at the nearest gate, their leader dismounted, and, in a commanding voice, asked for admission. In obedience to the general order, a sentinel, inside, refused his demand, and the challenger exclaimed:

"What! abandoned in the field, and now shut out of the city? Is it thus your governor orders it? Hear this, brave and unhappy men—gallant and betrayed friends! Vainly have we sought safety even in the confusion of flight—for here are we still left to the mercy of the merciless."

"Mr. Walker's voice?" inquired Evelyn, stooping across the low range of outside wall, over the terra-plane.

"I am George Walker—who asks?" at once replied and queried the reverend captain, turning up his face, which the light of some torches used in preparing the cannon on the walls, showed to be unusually haggard and agitated.

"A friend—Robert Evelyn," he was answered. "Have *you been* engaged in this affair, Mr. Walker?"

"In bitterness do I say, yes, Master Evelyn. Having vainly urged your governor to reinforce us yesterday, I returned to Lifford, and joined Colonel Crofton; the enemy came to Clady Ford; all night long the enemy and we fired at one another; and this morning I took my post at the Long Causeway, from whence my men and I were the last to retreat. Now, after having often been sorely beset on the way, we crave a night's shelter in the city, on whose account we have fought and bled, and it refuses us a roof, a crust, or a cup of water."

"I will repair to the governor, and demand admittance for you, sir," said Evelyn.

"Do so—and, to urge his compliance, tell him I have news for the city—terrible news," cried Walker.

Evelyn accordingly repaired to Lundy's house; was permitted to see the governor; but returned to the walls with this sole answer—That, as there was not provision enough in the town for those who already occupied it, he could not, consistently with his duty, admit any more useless mouths.

"Well," said Mr. Walker, "patience. Let the governor play out his own part. We may do better by looking on."

The night lapsed while the fugitives still remained outside the walls. At early day-break, the two English officers who had arrived with their regiments the day before, approached the city, by orders of the governor, to attend a council. As the drawbridge, outside the gate, and lastly the gate itself, were lowered and opened for their admission, Walker hastily whispered his men; and when the officers were proceeding in—

"Charge, soldiers!" he exclaimed; and, followed by horse and foot, gained the gate. The sentinel on duty presented his piece, but Walker struck it out of his hands, and he and all his friends entered Derry.

"Citizens!" he then cried, in a solemn voice, as, at the head of his defeated regiment he rode slowly up the street—"Protestant citizens of Derry!—To-morrow morning the tyrant will be at Johnstown, only five miles from your walls. His Papist rabble there await him. Proclaim this news. Run from street to street, from house to house, and tell it. Prepare each other for the fate that must follow submission to enemies, who, after what you have already done, can never

forgive you. Prepare your wives and daughters for the shame and misery to which the deaths of their natural protectors must expose them. The destroyers are at hand—even the ruthless and perfidious Galmoy is with them. They come, they come!" he continued, in accents of alarm and lamentation, waving his sword round his head.

The groans of men, the screams of women and children arose as he passed along, from the street, the doors, and the windows, to which his address had attracted them. Many voices, inspired by the courage that desperation gives, were uplifted in exclamations of resistance.

"This is good," resumed Walker, to Evelyn, who had joined him; "the thought of having no alternative but resistance, may supply the want of cool determination. Death on their walls must appear preferable to death at the hands of the tyrant. Could we but support such a feeling, we, the heads and movers of this struggle may yet be saved from the terrible vengeance of the bigot James and his blood-thirsty advisers. The councils of our governor, too, may be counteracted. Let us watch their present result."

"But is King James indeed so implacable and cruel?" asked Evelyn. "Is it indeed so sure that we must expect no safe and honourable capitulation? Why not await, at all events, his—"

"Hush!" interrupted Walker, sternly; "name not that—whisper it not—or else stand accountable to God for the compounding of his cause, and for the blood of his zealous soldiers. Silence, young man, and let us watch the council, I say."

The two English officers here passed down the street towards the gates.

"I read it on their foreheads," continued Mr. Walker; "they have withdrawn from us in our sore need."

The town clerk, who was known to him, approached from the governor's house.

"The council have broken up?" asked the clergyman of this person.

"They have, sir," answered the town-clerk; "and I was the only member of it who opposed that resolution," handing a paper.

Walker snatched the document, and, as his eye glanced over it, anger and impatience violently agitated his features.

At length, however, Evelyn could observe a change. He paused; turned his eyes sideways to the ground: in the gradual compression of his lips, and the slight elevation of his eye-brows, the hope of an ultimate triumph was indicated.

"Be prudent, sir, on my account," continued the town clerk. "The council holds its vote secret for the present; and I should not be safe, were it known I disregarded its order."

"Fear not," answered Mr. Walker; "I shall keep your confidence. Rejoiced I am," he continued, turning to Evelyn, as the discreet town officer retired, "that there is a necessity so to do. The governor has served us by this vote; but tenfold is the service to be drawn from his close councils. Read the paper."

Evelyn read aloud, as follows:

"Upon inquiry it appears that there is not provision in the garrison of Londonderry for the present garrison and the two regiments on board, for above a week or ten days, at most. And it appearing that the place is not tenable against a well-appointed army—"

"Well-appointed!" interrupted Walker, "except the handful of French, they are more than half rabble, with pikes, scythes, and bludgeons. James, himself, was sickened at the first sight of them."

"Therefore, it is concluded upon and resolved," continued Evelyn, reading, "that it is not convenient for his Majesty's service, but the contrary, to land the two regiments, under Colonel Cunningham and Colonel Richards, their commanders, now on board, in the river of Lough Foyle. That, considering the present circumstances of affairs, and the likelihood the enemy will soon possess themselves of this place, it is thought most convenient that the principal officers shall privately withdraw themselves, as well for their own preservation, as in hopes that the inhabitants, by a timely capitulation, may make terms the better with the enemy."

"Read you not treason and treachery there?" asked Walker.

"Whatever may be Lundy's secret sentiments," answered Evelyn, "I cannot suppose that my Lord Blaney, and the two English colonels, who, along with him, and a dozen other gentlemen, have signed this resolution, are traitors."

"But must it not appear so, to-morrow, or after, when, with proper address, their vote shall become known to the

people? Or may not the governor have imposed, by false accounts, on them all? Let us watch him, I say. Give me the paper—haste, haste!"—as many of those who had signed the order of council, together with Sir Arthur Rawdon, and other officers of importance, approached, on their way to the gates.

"Let them go," resumed Mr. Walker, when they had passed, "mayhap all this is better still. Hold, here comes another crowd—shall we avoid them?" He turned towards the walls, and was accompanied by Evelyn, as, in addition to those who had, some days before, abandoned the city, a number of inhabitants, with some clergymen, passed to the water-side.

"Aye, let them go," continued Mr. Walker, "let none stay here who do not resolve to die amid the ruins and rubbish of this last Protestant fortress, rather than yield to the false promise of a Popish tyrant. And let our governor continue his policy, too: let him step, deeper and deeper, into the quagmire that, at last, and soon, shall swallow him. I tell you, Robert Evelyn, we have no hope of life itself, but in the holding out of this place. If it can be held until proper succours come from England, William may still wear his triple crown."

"But pardon me, Mr. Walker, if, even for William's sake, I see no reason at your side, in this desperate and hopeless resistance. Shall we madly sacrifice our lives to his interests who will not protect ours? You talk of English succour, at his hands: why has it not already come? Why not long ago. So early as December and January he had advice of the voluntary peril incurred here by taking up arms against his father-in-law, with urgent requests for assistance. It is now the middle of April; yet to this hour have we been left to struggle alone and unnoticed; until at last we are defeated and shattered on every side, and reduced to utter extremity."

"Be not rash in condemning," said Mr. Walker; "had you closely watched events, you would have found that William was so employed with more important business, as not to be able to assist us. About the time we applied, Louis, by the perfidious invasion of Austria, had broken the peace of Nimeguen: in March, the Diet of Ratisbon declared war against *him, as the* common disturber of Christendom: the Dutch

soon followed them: but a few days since, the Elector of Brandenburgh has echoed both. And to all who know that it has been the constant policy of William to accomplish a general league against his insolent rival, it must not seem strange that, in awaiting the proper time to issue an English declaration, also, as well as in watching the manifestations of Spain, he has scarce found opportunity to attend to Ireland."

"These reasons, sir, could not have influenced his conduct with respect to us, from December to the middle of the last month, inasmuch as the causes for them did not, until that time, exist."

"You criticise closely; and I will not refuse you a sequel of the confidence I have, ere now, imparted. Recollect, first, that William was by no means sure of his English crown, when our addresses reached him. That he was then awaiting the decisions of the English Convention, which, at times, seemed to bode him little comfort or honour. That, in fact, he was not acknowledged king until late in February. Recollecting this, we must next note the opposition he experienced from the blinded Prelates, and others who style themselves Non-jurors; the vexation caused to him by the intrigues of the disappointed Tories, and even by the restrictions, in the matter of supplies, laid on him by his own Whig Parliament. All of which so inflamed his difficult temper, as to induce him, in disgust, to make a motion for returning to Holland, and wholly abandoning his English crown—"

"Indeed, Mr. Walker!" interrupted Evelyn; "I thought the new monarch and his people agreed well together."

"I am scandalized to admit the contrary. Either too much of the loose whims and manners of the court of the last Charles continues among the nobles and councillors who encircle Dutch William, and offend his notions of propriety; or else he is, himself, framed by nature or habit, so opposite to the English taste and character, that he and his subjects do not seem likely ever to love one another. Since, in so important a question as the justly ascertaining the nature of the man called to rule over us all, truth is, even for policy-sake, to be prized, I must confidentially advise you that I incline to the latter opinion; particularly on account of a passage in the letter of a great man, who has had good opportunity to observe the King, and of whom I have before

spoken to you. For the purpose of enlightening your mind on this point, attend while I read the following."

Mr. Walker produced a letter, from which he read, aloud, a character of William, penned by his best eulogist, Burnet, and which appears retained, word for word, in that author's history of his own times. It ran thus:—

"The Prince has been much neglected in his education, for all his life-long he hated constraint. He speaks little, he puts on some appearance of application, but he hates business of all sorts; yet he hates talking, and all house-games, more. This puts him on a perpetual course of hunting, to which he seems to give himself up beyond any man I ever knew; but I look on that always as a flying from company and business. He has no vice but of one sort, in which he is very cautious and secret. He has a way that was affable to the Dutch, but he cannot bring himself to comply with the temper of the English, his coldness and slowness being very contrary to the genius of that nation."

"This," resumed Mr. Walker, hesitating, with some reason, to read any more, "would not seem to augur a good understanding between William and his English subjects."

"Or between him and his English wife, sir," said Evelyn. "Pray, Mr. Walker, do you surmise what that one peccadillo is, about which your friend gives him the implied praise of being so cautious and secret?"

"No; I am left ignorant of the matter; nor do I wish to probe the imperfections of Princes. The sole information we get from what I have read, consists in the establishment of a certain point, which was necessary to our discourse, namely, that, along with other causes mentioned, William's personal dislike of those around him, and their consequent dislike of him, may have tended so to keep matters embroiled and disarranged, on the other side, as, up to the present time, to deprive us of his assistance."

"I think I have heard, too, that the English army is discontented and mutinous," said Evelyn.

"I grieve to admit the fact. Indeed, my letters apprize me that so much does William doubt their steadiness, that he fears to send them over here. His own faithful Dutch are absolutely indispensable about him, to secure, in every way, the new establishment. Fresh troops would require fresh *expenditure*, which his parliament does not allow him to

r into; and much time, in the raising and disciplining. land, too, is to be settled. In fact, there are abundant ons why we have been left to fight our own battle."

And," continued Evelyn, "none of them, mayhap, more nt than the policy of allowing our failure, and James's ess over us, to frighten the English people and parliament tle. That so men's eyes may be more turned upon lliam, and, at the same time, more liberal concessions le to him."

'I believe in my heart, youth," replied Mr. Walker, ting his eyes in some surprise, and perhaps admiration n Evelyn, "thou hast truly fathomed the under-current this political tide, and guessed the very master-motive of g William's backwardness towards us, confirmed by the p counsels of my Lord Halifax. Is it thy own thought?" velyn modestly admitted that it was, and Mr. Walker t on.

'However that may be, we have still only one part to act. rry must be held against James, until its walls crumble, l its defenders lie buried in the heap. Succours will at t come: when they do, let Ireland boast one strong place, least, one little nook, where they can be received, and en advantage of. I care not for this governor. He steps his own downfall, as you shall see. There is one bold tleman whom—though now at a distance and beset with gers—I expect at the gates: were he arrived, we should ke a stern defence. Meantime, I must attend to my ties. Silent and secret they shall be—more prudent and tious than the shallow policy they oppose—and, let us pe, more successful. To-morrow, at the farthest, come and me."

Evelyn could not remain ignorant that Mr. Walker's secret orts consisted in hinting here and there, and amongst se he knew were most likely to be inflamed, the nature of e order of council that morning issued. It required little gument to convince the majority of the people and garrison at Lundy was a traitor to King William, prepared, accord- g to a perfidious contract, to deliver up the city of Derry the vengeance of the Papists. The effects of this nviction soon became apparent in the clamours of all ainst his measures, and in form of a desperate resistance. rties of dragoons sallied out, in quest of provisions,

[illegible] their hostility; and one [illegible]

[illegible] from Johnstown came into [illegible] that place, to know "if the [illegible] honorable terms, which [illegible] the effusion of christian blood;" [illegible] gave solemn promise of [illegible] citizens as might be [illegible] was immediately [illegible] with liberty to any gentleman [illegible] such pacific mission.

Mr. Walker did not attend at the council, nor take a part [illegible] with a counteraction of [illegible] was more effective than personal [illegible] circumstances—overt [illegible] Seconded by a gentleman, who afterwards [illegible] with all the horrors and dangers of his success, he went from house to house, from group to group, through the streets of the city, [illegible] secretly and prudently [illegible] general hatred of the governor, and a general distrust of the good faith of James and his adherents. He had [illegible] from the council that had sat to consider the message of the proposed monarch.

"Have you been appointed?" he asked. Evelyn answered, "No."

"Notwithstanding. Your eye and ear are sharp, and your judgment ripe beyond your years. Go—and as one I can confide in—bring me back a true account of this traitorous negotiation."

Evelyn, learning that he might accompany those who were regularly named, did not hesitate, from feelings of general interest, as well as curiosity, to take advantage of this hint. Edmund, hitherto a silent and seemingly indifferent spectator of what was going forward, encountered him on his way to join the commissioners. Learning his purpose and destination, he started Evelyn by expressing a wish to ride out by his side.

"I am extremely anxious," he said, "to satisfy myself, by personal observation, of the appearance and condition of the army, to a portion of which I belong."

"That is natural," said Evelyn, "and you may meet some old friends, too."

'Perhaps hear something of my father and sister," added mund.

'Come then, but need I observe, my dear M'Donnell, on the ıation in which we at present stand towards each other?"

'It is indeed unnecessary to remind me that I am your soner. Still less so to remind me that my word of honour is dged to consider myself as such. I shall not press my suit."

"You shall—or no—take it, willingly, without a word ıre. I was wrong, come, we may be late; the commis-ıners depart immediately."

## CHAPTER XXII.

PON a rising ground, a little at the Derry side of Johns-ıwn, they came in view of James's camp. It was gay and ıposing, and produced an evident effect on the commis-oners. The deposed king had marched from Dublin at the ead of about twelve thousand men; five thousand French, 'ell appointed, in every respect; the remainder, however, ative levies, deficient in arms, uniform, and, worst of all, iscipline. In fact, on a par with the few thousands com-ıanded by Hamilton and Rosen, and who were now joined o James's grand army; the whole making a present force of wenty thousand.

The French auxiliaries exclusively occupied the camp; the atives being posted in the village, or, out of sight, at the ack of the eminence, as if their friends were ashamed of the ppearance they made. This arrangement was, at all events, n conformity with the spirit of rather insolent self-sufficiency nd dictation which had characterized, since their landing at Kinsale, the soldiers of his most Christian Majesty, and which aused many disagreeable, and some fatal squabbles, between hem and the proud people they sought to depreciate and ıumble in their native land. But whatever might have been he motive of the present arrangement, its effect was happy nd politic. The sight of a regular, though small army, of varlike foreigners, shining in rich uniforms and polished rms, or prancing on caparisoned war-horses, being calculated o impress the Derry deputation with more respect, at least,

than could the appearance of a host of Irish peasants, huddled together in confusion, and clothed and armed as chance might provide.

The camp spread over two successive little eminences, on the higher of which was seen the royal tent, richly draped and adorned, in French taste, and surmounted by the royal standard. The city cavalcade passed some outside lines, and approached, following a guide, the first height, where they expected to find the officer who should marshal them to the king. Arrived at the point, they saw, sitting on the grass, before his tent, and surrounded by inferior officers, a person whose uniform proclaimed him of some importance, but whose features, air, and general expression, caused a sentiment of dislike and fear rather than of deference. He was about forty years of age; his body and limbs coarse and muscular; his nose hooked; his eye grey, small, indolent, and cruel. The pallid, overshadowing brows; the lank, colorless hair that hung at either side of his face; and the long, thick moustache of the same which fell over his upper lip—gave to his whole visage an inexpressible character of cool ferocity. This was Lord Galmoy—the disgrace of the cause he abetted, the terror and aversion of those he oppressed—one of the bad spirits that, in every time of convulsion, are let loose to affright and disgust—who went forth to the destroying of his fellow-creatures as if summoned to a banquet—and who, from all that can be gathered, warranted Oldmixon in defining him as a man "whom no titles could honor."

When the officer in attendance upon the Commissioners had announced them to Lord Galmoy, he neither rose nor inclined his head. He only vouchsafed them a cool stare, which, although one of indifference, was more disagreeable than if he had frowned. Presently he rose, however, and motioning them to follow, was about to lead towards the second eminence, when a Redshank quickly gaining his side, presented a packet, with the words, "From his Lordship of Antrim to his Lordship of Galmoy—these."

Edmund instantly recognised, in this courier, the Scottish sergeant who had opposed his authority in the little Deer Park. The man's observance of him was equally quick. When Galmoy had done reading the despatch, the sergeant touched his bonnet, and, approaching closely to the nobleman's side, whispered him, and pointed to Edmund. The

ey eye of Lord Galmoy turned round, and fell, ominously, a the person to whom his notice had been directed. Again ie sergeant said something in a low voice, and extended his rm towards the group of commissioners. Again Lord Gal-ioy's glance seemed to fix a victim in the person of Evelyn.

"This requires present attention," he then said, advancing few steps towards the group. "Is there here a native Irish ubject of King James, called Edmund M'Donnell?"

"I answer to that challenge," said Edmund.

"Forward," resumed Lord Galmoy.

M'Donnell stepped from Evelyn's side.

"What are you?" questioned the nobleman.

"An officer in Lord Antrim's regiment."

"Why are you absent from your colours, and now found oy the side of traitors?"

"I am a prisoner, on parole, accompanying hither the erson who is accountable for my safe keeping," replied Edmund, haughtily.

"Where were you made prisoner, and by whom?"

"Outside Coleraine, by my Lord Mount Alexander."

"What duty drew you towards Coleraine?"

"The duty of honour and humanity, which prompted me o escort thither one who was a dear private friend, although public enemy, in order to save him from the bloodthirsty ands of my own people."

"What was that dear friend's name?"

"Robert Evelyn," answered the person spoken of.

"Are you the man?" still demanded the catechist.

Being answered yes—"Forward," he said again—

"Whose commission do you bear?—for I see you, also, are a officer."

"One granted in the name of King William and Queen Lary," answered Evelyn. A French officer, by Galmoy's side, ightly started, and stared first at Evelyn, and then at his lleague.

"Very well," continued Lord Galmoy. "And did you wear at sword, and bear that commission, when Captain [M'Donnell rescued you from the sergeant and soldiers, near lenarm?"

"He did," said M'Donnell.

"Very well, again. It seems, then, Master Robert Evelyn, at you are a traitor, found some time since in arms against

King James, taken prisoner, rescued after you had surrendered, and now a second time found armed against your sovereign. And it also seems, Captain Edmund M'Donnell, that you, holding a commission from King James, have played the double traitor, in rescuing, harbouring, and protecting a traitor."

"I know not who or what you are," said Edmund; "but I call you the falsest knave that ever spoke, for daring to name me so."

"Very well," said Lord Galmoy, quietly, while a smile played over his features. "Order round a dozen muskets, here"—to an officer, who immediately disappeared—"Irish ones. Just kneel down, Master Evelyn, and you, Captain Edmund M'Donnell. Stand aside, gentlemen."

"Murderer!" cried Edmund, as both started at this sudden and unceremonious arrangement, while the blood first rushing to their cheeks, then retreated to their hearts; "you cannot mean this violence! You cannot assume the power of taking two lives, without inquiry or cause, authority or the permission of others!"

"My friend," exclaimed Evelyn, "if at all accountable, is accountable to his own commanding-officer. As a prisoner, in my charge, he is further protected; and I am protected by the pledge of safe-conduct which King James has given to the deputation at my side."

"I cannot find your name in the list," replied Galmoy. "People of Derry, has Robert Evelyn been appointed one of your number?"

The commissioners answered in the negative, but reminded him of the understanding which gave equal protection to any who accompanied them.

"That is a difference for the counsellor-at-law, not for a soldier," resumed Lord Galmoy. "Here come the muskets. Kneel down, you dear friends, with your faces to that rise—close to it. You will not? Men! tie them back to back, and place them on the ground."

"I appeal to King James, or to his officers, against this murder!" exclaimed Evelyn, as the men approached.

"If there be here a gentleman, a man, or a true soldier," echoed Edmund, "we appeal to him!"

"What say you, General De Rosen?" asked Galmoy, of the French officer by his side, and who, though not so terribly

distinguished as his lordship, yet has left behind him some character for cruelty and tyranny.

"*Qu'ils meurent*," answered De Rosen, laconically.

"Do your duty," continued Galmoy to the soldiers.

The young men flew to each other's arms, and then advanced, hand in hand, to the place pointed out. They knelt; bandages were tied hard over their eyes; and, still grasping each other's hands, they awaited, in silence and darkness, a sudden and miserable death.

"Fall in!" they heard Galmoy say; and the soldiers got into motion.

"Ready!" the muskets, as the men brought them into the position required, flashed. The friends heard the sharp click of the locks, from half to full cock, and, slight as the sound in reality was, it filled their brains with horrid noise.

"Present!" continued Galmoy, in a deliberate, distinct, and, withal, a mocking tone.

"Recover arms!" was the next command.

The hands of the two friends, which had been clasped together, fell by their sides. They were more unnerved by the abrupt relief than they had been by the prospect of immediate death.

"On second thoughts, young sirs," Galmoy went on, "this shall be done better. You, Captain M'Donnell, take the bandage off your eyes, get up, and advance hither. Master Evelyn need not be at the trouble of moving."

Edmund, faint, and almost bewildered, obeyed these orders.

"In consideration of your late courtesy to me," he sneered, as they stood face to face, "I ask you, are you willing to do a slight piece of service for your life?"

"Life is dear to every man: let me hear your terms," answered M'Donnell.

"Give him a musket." A soldier placed one in Edmund's passive hands. "Now, to save so dear a friend from common executioners, shoot him yourself," added Galmoy.

"Do not urge me to this," said Edmund, glaring on Galmoy, though he spoke in a subdued voice.

"I only command you," replied the torturer.

"Do not, I entreat you," continued M'Donnell, a terrible energy renerving his frame, although he still spoke slowly and deliberately: "for the sake of manhood and decency, as you love or fear God, do not."

Galmoy repeated his command.

"Well, then," said Edmund, bringing the musket to his shoulder. "Yet, once more, do not."

"Fire!"

"Yes, monster!" screamed poor M'Donnell, turning madly upon him, and pulling the trigger. A soldier just had time to strike aside the muzzle of the piece, so that Galmoy's hair was only singed, although he staggered, and fell.

"Leap up, Evelyn!" roared Edmund, who thought Galmoy was killed. His friend was instantly at his side. But both were as instantly seized by De Rosen, by some of the near soldiers, and by Galmoy himself, who soon started to his feet. The young men, urged by thoughtless desperation, firmly grasped, in turn, the two generals. The soldiers tugged hard to tear away their hands, fearful of injuring Rosen or Galmoy, should they fire on the youths, until both parties stood on separate ground. And thus some short time had elapsed since the report of the musket, when a stir took place all through the camp, particularly near the royal tent. Officers and soldiers stood to their arms; trumpets sounded a salute; kettle-drums rolled; cheers arose; horses in full gallop were heard approaching. There was a rush round the sweep of the eminence on which the struggle went on; a gallant party, splendidly mounted and attired, appeared in view. "The King! the King!" cried many officers who rode before. "Make way! make way!"

At these words, Edmund and Evelyn readily freed their persecutors, who, in turn, allowed them to stand free; Galmoy making a hasty signal to the soldiers to wheel round, and come to a salute. M'Donnell darted forward, and, flinging himself almost under the feet of a proud steed, cried out:

"My king and master!—where is he? To him I appeal from an assassin!"

The rider skilfully checked his prancing horse, and backed him amongst the group by whom he was surrounded. As he sat erect in his saddle, he seemed a man about fifty years of age, above the middle size, well and rather squarely made; his features large and rigid; but wearing, instead of the mild melancholy of his father's, or the grave voluptuousness of his brother's, a somewhat bolder and haughtier expression; *with perhaps* more enterprise than was apparent in the coun-

tenance of either. His flowing periwig descended over his shoulders and back; his round grey hat, looped up at front, displayed a red and white plume, that was secured by a brilliant cross; many orders, foreign and national, surrounded the royal star that blazed on his breast; the holsters at his saddle-bow were richly embroidered; his horse nobly caparisoned; his boots furnished with golden spurs. It was evident that Louis's attention to the outfit of his royal brother, left naked but for him, had been worthy of the respect he always professed for the exiled monarch.

"Blessed saints!" cried James, after he had reined back his horse—"what bold fool is here?"

"Royal sir!" continued Edmund, dropping on one knee; "I am your Majesty's faithful subject—an officer bearing your Majesty's commission; and I appeal for protection against yon murderous man, who, because I once saved the life of a friend—a near friend—the husband of my sister, and the brother of my own betrothed lady—calls me—and falsely calls me—disloyal to your Majesty, and here seeks—"

"My Lord Galmoy, what means this tumult? Who fired the shot, just now?" interrupted James.

"I did!" answered Edmund; "'twas I, sire, and at him, too. But it was when he placed a musket in my hand, and commanded me to murder my affianced brother!"

"All this is something very scandalous," replied James. "Sarsfield, we request you to inquire into it, and report to us. Rise, man, and stand before that gentleman: he will protect you, if so you merit. Hold! be these the commissioners from Derry? Turn off along with us, Hamilton, and you, Messieurs Maumont and De Rosen, with his Grace of Berwick. Let the citizens attend us."

He was followed to a little distance by the officers he had named, the commissioners accompanying them; and the capitulation of Derry became the subject of discussion between all, while Sarsfield proceeded in the inquiry his sovereign had commanded. The attention of this celebrated general had, before James's speech, been riveted on Edmund, either in astonishment or strong interest. M'Donnell now found himself equally attracted by the mien and person of Sarsfield. He was in the prime of life, that is, about forty, tall, straight, robust, and, both by nature and the dress he wore, stamped with the character of a plain-looking man. His features,

strong and well-defined, bespoke a simple intenseness of mind and purpose, that atoned for their want of vivacity. In strong contrast to the French pageantry around him, he had on an unembroidered, unwrought buff coat, that must have seen service; over it, a rusty cuirass, together with the pauldrons, or shoulder-pieces, inseparable from the solid body-piece, of recent use, but in which he was now rather singular. A straight sword hung from a broad, plain baldric, loose at his side; a close steel cap partly confined his own long black hair, in lieu of periwig; and great jackboots completed his unpretending costume.

"What is your name, young master?" was the first question asked by Sarsfield, in commencing his investigation. Edmund having answered.

"The son of old Randal M'Donnell of Antrim?"

"The same, sir," replied Edmund.

"I know him, or rather I knew him well. It will grieve me if, in this business, the son has forgotten the father. Let us see about it."

Galmoy, seconded by the sergeant, told, in a sulky tone, his charge against Edmund. Sarsfield then turned to him for an explanation.

"First," said M'Donnell, "I could not consider as my prisoner, the man who, having an advantage over me, declined to avail himself of it. Next, sir, he was, as I have informed his Majesty, my brother, twice told. That is my answer."

"My Lord Galmoy," resumed the judge, after a little pause, "there is some allowance to be made for both those arguments. Let us not set at nought, though some have taught us the lesson, the natural yearnings of the heart to kith and kin, especially when young blood sets them a-going. A man will be never the worse soldier or subject for remembering that he is a man."

"General Sarsfield," replied Galmoy, bitterly, "if this be meant as grace to the prisoner, I take the freedom of protesting against your single decree. The King will not surely deny me the indulgence of another judge, that may know nothing of the pedigree of the traitor."

"False lord," interrupted M'Donnell, "I tell thee once again thou art nearer to traitor-blood than I am."

*Silence*, youth," said Sarsfield, gravely, though not sternly.

ke you at your word, my Lord Galmoy; nay, you can appoint the umpire without trouble to his Majesty. spurs General Hamilton from the council: will he serve urn?"

accept him," replied Galmoy.

e officer who now approached was, although a gallant ander, too, of an appearance and mien very different Sarsfield. The reader has before got a sketch of his y, in a conversation between Mr. Walker and Evelyn, which it may be recollected that he had served with suc- nd credit in France. Fame adds, that his career was there upted by a sentence of banishment, in consequence of aving presumed, not, however, against the lady's liking, l in love with Louis's daughter, the Princess Conti. Dis- ons of rank apart, that royal maiden, in this matter, nly gave no proof of bad taste. Hamilton was young, e, Apollo-looking fellow, with large luminous black straight nose, high colour, out-folding lips, and a l air, much, perhaps, the result of personal pride, the will of nature. His dress fully proclaimed how the wearer stood in his own opinion. Without being y, it was rich, almost to grandeur, and studiously adapted t off his figure to as much advantage as the costume of lay permitted. Gold fringe hung from the edges of his et vest, from the edges of its flapping pockets, from the ets of his broad-skirted coat, of the same colour, and from the edges of the ample gloves, that reached almost is elbows: he wore a neckcloth of the finest Point agne; his breastpiece shone like a mirror; even his y boots were made, so as to give some indication of ymmetry of the limbs they covered.

ushing up to the group with whom we are immediately erned:—

The King," said Hamilton, "wishes me to inquire the e of some loud speech here, and if possible to assist in ding it."

And we wished your presence for just such a purpose," Sarsfield. "Pray lend us your ears, General Hamilton." he matter in dispute was again stated on all sides: ilton unhesitatingly confirmed the judgment of Sarsfield he first point of issue.

Had the young officer done otherwise," he added, "I

should vote him the volley my Lord Galmoy thinks he merits."

"But now that we hold in custody the rebel and traitor whom Captain M'Donnell—" Galmoy began—

"He cannot have rescued one who was never taken prisoner," interrupted Hamilton. "Tush! that is the plain truth."

"And, of course," said Sarsfield, "Master Robert Evelyn comes before us simply as one of this Derry deputation; and, rebel and traitor though he be, is protected by the King's pledge of safe-conduct and safe-keeping to all who form it."

"I thank you, gentlemen," resumed Galmoy, smiling hideously. "And, I pray you, what is to be my satisfaction for the attempt on my life?"

"The satisfaction of reflecting that your lordship has not shed innocent blood," answered Sarsfield. Hamilton only smiled.

"Or of seeing myself the butt of a youngster?" continued Galmoy, fixing a look on Hamilton.

"Or of thanking God and your saint that the ball erred so widely?" retorted the young commander, carelessly meeting his glare; "for, unauthorized in your hasty course, as it now appears you have been, your death, on the spot, had been but a justifiable homicide at the hands of the young officer. Bah! let it end. His Majesty moves this way."

"My lords and gentlemen," said James, as, with his other commanding officers, he joined them, "we congratulate you on a promise of the peaceful and bloodless ending of this affair. Our good citizens of Derry thankfully accept, by these, their deputies, the terms of surrender we have graciously allowed them. To-morrow we ride, in person, to the gates of yon foolish city, when, by contract, they shall open to receive us. Meantime, we concede to rest, with our force, on the ground we now occupy; and, to-morrow, only a detachment of the army is to accompany us. Farewell, gentlemen commissioners. To our tent!" he continued, waving his hand to those around him. All who had accompanied him down the hill, Sarsfield excepted, galloped back with him, amid renewed cheers, presenting of arms, trumpets, and other bustle.

"*M'Donnell*," said Sarsfield, advancing to Edmund, as

ıe commissioners prepared to return homeward, "for your ıther's sake and your own I am interested in you. Stay in ıy tent until I can effect your reconciliation with my Lord ıntrim. Or should you incline to wear a uniform more Irish, ·ou shall have the rank you at present hold under that noble- ıan, confirmed in my regiment of Lucan horse."

"I thank you from my heart, sir," replied Edmund; "but ɣou forget that I am a prisoner on parole."

"True; I had forgotten that," said his patron, with re- ɡret.

"And then, should my cousin of Antrim make no difficulty of the present question between us, you know that my immediate service is due to the head of my own clan."

"Well, well, I did not bring to mind, either, your half-Scottish formalities. Adieu, then; you return to Derry with your foe-friend?"

"That must be my course, in honour, sir."

"Be it so. I only add, if you ever want me, come to me and say so." He shook Edmund's hand, and spurred from him.

The commissioners, accompanied by M'Donnell and Evelyn, returned to the city. The moment they entered Bishop's gate, Mr. Walker tapped Evelyn on the shoulder, took his arm, and, drawing him aside, demanded an account of the negociation. When Evelyn had rendered it, he was silent for a moment; then he asked:

"To-morrow, you say?"

"To-morrow, King James will personally require a fulfilment of the treaty formally entered into with him."

"Most traitorously entered into with him! Well; he has not *yet* got admission."

He called a man, one of his own corps, and giving some directions, in a low but earnest tone, the soldier instantly mounted his horse, and left the city.

"Ride, ride, day and night!" cried Walker, as he departed —"for life and death, ride!"

Then he abruptly joined a group of young men and soldiers, whom Evelyn recognised as some of the warrior 'prentices of Derry, and the most resolute of the garrison. With them, the clergyman conversed energetically; their faces and action, as they spoke in reply, argued a warm seconding of his words. Finally, he disappeared into the house of a gentle-

man before alluded to, with whom he kept up a full understanding, and Evelyn saw him no more for that night.

Next morning, the town was in great commotion at the intelligence of the advance of James's army. Evelyn and M'Donnell ran with a crowd of the citizens to the wall, at the south-east end over Bishop's gate, which commanded a view of the road from Johnstown. Thence, indeed, they beheld a long line of horse and foot, with flags and colours, winding at some distance down gentle slopes of land, and by glimpses of water, a bright April sun flashing on their spikes and muskets, steel caps, and breast-pieces, and giving brilliancy and life to their appearance.

"As God liveth," loudly exclaimed Mr. Walker, who stood by, throwing into his manner more vivacity than was natural to him, "we are betrayed, even in the treaty made with us. It was promised not to march a Papist army within four miles of our town—but the false Papists come!"

Here the town bells rang out, and it was understood that the governor had called another council.

"This utter perfidy," continued Walker to Evelyn, in the same loud tone, "I could not reckon on. I fear we are lost."

"James could not come unattended," said Evelyn, "and he does not come with his whole army."

"Tell me not! Hide not our ruin from us. My friend, my zealous and brave friend, where art thou?—ha!" interrupting himself, as the man he had despatched from the city the day before, here galloped up the street. "Well, sir, well?"

"He is at Butcher's gate, by this time, or close to it," answered the jaded messenger.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Walker; "there is hope yet."

A thundering at Butcher's gate, so loud as to echo through the little city, was now heard. Walker hastened thither.

He found the whole guard resolute in refusing admission to the persons that clamoured at the outside.

"I tell you it is Captain Adam Murray, a brave gentleman, and your best friend. Undo the gate!" cried Mr. Walker. Still they refused. The governor's orders had been peremptory. He ran up to the terra-plane, and called for ropes; he descended, and asked for the officer of the guard. He was absent. He inquired his name. Captain James Morrison, *he was answered*; one of the apprentice boys.

Where is he?" Morrison appeared coming down the
. In a few moments, contrary to the orders received,
ıer's gate was opened, and Murray, with a large body of
ppointed horse, rushed in. Walker and he clasped
.

have left fifteen hundred infantry a mile off," said
ay. "Come I too late?"
'o you know who approaches Bishop's gate?" demanded
er.
he tyrant?—with his army?"
ven so. But, patience; come now to the council. To
ouncil!" he continued, addressing those around him,
ling Murray's dragoons—"to the council, loyal citizens!
, or we are betrayed!—treason, treason!"
elyn followed him and his new friend to the market-
, where Lundy and his council were deliberating, and
scarce push in among the anxious crowd that closed
l Walker.
e deliberators had just come to a resolution of immediate
nder, when Walker and Murray confronted them at the
. Some agitation was instantly evinced among the
ents of Lundy, for Walker was pale, and the sturdy
ia-captain red with anger.
No surrender!" cried Murray, the moment he had heard
ature of the resolution—"no treason will we join you
Ir. Governor and gentlemen. No such treason as left
asses unguarded—as sent back to Derry the ten thousand
g men you took out of it to the banks of the Finn, and
d at last deliver us to our perfidious enemies. No
nder, men of Derry!"
loud cheer answered him. Lundy seemed appalled.
he tried to repel the dangerous charge thus brought
st him and his colleagues.
Patience, Captain Murray," said Walker, giving him a
te signal; "mayhap you are too hasty in accusing. All
you have spoken of was done openly, and therefore let
y fairly. I propose only one question—only one." He
paler, with the conscious importance of the climax he
thus approaching; his eye flashed; his figure became
erect; and, in his purple coat, and his large bands,
ing a strong professional contrast to the military sash
d his waist, and the sword he held under his arm,

together with the whole expression of his features and manner, Evelyn saw in him a striking specimen of a soldier of the church militant. "And," he resumed, after a pause, "this is my question. What has become of the order, in consequence of which King William's officers, and their two disciplined regiments, sent by his gracious Majesty for our especial comfort and relief, were compelled to abandon this wretched city in its sorest need? Why was not that made public?" Lundy looked confounded.

"The suppression of such an order was not fair. What Captain Murray has charged may have been so. I judge no man, because it was openly done. But that was secretly done—done in the dark. As the Lord liveth, *that*, I believe, was treason!"

"It was!" cried his seconder; "and let it be punished as such."

"It was! it was!" shouted the soldiers and citizens. "String them up; they have betrayed us!"

"They have!" echoed Mr. Walker, at last flinging off his mask of moderation; "but, if ye hold the hearts of men, not yet unto the death. To your walls—to your posts—to your gates! the exterminators beset them this moment. To your guns! Follow us!" he continued, bursting through the crowd with his friend. "Let every man who loves life, religion, liberty, and his fireside, mount such a badge as Captain Murray now ties on his arm." It was a white handkerchief. Hundreds instantly obeyed this command; and with cries of "Come on!" from the two leaders, and of acclamations from themselves, soldiers and people, ran up to the church bastion, and to the whole line of wall over Bishop's gate.

James appeared, with his detachment, but one or two hundred yards from them. Double rows of muskets were instantly formed, the guns loaded with small shot, and resolutely manned. Messengers arrived from the council, exhorting the soldiers and citizens not to fire, until a deputation should be sent out. Numbers of the elder and more respectable citizens seconded this request: Evelyn raised his voice on the same side. Even Walker seemed outwardly willing to recommend forbearance; but Evelyn, being closer to him than he suspected, overheard him add, in a low voice, to *Murray:*

"Let us lull their fears; it may save a struggle within the very walls."

Still the army approached; and now their music burst gayly on the air.

"Yonder," resumed Mr. Walker, still in a low voice, and addressing himself to one of the enterprising apprentices, who had before done him a service—"yonder is the cruel tyrant, in person."

"Where?" asked James Spike, standing to the side of his gun, a ready match in his hand.

"See you not the crowd of gay officers who push on before the army? See you not two of them that ride alone, surrounded by the others? The man on the grey horse, to the right, is the tyrant."

James Spike rested his match across the saker. He and Walker looked earnestly at each other.

"Touch her," at last whispered the clergyman—"but no—not yet; bear her muzzle down, a little. Softly; none need note you—there, that allows for your elevation. Touch her now."

"Well, my mother, honest woman, little thought I'd have lived to do this," said Spike, laughing. Flash and roar went the saker, with a mouthful of shot for King James, from his good city of Derry, to which, with colours flying and music playing, he ambled so tranquilly. Ere the smoke came between, Evelyn saw an aid-de-camp drop, while others fell in the ranks of the approaching line. Well might the musicians stop both their melody and their march; and, unsupported by cannon as James at present was, well might he, too, turn his horse's head towards Johnstown; and, like the king of France, who,

> ———"with forty thousand men,
> Marched up the hill, and then marched down again,"

fall back with his army to safer quarters. One single horseman stood a moment behind, his face turned towards the false city. Evelyn, looking sharply, recognised him to be Sarsfield. He stood as if astonishment and indignation kept him motionless, or as if to dare another shot in his own person. More than a minute he so stood; then suddenly wheeled round and galloped after his friends.

The determinations of the council became useless; nay, the

council itself, not conceiving their presence of much further import, stole, one by one, out of the city. Lundy, however, being so well known, feared to expose himself to the infuriated garrison and people, and remained secreted in his own house. Mr. Walker hearing this, visited him.

"I grieve for you, Col. Lundy," he said; "believe me, I never meant to involve you in the danger that now so nearly threatens you."

"It increases then, Mr. Walker?" demanded the governor.

"So much so, that my poor influence has proved almost ineffectual in saving your house from an attack."

"What would you advise, sir?"

"Why, your friends have all contrived to escape; but, doubtless, the peril to you, at this late period, is more grievous than it was to them. I am anxious, however, to do you any service in my power."

Lundy paused, and looked keenly into the speaker's face. After a minute's scrutiny he rose.

"To you, sir, I commit myself," he said.

"Procure a disguise, then. Follow me; and Providence may yet befriend us."

Lundy obeying his suggestions in every respect, was conveyed by Walker and some friends past the gates. There they parted.

"Take heed of yourself now, and Heaven guide you," added the plotter, who had led Col. Lundy almost to death, who now delivered him from this danger.

As he returned up the street, a crowd were collected round Captain Murray, shouting loudly.

"No, citizens," this gentleman was saying, "I am not fit to be your governor. Your champion I hope to be. But here is the man of our choice. Long live our governor, the Rev. Col. George Walker!"

This nomination was immediately confirmed; and also a deputy chosen in the person of the Derry friend before mentioned as much in Mr. Walker's confidence. Evelyn curiously watched the eye of the new governor, but could detect, under the modesty of its lid, no sparkling of the gratified ambition and triumph he had expected.

The energy of Mr. Walker became more than ever conspicuous. He promptly examined the stores, the magazine, the guns, the gates; he arranged the garrison under eight

colonels, of whom himself made one; and found it to amount to seven thousand five hundred active soldiers, and between three and four hundred officers. With this force, Derry commenced a regular resistance to King James. But it should not be forgotten, that the men, women, and children, natives and strangers, who, exclusive of the garrison, finally remained, amounted to twenty thousand. A population frightfully disproportioned to the supplies of the besieged city; and, indeed, even to its extent.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Some weeks after the events last detailed, Mr. Walker called on Evelyn late at night, and took him by the arm to the walls.

"Stand here with me," he said, "and, first, consider our situation. Although James, about a week following our salute, was obliged to return to Dublin to attend his plundering parliament, yet has he left behind the whole of his power. On every side, from every point of the compass, does it beset us. Look north. About five miles down the river stands Culmore fort, formerly our only hope of communication with the broad Lough and the open sea: now is it in the hands of the foe. Between us and it, Kilkenny Butler, and his Kilkenny men, guard the river. Southward you see Ballowgry hill. There prance Lord Galmoy's horse. Over him, Lord Gormanstown holds his magazine; and, were it daylight, you could see Lord Clare's yellow flag streaming in the same direction. Turn, again. Yonder, in the sheriff's ground, lie Lords Louth and Slane. Near them, Bellew from Duleek, Fingal, and Fagan of Filtrim. Looking back, towards the Lough, Clancarty keeps Brook Hall, and O'Neill's dragoons the opposite shore—Gordon O'Neill, the son of the accursed Sir Phelim!

"At the other sides of the city, and far and near around them, are commanders and forces of as high names and as fearful recollections. Down from Tara's hill, Plunket has led his horse. From Tredagh rushes Lord Dungan's army. Tyrconnel's from the land of the Fitzgeralds. Luttrell's from King's County. Lord Dillon's heir comes to us from

Roscommon; young Talbot from Kildare; Galmoy from the Barrow; and Wauhup and Buchan from the wilds of Inverary. Cork sends us the old Mac Cartymore; Glenwood, the Hagans; Donegal, the tall Galloghers; and yon bleak Inishowen, old Caheir's demesne, an O'Dogherty still. I have named but half; yet, even this sounds an overwhelming array."

"It does, indeed," said Evelyn; "but is it not now too late to say so?"

"Well may we exclaim," continued Mr. Walker, not noticing Evelyn's remark, and as if really impressed, for the first time, with the magnitude of the responsibility he had incurred—"well may we exclaim, in the phrase of our liturgy, 'There is none other that fighteth for us, but only thou, O God!' Youth, it does beget some confusion in me, and some disorder among the people, when we look about us, and see what we are doing. Our enemiesall about us; and such friends as have not yet gone, still running away from us. A garrison composed of poor people, frightened from their own homes, and more fit to hide themselves than to face an enemy. No persons of any experience in war amongst us; and those who were sent to assist us, flying from the first sight of the place. But few horse to sally out with, and no forarge. No engineers to instruct us in our works. No fireworks. Not so much as a hand grenado to annoy the enemy. Not a gun well mounted in the whole town. Thirty thousand mouths to feed, and not above ten days' provision for them, in the opinion of our former governors. Several leaving us every day, and exposing our situation and our councils to the foe; that foe so active in endeavouring to divide us, and so athirst and hungry for my own betraying. So numerous, so powerful, and so inveterate withal! God be our shield, I say! The poor Israelites, at the Red Sea, stood not in sorer trouble."

"If so, Mr. Walker, and if you really think so, of what use can be the conviction and avowal of this danger, unless you determine to avert it?" demanded Evelyn.

"How?" asked the governor, gravely.

"How but by accepting the favourable terms of surrender that even yet are open to you. That come into the city almost every day, inclosed in a blind shell, sent by an emissary, or in some shape or other. And do not these terms promise you

on the word of a prince, perfect toleration—nay, protection of religious opinion, of property, and life—forgiveness of the past—freedom for the future?"

"Aye, young man, thus they promise. But, oh, that promise! He that would depend his life on a rush may trust it. Not I; I, who am especially marked down for vengeance! I, their single foe—their confusion and shame! I, a heretic priest, in their blaspheming mouths—with whom no faith is to be held. The word of a prince! Yes, I remember that cant—that sickening echo; I remember it as the charm that too long lulled us asleep, until thieves stole to our bedsides, and awoke us with their hands on our throttles, boasting permission from the very lips that had spoken those words to our credulous senses. Toleration! such as the tiger gives the herd. No; think not I spoke out plainly before you, because I was disquieted with what I have done, or afraid of what I have to do. Good night!—retire to your bed, and court slumber; for, if I mistake not, your watch comes to-morrow night—adieu!" He turned hastily along the wall, and Evelyn soon heard his "All's well!" echoed from post to post round the city. Evelyn also turned from the walls, deeply revolving the new light in which he had just caught a glimpse of the governor. He did not, however, bend his steps homeward, as Mr. Walker had advised, but to a house next his uncle's, in which, unknown to Mrs. Evelyn, Edmund occupied quarters as his nominal prisoner.

Although the pressure of more public and important events has, for some time, kept us silent regarding the private affairs of certain of our friends, it must not be supposed that these affairs remained altogether stationary, or that we were altogether indifferent to their progress. In fact, it was because we continued well aware how they went on, that we have allowed ourselves to omit recent allusion to them; particularly as we were meantime employed in reporting other matters, upon which depended, and upon which still depend, the final turn of good or bad fortune to the individuals in whom we are interested. It was because we knew, that, from the second day of Edmund's coming into Derry, Evelyn had constantly brought his prisoner comfort, in the person of a young lady he was well pleased to see. All the past forgotten, or the happy part of it only remembered, Esther and Edmund had thus enjoyed,

[illegible] dreams of a de- [illegible] his own hopes [illegible] successfully prevailed on [illegible] with him. Previous [illegible] had come from Eva [illegible] in good health. [illegible] lovers were as well off [illegible] at the same time [illegible] of the scenes [illegible] happened, too [illegible] attempted it, too

[illegible] took place between [illegible] Dolores. [illegible] as he en-

[illegible] fully. Since [illegible] intimacy since we [illegible] the strange [illegible] my care not [illegible] Now, however, [illegible] and feelings, that I [illegible] unless you [illegible] otherwise."

[illegible] belief that this [illegible] may lead. We [illegible] that it has held out so

[illegible] a fortress. It [illegible] every side to the [illegible] more than [illegible] him fourteen. As [illegible] two hundred feet above [illegible] an eighth part [illegible] a well-furnished place, the [illegible] good engineers, and formi- [illegible] where they have done in the Low

countries. I repeat, I can altogether but express my surprise as to what they are doing here at present."

"Into their hands, and those of the Irish army, it must, however, soon fall. But, Evelyn, never, I fear, by capitulation. At all events, not by one timely enough to insure, according to the usages of war, good and safe terms to the garrison and inhabitants."

"Of that I have thought, too, M'Donnell."

"Let me take the freedom to observe, that the holding out of Derry—indeed, its holding out, in the teeth of terms negociated by its most respectable citizens, and those who ought to have been the most influential of its garrison—against pledges of good faith, given and taken, has been the work of men whose uncompromising prejudices, and whose fear of retribution, left them no other resource. It was, in fact, the forlorn hope of a shattered and baffled party, reduced to one last and desperate chance of escape or death, of revenge or self-destruction."

"Your comments are severe, M'Donnell. But go on; apply your reasoning more closely."

"Too severe, Evelyn? Come, come; I only meant to say, that we, the native, undisciplined, unarmed, and despised force of the country, have, alone and unassisted, beat you, inch by inch, from the borders of your northern province, into the gates of Derry. Alone and unassisted, for the French reinforcement and supplies, trifling as both are, did not reach us till we had done that good service. So, pardon me; no more did I wish to say; and if it is disagreeable, I regret I have said so much. Now to my argument.

"The hatred, bigotry, and, I may add, despair, which, in the face of treaties and honorable confidence, have shut your gates against King James, will, I fear, keep them shut, while safe and advantageous proposals are still made to you, and until the time has lapsed for continuing to make them. Derry must then fall by blockade, or storm; or else surrender at discretion. In either case, an enraged and ungovernable soldiery will pour into its streets and houses, and act almost at pleasure. Do you now guess what I would drive at?"

"I fear I do."

"Do you think of no dear being whose safety should, in such a crisis, be cared for? Gracious God, Evelyn!" he

tinued, rising in much emotion, "in such a terrible day, have you no fears for Esther?"

"I have, M'Donnell; nor are they newly come into my heart. What is to be done for her?"

"You will not, surely, await the arrival of the danger to provide against it; you are anxious to place her out of peril as soon as possible?"

"To-night, if I could. But have you thought how?"

"I fear, Evelyn, that my answer may seem—I know not what—selfish, perhaps. Or that, from its nature, you may think I proposed this case as much in calculation as in true affection. But no; we understand each other; and without any such fear, I will speak openly to you."

"Do so. I can never wrong you."

"Mark me, then. As the niece of an alderman of Derry, and as the sister of one of its garrison, poor Esther would meet little respect. As the wife of a man in arms for King James, she would be protected. Let her assume that character; let me, by virtue of a former arrangement—right, I may almost say—once call her my wedded wife, and—apart from the good-will of my friends—then show me the man, friend or foe, who dares, but with a glance, aggrieve her!"

"Your hand, M'Donnell; and accept my approval of a still freer and safer course. When you make Esther yours, fly with her from Derry. I give you back your parole; you are no longer a prisoner. Take her far from even the presence of danger. Make us both doubly sure. Take her to Eva, at Glenarriff; and there you can all rest in peace. For myself, my heart and mind will be at peace, too, though distant from you; though obliged, by the stern duties of my situation, to face the storm, and, perhaps, fall in it."

"Dear Evelyn, I cannot, will not speak a word to turn you from the path—dangerous as it may be, and hostile as it is to me—of an honorable gentleman—of a soldier. But do not forebode ill. Do not imagine a misery that, during our lives, should shadow the joy of Esther, Eva, and Edmund. Our happiness must be mutually participated, or not worth the name. As to the rest, I thank you, Evelyn," wringing his hand; "brother in the heart and at the fireside, though in the field my foe, I thank you."

"The great difficulty," resumed Evelyn, as his strong

emotion abated, "will be to procure an officiating minister. The Protestant clergymen, of different sects, residing in this city, we cannot ask."

"Some Roman Catholic priests must be attached to the besieging army," said Edmund; "but how get one of them even near the walls? And Esther and I can leave Derry only as husband and wife. Suppose Eva were summoned hither, with our old clerical relative? They might remain safe abroad until we could communicate with them; and they would then venture more for us than strangers."

"As great a difficulty will arise in conveying an intimation to Eva," resumed Evelyn; "but let us consider it. And now, let us pursue this conference in a walk along the walls. 'Tis a fine night; the moon shines clear; and my spirits require the open air."

They left Edmund's quarters, and ascended the steps of Bishop's gate; the never-to-be-forgotten spot, from which Derry sent her first conclusive answer to the summons of James. It has since been rebuilt, by the way, into a triumphal arch, with a sculptured head of that Sovereign on the outside, and with one of his successor on the inside; the former hanging, most dolorously, his family lip; the latter frowning over a tremendous hooked nose; and both features seeming to be the only ones that the artist was able or willing to insist on as likenesses.

Evelyn paused a short time over the gate.

"Before we renew our topic, M'Donnell," he said, "I must betray a little trust to you. Under us, and at the works outside Bishop's gate, strong picquets are this night stationed, in apprehension of an attack, directed against the ravelin you see below, and the embankment at the other post—to be headed, as rumour goes, by a strong party of our old friends, the Rapparees, who, under some arrangement or other, have lately become attached to the besieging army."

"I thought, when we last met them, they seemed, in your opinion, collecting their scattered forces, after the affair at our house, for a retreat to the south."

"So, indeed, I then thought. But you remember the smuggler that took us to Ballintoy? On board that vessel I saw the face of Rory-na-chopple, and distinctly heard the voice of his captain sounding from the cabin. Doubtless, the rogues were then *getting* round the coast, to try their chance

in the fighting and scrambling about Coleraine, and afterwards on the Finn-Water."

While Evelyn spoke, the voices of the picquet, under them, which, since their ascent to the walls, had not been very quiet, grew boisterous in mirth, and, amid all, the tinkling of a harp was heard. Edmund started.

"Hush!" he said, "that is Carolan's finger, if Carolan be a living man."

They listened, and were confirmed in the opinion, by hearing the musician strike up Carolan's celebrated "Receipt," and accompany it with his voice.

"Heaven befriends us, Evelyn," continued M'Donnell. "Carolan can have come to the walls of Derry only on a mission to us; and he shall be our envoy to Eva. Speak to him; you can safely do so. But first, let me write a line—await my return, here."

When he came back with the note, Evelyn hailed Carolan; M'Donnell not appearing from the walls. The harper instantly saluted his old acquaintance by name, inquiring if all his friends in Derry were well.

"All; but how came you here, Carolan!"

"Myself knows never a know, sir; these good fellows brought me."

"Please your honour, captain," said the sergeant of the party, "we found him sleeping within our lines, at the other side of the town, and thought he might be a spy."

"That would be hard for me, Captain Evelyn, as you know," resumed Carolan; "a man without an eye in his head makes a bad look-out."

"Yes, sir. He says he is blind, and only a travelling harp-player, benighted and tired. So if all's as he says, in the daylight, he may go his way, again. Meantime he consents to play us a tune, or so, till morning," said the sergeant.

"I can assure you that the poor young man gives a true account of himself," continued Evelyn; "and it would be cruelty to detain him outside the walls so long. Let him in, if you do not let him depart."

"Please your honour, that's against orders. But he may go away, if he likes, on your word, sir," replied the sergeant.

"Very well; I will just descend to shake hands with *him*."

*With* much caution the gate was opened to Evelyn; he

ısped Carolan's hand, and left in it the crumpled paper dmund had written.

"God bless you, sir, for taking the poor harper's hand, on s wild road, and bidding him luck and speed. And now ou won't refuse this little clarseech I offer you, as a parting oken. It will be of no use to me till I get home again, to ie fair south, and there I have another before me. Take it, aptain Evelyn; and when you touch its wires, remember ie giver."

Carolan went his way; Evelyn, not finding Edmund on ie wall, followed him to his lodgings; and gave him the ttle harp, as the person for whom it was really intended. oth, however, believing that Carolan must have left the larseech for something more than a token, closely examined ; and secret hinges and a spring were, indeed, found in the ounding board, which, at last yielding to their pressure, howed two letters, one for Edmund, and another for his riend, both written by Eva. Both told of good health; of he perfect tranquillity of her part of the country; but what as scarce less important to Edmund, of the implacable nger of Lord Antrim for his late attributed misconduct. he young men parted for the night, just as a dropping fire f musketry, mingled with cheers from the skirmishers, and ries from the walls, were heard through the town.

Hastily mounting the wall over Butcher's gate, Evelyn oked down upon a gentle slope of land that ran towards a ne of eminence called the Bishop's Demesne. But, by this me, the firing had ceased, and he could only see a party horse, belonging to the town, sweeping furiously round e heights, as if in pursuit of an enemy; at the same time at three or four infantry approached with a prisoner wards the gate. He descended; a loud knocking was ard.

"Who knocks? and the word?" demanded the sentinel.

"Friends," and "Orange is the word," he was answered. We are part of Captain Michelburn's picquet, and here we ve taken a little Rapparee."

The gate was opened; the soldiers entered with their isoner; and Evelyn recognised—though scarcely recognible, his uncle Jerry, "all tattered and torn"—we cannot add all shaven and shorn." His hair and beard were of a Rapree *growth; while the blue* kilt-like kind of sailor's dress

he always wore, was rent into ribands; his blue breeches and stockings full of holes; and one shoe gone.

"Are you all merry fellows here?" he asked, the moment he had passed the gate.

"March on to the guardhouse, you Rapparee thief," cried the soldiers.

"I'm no Rapparee, I say again," cried Jerry. "They but took me on a visit with them. Not that I mean a word to their dispraise, for hearty lads they are, and like a Commodore they treated me."

"Move on as you are told," urged his guard.

"Why I can't," he replied; "don't you see I've got a rudder shot away? Give me one cup of canary."

"March!" roared a corporal, "or"—presenting.

"Stop, man! hear reason. I'm no Rapparee, but a loyal subject of the King's gracious majesty."

"What King?"

"What King?" repeated Jerry, in a tone of astonishment at the simplicity of the question. "What King but our own King—the King of England! Here be a serious set of fellows to ask such a matter. Where's your officer?" limping up to Evelyn. "A-hoy! dear nephew! afloat yet? Not burnt nor sunk, as I thought you were? Well; this makes up for all! You won't refuse a grapple; no, that you wont," smacking his hand. "So let this galley-foist crew sheer off: you and I, lad, in any storm. And, I say, nephew, let's go below, and have a twist at your locker, for I havn't been so run out of grog, and so near seriousness, since I left shore."

"At least, sir, I will try and protect you from the rude treatment to which you have exposed yourself. Corporal, this is, indeed, my uncle, the brother of Mr. Paul Evelyn, forced from my house by the Rapparees. I will be his surety for loyal intentions and peaceable demeanour, if you give him into my charge; and I earnestly request that favour at your hands."

The soldiers assented: and Jerry, supported by Evelyn, limped to Edmund's quarters; eagerly inquiring, on the way, when he knew his destination, if the hearty fellow, the dumb lad, was on board.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE friends remained very anxious about their message to Eva; weeks elapsed, and no answer came. This suspense was most painful, for two reasons. They feared either that Carolan had been intercepted, searched, and perhaps murdered, on his way to Glenarriff; or that Derry would be taken sword in hand, before Eva replied to their summons, and Esther consequently exposed to the dangers they anticipated.

On the latter point, however, they need not have been so apprehensive. To their surprise, as well as gratification, the city continued to keep its besiegers in check. And the reader will join in their astonishment, after recollecting the true statement of its preparations and resources, given by Mr. Walker, and of its situation and the strength of its walls, alluded to by Evelyn. That it should have been able to make more than the faintest show of defence is, indeed, all circumstances considered, unaccountable. Had it stood, in these later days, in the place of Burgos or of Badajos, we know that Derry must have capitulated in a few hours, or else have been battered and burnt into a heap of smoking rubbish. Nor are we, by implication, to attribute to an imaginary backwardness in the military science and prowess of its own day, the want of skill or energy evinced by its besiegers. Louis XIV., or William III., would have made of it as light a morning's work as Wellington, or any hostile contemporary at present could; witness, out of a list of instances, what both these sovereigns did, in two successive campaigns, at the fortress and castle of Namur. We can only surmise, then, that the few thousand French before Derry were totally inexperienced in the military knowledge, necessary to their service, and for which their countrymen, in general, had, even at that time, so great a name. As to their Irish allies, a body of undisciplined peasants, just come into the field, we must consider them, apart from the plain work of charging in onslaught, completely out of the question, or, at all events, as much so in regularly carrying on a siege, as their equally inexperienced enemies would have proved

in resisting any such operation, vigorously and systematically directed.

But it was, perhaps, the object of the besiegers to starve Derry into submission. The increasing scarcity of food now began, indeed, to threaten sufficient misfortune. Completely hemmed in, as, on every side, they were, scarcely anything had been added to the first supplies found in the stores at the beginning of the siege; and day by day these fearfully decreased. The bad omen of slaughtering the horses of the garrison soon made its appearance; and peremptory orders were issued that every house should send in its stock of private provisions, to be joined to what remained of the public one, and both to be served out in small daily portions, to each individual within the walls, rank, sex, and age undistinguished in the arrangement. Edmund found himself limited to one coarse meal in the day. But it was not his own situation that smote his soul with horror. He knew that the woman he loved was exposed, in bad health and wretched spirits, to the same privation; and as, during this sad economy, he looked on her pallid cheek and sunken eye, the lover's blood curdled to think that hunger—the most wretched and humiliating of mortal evils—was now her spoiler.

Whilst he and Evelyn met, from time to time, and gazed in silence on each other's gradually wasting features, this sentiment, commonly felt, though never expressed, caused them to speculate with increased anxiety on Eva's remissness in sending an answer. They became assured that poor Carolan had really fallen a victim to his disinterested zeal, and that they had nothing to expect for Esther. But one night, as they walked mournfully along the walls, the blessed tones of his harp were again heard near the gate below; and, stooping over, they recognised him surrounded, as before, by some of the men, who, in his former visit, had attended to him, but who now, rendered less sensitive to sweet sounds by the grumbling of their stomachs, did not seem disposed to treat him kindly.

"Begone," said the sergeant; "I say you can have no business here, unless you come as a spy; and that I said before. You, Corporal Sharpe—you acted but as a bad vedette to bring the blind beggar to our walls."

"*I ask but* to see Captain Evelyn, in your presence," replied

Carolan; "and when we speak together, you'll find I come on no unfriendly business."

"I am here, Carolan," cried Evelyn, running down to the gate. After much persuasion with the officer in command, he passed out to the harper.

"This, then, is all I have to say," resumed Carolan, in a broken voice, taking a small wallet from under his garment. "I bring you—and I have brought it through the Irish lines, with some hazard—a meal of Christian food, and a flask of cheering wine for your sister, Mistress Esther Evelyn."

"Share! share!" exclaimed the soldiers, as Evelyn accepted it: "all provisions are common to the garrison."

"No, sirs—shame, shame, to ask it!" cried Carolan. "It is for a sickly, a young and beautiful lady—it is to cherish the failing blood in her heart, and give her life a day longer. I have brought it to your gate, in hunger and in thirst, myself. The road was long, and my own tongue cleaved to my palate for want of food and drink. I am, this moment, a fatigued and hungry man, yet I touched it not; and I do not ask to touch it. If *you* are men, able to bear a little want, let it go to the poor, sick young lady? you will never miss it, and she will die without it: let her gentle blood get nourishment. Yes, they will, Captain Evelyn, they will: hide it, sir, and take it to your sister."

Carolan wept as he spoke; no further opposition was offered. Evelyn shook his hand, and joined Edmund. The little wallet contained, indeed, some delicate and nutritive food; and, secreted amongst it, the note they had expected from Eva. After satisfactorily explaining her long silence, she informed them that, attended by the old clergyman, she now rested in the Irish camp, and would try to meet them and Esther, outside Butcher's gate, near Columbkill's well, four nights from the date of her writing. When the friends had interchanged hearty congratulations on this welcome intelligence, Evelyn took up his wallet, and hastened to Esther. He did not ask Edmund to taste the generous food; he would no more have done so than he would have trenched on it himself. He did not think of asking him; nor did Edmund think of tasting; yet both were hungry—in the hearts of both, nature yearned for a wonted relief. It may be said that this is a vulgar illustration of disinterested feeling. Yes; it may be said by some, who, after a dainty evening banquet, peruse our pages

amid luxury that has never known want, and to whose privileged ear the word "hunger" brings only coarse or mean associations. But if so, we only wish such a critic plunged, with all speed, into a besieged city, and gradually made acquainted with that commonplace and unceremonious monster—starvation.

Eva's note being left in M'Donnell's hands, he was about to destroy it, after Evelyn's departure, when, at a side hitherto supposed to be blank, he discovered the following postscript: "Be watchful; for there is one, opposed most inveterately, though unaccountably, to your success, who seeks admission into the city to confound you."

To whom did this allusion apply? Edmund could not tell; nor, after hours of surmise, even imagine. The next morning, however, gave him some inkling on the point.

Jerry, now his fellow-lodger and messmate, had been looking out of the window, when—but let us interrupt ourselves, to say a few digressive words about Jerry. Hitherto he had pretty well obeyed the injunction laid upon him by his nephew, to absent himself from his brother's house, and even from the streets of the town, in which he might be likely to meet Mr. Paul Evelyn or his lady. Content with singing his favourite sea-songs, together with some scraps of rude verse he had lately picked up among the Rapparees, sipping whatever liquor—water excepted—might be placed in his way, he was, perhaps, the only man in Derry who ate his one scanty meal a-day with Christian resignation and indifference. Indeed, he seemed just as careless of the state of affairs around him, as of their effects on himself, no matter in what shape those effects might visit him. His little paunch decreased; the fresh colour left his cheek; worse than all, the wound in his foot grew bad and obstinate—he cared not. He was told that, in a few days, there would be no food at all in the city, and that the people either must starve to death, or fall into the hands of the wild Papists. "Be not serious," he said; "what know I of it? Starved? merry men never starved. Papists? I have known of some hearty fellows among them. City besieged? tilly-vally;—be thou hearty."

But, amid this good-humour with his lot, and submission under the commands laid upon him, he was heard, now and then, to mumble a threat of visitation to his brother and his

ister-in-law. They both looked as well, he averred, as ever they had looked, notwithstanding the general changes that took place in all others. And therein lay a mystery he was determined to solve. The appearances that gave rise to his remarks were, indeed, rather evident, and commented upon, too, by more people than Jerry. Public prayers were held in the church every morning and evening; at the proper hours Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn regularly passed by to join in them. And at the request of their discarded brother, Evelyn and Edmund often stood at the window to note, as they went along, the undiminished globularity of Paul's person, the enduring vastness of that of his good lady, and the sleek, contented character of the faces of both. On tottered little Paul, patting the stones with the gold-headed cane he held in one hand, and grasping in the other two huge prayer-books, which Mrs. Evelyn obliged him to carry. Some paces behind, the lady followed, in full sail, watching him with a severe eye, as a nurse might watch the straggling sallies of a child just beginning to walk; when they arrived at church, still making him kneel before her, in order that she might see, and promptly check, with a tap on his head, or a pinch at his arm, Paul's frequent lapses into slumber, for which (Jerry said) he often got whipped when he came home. But Jerry must not teach us digression upon digression.

He had been watching, as usual, their expected progress to church, when, instead of summoning Edmund to see them pass by, he called him to witness a loud commotion that was going on at Mr. Paul Evelyn's door; the next, it will be remembered, to Edmund's quarters. A crowd of people, some soldiers, and some townsfolk, had collected round a wild-looking, meanly habited young woman, who seemed eager to be admitted, and noisy and vehement at Mrs. Evelyn's repeated refusal given from the window.

"Let me in!" screamed the applicant; "I have that to say to your husband, which concerns him and you, and all your family."

"Away with thee, woman!" answered Mrs. Evelyn; "or will have thee sent to the black hole. Take her away, soldiers—how dared you bring her hither?"

The soldiers answered, that the woman had come to the gates with a pass from Lord Kingston, commanding her admission to the presence of Mr. Paul Evelyn.

"It is a forgery," resumed the lady, "or a plot to murder us. Take her away, I say; I know her well."

"And I know you," continued the woman; "we know one another. Do you remember the word I spoke to you the first evening we met? Let me in—or listen to it again."

Mrs. Evelyn shrieked, as if her recollections were sorely touched, and shut down the window.

"Then starve!" cried Onagh, now, as she turned round, well known to Edmund; "that was the word. And here it is again—starve!"

Edmund, recollecting Onagh's previous and unaccountable hostility to his union with Esther, and now comparing it with her anxiety to get access to Paul, was struck with the thought that she might be the person of whom Eva, in her note, warned him to stand on his guard. Acting under this sudden impression, he ran down to the street, accosted her civilly, induced her to enter the house along with him, and when she had come in, seized her, and, assisted by Jerry, conveyed her to a secure cellar, where, leaving her a small portion of food, they locked her up in darkness and solitude. M'Donnell gave his fellow-lodger some apt reason for the proceeding, and engaged him, should he himself be out of the way, in a few days to restore her to liberty.

Soon after, Evelyn visited them. Acquainting his friend that he was summoned to attend an extraordinary council, to be immediately held, in consequence of suspicions entertained by some of the garrison that certain gentlemen of the corporation, and even their worthy governor, Mr. Walker, had not complied with the order to send in all their private stock, but kept secreted in their houses an unpermitted abundance, for their individual comfort and fattening. Jerry, hearing this, offered himself as a presumptive evidence, at the investigation. But he was overruled, and Evelyn went alone.

It had not been usual to permit an indiscriminate assemblage of persons at the former peaceable town-councils of Derry. Now, hunger, which breaks through stone walls, was every man's passport to witness debates in which every man's stomach was commonly interested. Along with the governor, superior officers, and the corporation, a crowd of haggard countenances thronged, therefore, the hall of the market-house.

Uncle Paul, who, from his reluctance to attend, had

been late, was seated on an extremity of the magisterial bench, his short, stout legs dangling most uncomfortably, and his little grey eyes staring round in childish fear (the result of a certain consciousness), as he leaned, the better to support himself, on his gold-headed cane.

Governor Walker certainly appeared in good case, as also did other patriotic gentlemen of the corporation. But none belied, so much as Paul, a strict adherence to the order for indiscriminate starvation.

The rude, because hungry, soldiers made their statements; bluntly named some they suspected, and hinted at others. Paul found himself involved among the former, and Governor Walker among the latter. Both were, however, ready to rebut the accusation.

It was at the private request of Mr. Walker, made, in order to get rid of the clamours against him, to an apprentice ensign in his confidence, that the meeting had been called. Paul flattered himself his house exhibited no proof of guilt. The persons who brought the charges were ordered to search the dwellings of the accused. They returned, unable to say that they had not been in error, but still grumbling, and scowling with their socket eyes towards the magisterial bench, as they muttered:

"Why should the great ones be fat, and poor folk lean? If they fare as we do, let them show it as we do."

Among the indiscriminate throng was a group of the apprentice boys, who, in consequence of the leading part they had acted, thought themselves entitled to much privilege, and therefore stood near to the aldermen. James Spike was at their head, sadly altered from the look of boyish health and waggery he had shown upon the day when, with his compeers, he scampered down the steps of Ferry-quay gate, to commence the Protestant war in Ireland against King James. His plump cheek had yielded to a hollow one; his ruddy colour to a monotonous greenish hue; and his springing beard stood forward from his chin and lip,

> "Each particular hair on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;"

or (to show our own independent skill in simile) somewhat of the fashion in which a starved horse will indicate his bad feeding by the roughness of his coat.

But Jem's spirit was not gone. Or, like some great wits who have miserably striven to die with a jest upon their lips, he still remembered his reputation for humour; and now there arose opportunity for still supporting it. He had observed Paul's alarm during the proceedings; he saw that his horny lips were white with fear. Pallid, he did not, indeed, grow: his was one of those faces, of which, from a constant habit of purplish ruddiness, the skin at last becomes stained into colour, and ever after remains little influenced by the rushing of blood to the heart. But James Spike observed enough to cause him to address his companions aloud.

"Well, lads, what say you to this matter?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," croaked Will Crookshanks.

"To my thought, there may be something to find out in it, yet," said Harry Campsie, in a squall; the character of each young man's voice being changed to its extreme.

"We hoped not a knowledge of it from you, poor Will," resumed Jem; "but, as Harry says, there may be something to find out yet. Look along this bench. Think you there sits on it none who eat more than a sparrow's mess for a meal?"

"By the goose," answered Harry Campsie, "I see some who have not been looking at empty trenchers of late. That's still my cry."

"And mine too," growled Crookshanks. "And mine, and mine," echoed others.

"Note you the little Alderman at our elbow?" questioned Spike, and the glaring eyes of all were fixed on Paul. "There, at the least, be a sample of your great folk, nothing the worse for the standing order. 'Tis plain as the nose on one; and never were noses plainer than at present, being the better part of our faces. Will Crookshanks himself says so."

"I do," said Will; "'tis a matter to be noted."

"A good may come of it, however," continued Jem. "In a day or two, horses, cats, and rats will be eaten up; a cap of broad pieces will scarce buy a lean mouse. Then must we needs fall foul of each other; and your goodmen fat fellows—especially your aldermen—shall first draw lot, by the rood! Skin and bone would be but niggard diet: we, fighting men, must be kept on our limbs. So, harkye—"

He whispered his companions, keeping a glance fixed on Paul. The eyes of his fellow-apprentices, and now almost of

› whole throng, more seriously imitated the kind of look
n but assumed; something between a bitter grin and a
tural creeping of disgust marking their features. Paul,
ıdy to faint with terror, thought that the leathern lips of
ookshanks quivered in greedy anticipation.
"Aye," added Jem, "your aldermen be no every-day folk.
s an honour they merit to fall to the share of fellow-
atures, while the feasters of yon churchyard can have your
ner and commoner sort to revel on."
Paul did not hear the conclusion of this reasoning. He
ıtinued, since about the middle of the dialogue, gradually
slip down from his high seat, and at last made his exit by
loor that led into the boardroom, followed by a gurgling
›wl from Jem and his companions, such as the nursery
uggaboo" sends after a frightened child.
He tottered home. After a prudent peep to see who
›ped, Mrs. Evelyn admitted him. He sank into a low
ir, especially constructed for his comfort. "Woe's me,
net! woe's me!" he cried.
Mrs. Evelyn asked many questions before he could bring
nself to begin an explanation.
"Oh, Janet, Janet, they talked—" his teeth chattered, and
stopped.
"Courage, and speak it boldly, man," herself terrified a
tle, though she knew not exactly why—"they talked of
ıat? Of coming again to devour our household stock?"
"Of coming to devour me, Janet, love!—Janet, coney!"
She stepped back, repeating his words, in consternation.
"Forsooth, yes; they said I should be good diet! Oh,
›y are main hungry, Janet; and I saw them look as though"
his flesh crept—"oh, Janet, as though their stomachs
ırned to me!"
Mrs. Evelyn reflected for a moment. Her thoughts seemed
give her a sudden relief.
"I have heard of such doings, Paul. Hungry folk have,
› now, truly eaten one another. You must bide in the
ret vault till Christian food comes among them."
"Oh, woe's me! woe's me!"
After another pause, during which she contemplated her
sband—"Truth to say, Paul, you do look unseemly plump,"
rs. Evelyn added.
"Do I, Janet, chuck, do I? Woe's me! woe's me!"

"And it were well," she continued, her countenance again brightening up, whether from pure pleasure at the hope of preserving her lord, or, in a degree, at a recollection how much better her gradually decreasing stock would comfort a single regular claimant, we cannot readily determine—"it were well that you stinted your own stomach, coney, when you are safe hidden, and, day by day, eat a little less and less. Until, in the end, you may safely walk into the streets again, as proper a man as any amongst 'em."

A knocking was heard at the door.

"Oh, Janet, they come!—haste, haste!"

She caught him up in her arms; conveyed him to his hiding-place; returned to open the street-door, and admitted Evelyn. He wished to speak with his uncle on business. She had not seen him; and she rapidly questioned Evelyn as to what could have happened to her Paul. He set out in quest of the lost alderman; and, as evening closed, returned really distressed at his uncle's absence. It is said, by those who give themselves a very undue license of slandering the fair sex, that, on fit occasion, ladies can assume a character with much greater success than the less gifted members of the other part of the creation. We reject the invidious praise; although we are, at the same time, obliged to admit, that Evelyn and his sister, while sitting, this night, by Mrs. Evelyn's side, were struck, in their hearts, at the sincerity of the grief with which she bewailed her husband. He must have grown over-valiant, she said, and joining in a sally made that day, was doubtless cut off, nay, cut up, by the Papists. The nephew, though he did not think with her, yet knew not what to think. The night was wearing away, when the lady's mock grief became changed into real terror, and some real suffering.

A tremendous cannonading was heard from the besiegers. Mrs. Evelyn listened in profound silence to the bellowing of the guns at a distance, and to the nearer din of crashing houses, and the screams of their inmates, as the balls and shells thrown into the city spread unusual devastation around. She did not hope that her own house or herself could escape; and she was correct in her foreboding. A large shell, falling on the tiled roof over her, broke through it, and lay on the attic floor till it burst. Mrs. Evelyn, her nephew and niece, just had time to start up, at the noise, when it did burst—tearing

piecemeal an old woman, who slept by its side; shattering its way into the chamber underneath; splitting the gable of the house; and, as if the enemy had a particular eye to one point, another descended, almost in the same direction, till, by the repeated explosion, the wall was rent from the top to the foundation, and the mistress of the mansion received, from a displaced stone, such a contusion in the temple, as, for some time, deprived her of all sense, and, afterwards, of all her senses.

For three days Mrs. Evelyn did not sufficiently recover to understand what had happened, where she was, or who were about her. But at length she found herself in a strange house, whither, with his sister, Evelyn had caused the lady to be conveyed. Very soon after her restoration to reason, she arose from her bed, much to the surprise of all; watched, silently and earnestly, till the night fell; then quitted her friends; procured a dark lantern; issued forth; entered her own ruined dwelling; locked the street-door after her; descended to the kitchen; locked the communicating door, also; traversed the range of cellarage; through a well-concealed door, gained the vault in which she had left her husband; held up her lamp, and not seeing him, cried out, "Paul! why, Paul!"

A strangely cadenced laugh was the only answer she received. Advancing to a recess, she found him seated on the ground, his knees crippled up; and, as he continued his chattering laugh, an expression of childish fatuity stamped on his relaxed and wasted features.

"Paul! Paul!" she repeated, keeping at some distance, and looking much terrified. "What's to do here, man? Want of meat it cannot be; I left enough for two or three days, did I not?"

"Enough, enough!" he echoed, still jabbering at her, and gazing vacantly.

"Oh, Paul!" cried Mrs. Evelyn, overcome by conjugal affection, "know you not Janet, your own wife? Bless us, how wild he looks! Your hand—quietly, Paul"—in some misgiving of him—"and come, now, and rest you in Janet's arms;" sitting down by him, when she thought he was not mischievous. "There, lay your head, so. Woe's me! what has come over him?" and the woman's tear, which, be their cast of character what it may, women only can shed, bedewed the poor little man's forehead.

The voice to which he had often been too well accustomed, but which now sounded like sweetest music on his ear, gradually restored him. He grew conscious of his wife's identity; and bursting into tears, hid his face on her shoulder, while he pointed to the far wall of the dungeon. Mrs. Evelyn saw a breach large enough to admit one person. The floor of the vault, near it, was strewed with stones. She repeated her questions for a full explanation, and, sentence by sentence, Paul strove to satisfy her; but as his method was bad and disjointed, we hope to translate it into more intelligible order.

Upon the evening of his concealment, Mrs. Evelyn, contrary to the assertion she has just made, had left Paul but a scanty meal. She promised, however, to visit him at night. In many fears and horrors, which his temporary abode was well calculated to increase, the marked victim crept into a corner, where his little easy chair had been fixed for him, and strove patiently to await the return of his kind keeper. About the hour she might have been expected, he had just fallen into a slumber, the irresistible result of more fatigue of spirit than his nature was capable of supporting, when a tremendous noise called back his fleeting senses, and crash, crash went the wall of his dungeon, and clatter, clatter, came the tumbling stones. Consternation, and the terrors of an instant death, seized upon his heart, and, as was his wont on all occasions of peril, he cried aloud, "Janet! Janet!"

"Whisht!" answered a female voice, but not that of Mrs. Evelyn. He stared towards the far wall, and by the dim light of a lamp his lady had left burning, saw, standing in the breach just made, a woman, of whose face and figure he retained a confused, but most disagreeable recollection. This sight did not serve to quiet his fears, and he cried out louder and louder.

"Whisht, whisht, I bid you!" repeated Onagh, darting through the aperture, from the vault in Edmund's house. "Be silent, and listen. Do you remember who I am?"

Paul redoubled his cries for "Janet, Janet!"

"Answer," resumed Onagh, "or, at your next word, every wall around you shall tumble, and here will you find your grave. Answer, have we not met before?"

"*No!* yes! yes, mistress!—no!—Janet!"

"Omadhaun!* you forget: let me be sure of you." She took the lamp and held it to his face. "Aye, you are the man. I come far to see you, and to speak these words—you heed me?"

"Janet! help, Janet!"

"Do you heed me, I say?" shaking him.

"No, no! Janet!"

"No?" another shake, and an angry grin, close to his face.

"Yes—hold! Truly do I, mistress;" his features relaxing into a silly smile, as terror at length quite bewildered him.

"Hearken, then. You have a brother's daughter in the house; and it is your part before man, and it is your part before God, to save her from a near danger, from—Omadhaun!" fiercely interrupting herself, "as well may I speak my words to the walls. You do not heed me."

"I do—of a truth I do," said Paul, giggling; "and I give thanks for your visit; am glad of the heart to see you, forsooth. Sit, mistress; rest you."

"*Courp-on-duoul!* I am no mistress; I am Onagh, that lives in the black house by the roaring sea; Onagh, that the world first trampled down, and now is afraid of; Onagh, the friendless," she continued, in a changed tone, "left without kith or kin by them that were her own kith and kin—by them—and by him who was more to her than them; Onagh, the unknown; Onagh, the broken-hearted! Faugh! there is no use in talking to this nothing of a creature. But give me to eat!" she continued, again turning on him. "They have left me without a mouthful. Your meat—your meat!" She snatched it up from a stool, and retreating through the aperture, added, "Starve! That was my first curse upon you both—you and your *baushuck*;† and now let it stick to you."

She disappeared into her own cellar; but of this poor Paul remained unconscious. His senses had quite failed him; he neither stretched out his hand in search of food, nor wondered at the absence of Mrs. Evelyn, although, as we have before seen, her own personal sufferings kept that lady from visiting him at the appointed hour. And thus, in hunger, imbecility, and soon in darkness, passed the following three days and nights, during which he was still left alone, without a second interview even with his near neighbour, Onagh. At all events, without his being conscious of it.

* A silly fellow. † A brawling woman.

When Mrs. Evelyn had, by repeated questions, gathered this story from Paul, her indignation against Onagh was loudly expressed. "The gipsy vagabond! the Papist witch!" she cried. "O, had I been here! had I met her! had I but—ah!" a scream of interruption, as her eye, glancing towards the aperture, fixed on the pale face of the person she rated so roundly, and on her dim black eyes, dully glaring in the red beam of the lamp.

"You are here, now—and you are with her here," said Onagh, striding into the vault; "what is your will of me?" A rusty skein was in her hand.

"Mercy, good mistress Onagh!" cried the lady, dropping on her knees; "only mercy."

"Give me food, then!" continued Onagh, grasping her shoulder. "I laugh at your words—but give me food! They have left me to starve like a wild cat, in that black den, till I am made as wild and as wicked. Something—a morsel they flung me every day, but the rats tore it from me. Food, woman, food! Get up, and bring me to your cupboard; or, look at this!" raising the skein.

Mrs. Evelyn quickly obeyed. Without, indeed, leaving the vault, she handed to Onagh a supply out of her pockets. The woman devoured it like a wolf.

"And now let me out!" she resumed, after her speedy meal; "let me out through your own door into the street. I came here to speak to your husband of what concerns him, but another ear shall listen to it all—another man, more like a man, and better able to right me. Let me out."

The lady willingly conducted her to the street-door.

"Starve! still starve!" cried Onagh, by way of thanks, at parting.

Securing the hall-door, Mrs. Evelyn hastened to replace, from her private store, the pockets full of good things of which she had just been plundered, benevolently intending to hasten to Paul with her new supply. Arriving at the secret cupboard, she knelt down to unlock it, and, in the same position, to swallow a few mouthfuls of cold meat, and a few glasses of home-made cordial, ere she attended her husband.

"Halves," said Jerry, at her back, whilst she was thus employed. He had entered the house from his own, through the breach, which, in this part of the wall, was considerable.

Mrs. Evelyn at first screamed; but, ascertaining who it was

at watched her, quickly sprang up, and laying hands on rry, as quickly brought him to the ground, crippled and en-abled as he was with hunger and his bad wound. Holding m down, she snatched a knife.

"Plundering old pirate!" she cried. "Tory, Rapparee, apist! come you on my back, too? Oh, ill-omened cast-vay! I'll teach you!"

"Tilly-vally, sister Janet," answered Jerry; "you must not art me, or up you go, you know, over the yardarm. Better r you let me rise, and give me some prog, or I'll report to ie governor, and have you sent to the hulks. Let me up; I rike. For, shiver my timbers, you're too heavy a decker for ie."

These words brought Mrs. Evelyn to reason. After a bitter ternal struggle, and a long pause—

"Here, then," she cried, giving him some eatables, "take hat, blotch of your family, and let me never see your face gain, nor hear the wag of your tongue. Remember, on no ther condition do I give it."

"Agreed, Janet. But I will have halves of every thing. Ialf of that pasty, that ham, that flitch, that hung beef. Three of those loaves, those tongues. Six of those little black ottles. I will, as I'm a Christian, or all shall go among the rew, and yourself into the bottom of the hold, Janet.

After much indignant remonstrance, Mrs. Evelyn was, in rudence and policy, obliged to submit. Jerry retired through he breach, well laden; singing a verse of one of his Rapparee ongs—

"Thady Murphy lost his cow,
And didn't know where to find her;
And 'twas all the token he could give,
She carried her tail behind her."

Mrs. Evelyn, in diminished spirits and circumstances, eturned with a scanty supply to Paul's cell. As she entered, he lady wondered he did not speak nor move. She called im; no answer came. She advanced to his corner; he lay n the floor, in a heap. She stooped and raised him; poor 'aul's sufferings were over. The last shock of Onagh's ap-earance had been too much for him.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"STARVE!" cried Jerry, entering the room in which Edmu and Evelyn, all their arrangements made, awaited the hour midnight to join, along with Esther, Eva, and her revere companion, at Columbkill's well. "Starve, quoth-a! til vally! Good men never fare ill! That's my word, in a storm. Serious men have I seen go down, in scores, l merrily swam the merry. Come, goodmen lads, be hearty.

He laid down his freight of good cheer, his friends stari at him.

"Where, and how came you by this, uncle?" asked Evel

"It came to my hand," answered Jerry; "it ever does i it ever did. As boy, man, and lad, in every quarter of t globe, sea and land, have ever cried to me—eat and dri Jerry, and keep a heart, still. 'Tis an excellent world."

His companions did not refuse to partake of his supp without asking any more questions. When Jerry had pre well satisfied himself, he thought of imparting some of his go luck to their prisoner, Onagh, and for this purpose left t room. In a few moments he returned, informing them th she had hoisted all her sail, and sheered off.

"Gone!" exclaimed Edmund; "we have no time to st here then, Evelyn; not even to inquire into her means escape. Come, the hour has struck."

"It has," said Evelyn. "But why should you seem affect by the movements of that poor woman, M'Donnell? Inde why should you have held her in any restraint? But tha did not think it important, I could have informed you of h being at large, an hour ago; for, on my way hither, I saw h standing at the door of the governor."

"Aye?" said Edmund, changing colour; "then must not stay here, indeed."

They hurried out of the house, and met Esther, disguised male attire, awaiting them, at an appointed place. Edmu was also disguised as a soldier of the garrison. They *joined a* body of men who were about to issue, on a foragi

sally, through Butcher's gate; got out with them, and contrived to let them pass on. In a few seconds the young party stood by Columbkill's well.

Over a bubbling spring was raised a little arched building, open at one end, and surmounted by a shattered cross. Here, if local history errs not, the patron saint of the north, and particularly of Derry, the famous Columbkill, used to seek water for his cell in the adjacent monastery, and spend many hours of meditation and prayer. On his departure for Scotland, he made his adieus to the spot, along with others to which he was attached, in four lines, which are thus translated:

> "My fragrant banks and fruitful trees, farewell;
> Where holy mortals, mixed with angels, dwell.
> Here angels shall enjoy my little cell,
> My sloe, my nut, my apple, and my well."

By the side of this consecrated little pile stood Edmund, Esther, and Evelyn, shrinking at the voices around them, and looking wistfully at every side for the friends they came to meet. None met them. Edmund supposed they might have hidden themselves under the arched roof of the well, and was approaching its black mouth, when, from the other side, two figures appeared. Both seemed of the male sex; but, coming nearer, Eva was recognised, clad, like Esther, in man's attire, but that the costume seemed foreign, and of a more martial cast, and supporting on her arm the bent and palsied old priest. In silence were mutual embraces exchanged, and in whispers were conveyed their mutual greetings and tidings. Sheltered from observation, at the remote side of the well-house, stood two horses, upon which Eva and her guardian had, after many previous precautions to ascertain the means of possible approach, stealthily gained the point of rendezvous. She told them that in Hamilton's camp they also would find horses.

Weeping and trembling, Esther clung to Eva's breast. In silent wonder and love did Evelyn gaze on the metamorphosis of his adored lady, who, in her present attire, looked the very personification of a boy-hero, completely baffling his recollections of her former air, figure—self, in fact; every motion, even her features, seemed different. But this was not the hour nor place for much indulgence of emotions, such as all

experienced; time lapsed; opportunity, perhaps, with it; hither they came for one certain purpose, which was to be at once engaged in; and, at the earnest urging of Edmund, Esther gave him her hand.

Without book, the old priest began his ceremony, when—

"Hush!" interrupted Evelyn; "let us step back a little. The gate opens."

Before they could gain the shelter of the well-house, a body of horse, galloping straight across the open ground, at their faces, came suddenly upon them. At the same time, a single man walked from the open gate, and, when he drew near, they knew Governor Walker.

"Stand, all!" he said, as he joined them. None moved; in fact, the horsemen had surrounded them.

"You, Captain Evelyn, I arrest in the name of King William," he continued, gravely, "for remissness of duty, in abandoning your detachment that has just sallied out. You, Edmund M'Donnell, as our former prisoner, now found outside the city, in breach of your parol. Miss Evelyn returns with her brother. The strangers—the old priest and the masquerading girl—are free."

"Sir," said Evelyn, "I am astonished at this interference."

"Doubtless; but you need not be," answered Mr. Walker, drily. "I was fully advised of your rash and unseemly adventure, and had taken measures to counteract it."

"Seize her!" here screamed Esther, whose eyes, since the appearance of Mr. Walker, had been fixed on the dark mouth of the well. "I knew it. She is there. She stirs in the dark."

"Who?" demanded her brother.

"Come," resumed the governor; "time is not to be spent here. Soldiers, follow me with the prisoners and Miss Evelyn; let the others go."

He walked slowly towards the gate.

"Farewell, friends," said Eva, embracing them separately; "still shall we meet again."

"Never," said Esther, as she sank, weak and weeping, on the arm of her brother; "and—hear that! *she* has echoed me."

"What mean you, dear Esther?" asked Evelyn; "there was no voice but yours. Nor is there any one where you

oint, and fix your eyes so wildly. Up, Eva, and away! these nen will, at least, let us stand here till you and the clergy-nan are beyond our lines—farewell!"

"Farewell," replied Eva, as she and her grey-headed companion spurred onward. At this moment Esther's hints received a confirmation. Onagh ran out of the shadow of the well-house, following the track of the departing friends; and, as was always her habit, when much agitated, clapping her hands, as she exclaimed bitterly:

"Speed you! speed you! luck and leisure over the road ye came so fast. This night we are travellers together."

As Edmund, who had not opened his lips during the whole of this scene, watched his sister and the old priest pass safely through the hostile lines, Onagh also ran on in the same direction. The two friends, supporting between them the fainting Esther, then turned their faces towards the gate, and, guarded by the horsemen, re-entered the town.

Mr. Walker, with the lady from whose house Esther had just escaped, met them in the street. Esther was committed to her charge, parting almost in an insensible state from Edmund and Evelyn. They were marched to the guard-house, and, at express orders from Walker, confined in different rooms. As they separated, they sadly exchanged an embrace, but spoke no word.

Esther's fate, in the increasing distress, occupied the friends more than their own. A few days after their confinement a ray of hope and relief reached their minds, in consequence of intelligence, communicated by those about them, that ships had appeared in the Lough, and, firing at the Castle of Culmore, endeavoured to pass it, and reach the city. No doubt was entertained of these vessels being sent from England with the long-promised supplies and assistance, and great joy reigned through the town. But it was of short continuance.

The friends soon after heard that, galled by a heavy fire from the fort, as one of them ran, and for some time lay ground, the ships were obliged to drop down the river, and now remained inactive. While the besiegers, taking advantage of their inactivity, increased their forces, at each side of the Foyle, within a mile of Derry; raised heavy batteries; brought thither many guns; and—all these movements

fully visible to the soldiers and people from the north-east range of their walls—constructed across the river a ponderous wooden boom, well secured at either bank, and regarded, by the despairing garrison and citizens, as impassable.

Thus, then, from the only quarter to which hope might look for relief, none could now be expected. Day by day, the little stock of provisions still decreased, while fever, dysentery, and other hideous diseases, began to accompany the nearer approaches of utter famine. In their separate prison-rooms, the friends found their coarse meal, before scanty enough, still abridged; in the pallid faces and meagre forms of their guards and attendants, they read the general sufferings; and the situation of Esther came, in increasing horror, upon their hearts. Shrieks of famishing women arose in the streets, and they fancied they heard her voice calling for food.

In about a fortnight after their imprisonment, word was brought them of the return of the French general, De Rosen, to the Irish camp, principally with instructions to oppose the English, but also to assist Hamilton in pressing the siege. From Rosen's character everything vigorous, persevering, and cruel, was reckoned on, and in a short time he realized the expectation. Many threatening changes were made in the positions of the besieging army; their works were pushed closer towards the town; several strong batteries were raised on heights to the west and south-east of it, one within ten perches of Butcher's gate. Lines were drawn round all the land sides of the walls; the trenches well manned. Supplies of water—the last supplies open to the besieged, outside their gates were thus cut off; and at length it seemed that Derry was in reality a besieged city.

The cannon now roared louder and more frequently than ever, and shells of great weight fell in the streets. Numbers of the garrison and citizens were killed on the walls, or in the houses, or crowding to sleep under the walls, as their safest screen. Thus spending the nights in the open air, the effects of their unwholesome place of repose added to the ravages of their previous distempers, until mortality, in every frightful shape, abounded.

Consternation and despair began at last to contemplate a surrender; and the friends remained in momentary dread of *the entrance* of an enraged enemy, when a second glimpse of

was opened to the besieged, and, once more, obstinate
nce became the fixed resolve of the governor. A
, escaping from the ships, arrived at the water-side,
Lord Antrim's Redshanks had first made their appear-
and boldly swimming across a stretch of water of more
one thousand feet, informed the city that the vessels,
intly seen in the Lough, contained provisions, and a
ined force, under the command of General Kirke, ex-
y sent for the relief of Derry; that the general was
anxious to reach the town; that he would try every
of doing so; and that he earnestly recommended the
g out of the garrison.

Walker instantly prepared a message to Kirke, con-
the best hints that, under the circumstances, could be
and the adventurous courier proceeded some distance
with it. But, being watched, fired at, and wounded, he
bliged to return to the city. Another person attempted
rvice, and he was taken prisoner.

l Rosen continued his violent cannonading. He had
d about the 20th of June; by the 27th, General Hamil-
sired a conference with the garrison, and once more
ed terms of capitulation in the name of James, that
roffered forgiveness and safety; and, by the way, that
d a jealousy of his French colleague, and seemed to
of some previous quarrelling between them. But the
ior and his garrison, buoyed up by the message from
, totally rejected those terms. The negotiation at once
, and besiegers and besieged again flew to their guns,
nore enraged than ever.

Rosen's rigorous measures have been glanced at; other
res of his, alluded to as cruel, remain to be noticed.

on the first or second day of July, as Edmund, after a
ss and feverish night, sat, almost distracted, thinking
probable fate of Esther, he was surprised with a visit
Evelyn. They started at the first sight of each other;
of food, watching, and sorrowing had, during a separa-
f three weeks, prepared a shocking change for the eyes
h. Their greeting, too, was strange and solemn, almost
hey had not been the affectionate friends they indeed
For some time, no words were spoken between them.
nd first broke silence.

ne governor has set you free?" he asked.

"But now," answered Evelyn, "he visited me; and, in consequence of something that has recently occurred, gave me my freedom, and sent me to you to release you also. But, I must deal very plainly, M'Donnell, to lead you, as my private prisoner, to a court-martial, where you, along with the other Irish prisoners in the garrison, are to be tried for your life."

"And all this in consequence of some recent matter, you say. What is it?"

"Have you heard no news within these few days?"

"Not a word; my guard seemed unusually disinclined to speak with me."

"Listen, then. A few days ago, De Rosen sent into the city a declaration, threatening, in case of continued resistance, to demolish it to its foundations; to put all to the sword, sparing neither sex nor age; to burn up the whole adjacent country, that so any reinforcement from England may be left destitute; and to collect, from the barony of Inishowen, round the coast as far as Charlemont, all those of the Protestant party, whether protected or not, of every rank and sex, who can be found, and drive them, in a body, to starve under our walls."

"Impossible," said Edmund, warmly; "this must be a false rumour. No man of human feelings could even threaten such a barbarity."

"I agree," resumed Evelyn; "but what will you say if—a specified time having elapsed since the threat was made—part, and the worse part of it, is already put into force?"

"What part? what do you mean?"

"Come with me." He took Edmund's arm, led him to the walls, and showed him thousands of men, women, and children, of all conditions, crowded under them, and crying to their brethren within for the shelter and food it was impossible to afford.

"These," added Evelyn, "are all the Protestants of the north, found out of Derry and Enniskillen, and driven hither, according to Rosen's promise, at the point of the sword."

"Blessed God!" exclaimed Edmund, as, in the utmost consternation, he surveyed the unhappy crowd; "do I witness it? Is this done by my friends, and those who call themselves the friends of my country? By the honest man's *hope of* Heaven, it is enough to bring down a curse on our

nd to turn from it, in anger and disgust, the eyes of well-wishers !"

ın give you one relieving thought, foe as I am," said ; "it is not the work of Hamilton or his soldiers; it been conceived nor perpetrated by your countrymen. the Irish and French generals have had some bicker- veen them, both striving to show an authority inde- ; of the other. And this deed has been planned and into effect by foreigners only, unconnected in country v-feeling with the victims of their cruel impatience."

milton must be applied to — that is my proposal," l Edmund, eagerly.

ın you will soon have opportunity, and need, too, to t up, Edmund. These are hideous times; let us walk ıarket-house."

did so. Edmund found a court-martial sitting upon h prisoners, some of whose names have before been ıed. He was ordered to join them, and abide his their side. In a few moments, the court pronounced nce of death on the gallows, which the governor l should be carried into effect upon all, by ten o'clock ɔrning, provided the miserable crowd were not allowed rt from the walls.

ınd demanded permission to write to Hamilton, with ɜ of conveyance for the letter. His fellow-prisoners y seconded him. Their united prayer was granted; y immediately prepared and despatched a statement ɜentence, requesting their general, "as one who did ght in shedding innocent blood," to represent their n to the marshal-general; and adding that, in consi- ı of the inhuman proceeding which caused their they could not lay their blood to the garrison of rom whom they had hitherto experienced "all civility ble."

prisoners were then strongly guarded to the gaol, of the lodgings they had before occupied. Evelyn ınied his friend. On their way they passed a gallows, constructed on the walls, in sight of the enemy, for ɛecution the ensuing morning. At the gaol door, was refused admission with M'Donnell.

part here, then," said Edmund, taking his hand for t time since they had met. "I have not yet asked

you a word about your sister, Evelyn; I feared the question. But how is she?"

"I found her very ill, and very wretched," answered Evelyn; "but principally afflicted on your account."

"Well, I expected it, if not worse. Farewell! Should this letter fail, and the rest follow, do not mention it to her till she is better. But should Esther ever be well enough to hear about it, tell her"—his voice failed him, and, wringing Evelyn's hand, he was only able to add—"farewell!"—when, with his sad companions, he retired into the gaol.

Evelyn turned, through the streets, to the walls, afraid of meeting Esther till an answer should arrive from Hamilton. Houses had been battered down, at every step, as he walked along, and the pavement torn up with shells. Faint and sick people crawled out of their homes, for safety, or lay powerless on their own thresholds. Still roared the insatiable cannon, within and without the city.

Alone he stood for hours on the walls, careless of being exposed to the enemy's shot, with his face turned in the direction from which an answer might be expected. At last came the messenger, with his flag and escort. Evelyn ran down to the gate to ask for tidings; it was asserted that Hamilton returned an answer confirming the fate of the sufferers without the walls—and of the prisoners within.

He bent his steps to his drooping and half-famished sister, and strove to impart to her the hope, a spark of which he did not feel, and, did she know all, the hope which was not for her. That night he enjoyed no sleep, and the early morning found him at the prison-door of his friend. As he prepared to go in for a last farewell, an unusual stir was heard on the walls; he ascended them, and beheld the crowd below, preparing, under escort of the Irish army, to depart homeward. Weak though he was, Evelyn flew back to the gaol, and brought to the prisoners the first announcement of their safety.

"Edmund, dear Edmund," he said, as M'Donnell looked vaguely at him, "I am sure Hamilton wrote that note only in hopes of terrifying us—the cruelty having once been committed—into submission to his master. I doubt even that he ever wrote it. At all events, the wretches have been allowed to retire from our walls, and you are at liberty." In *fact,* James had sent a peremptory countermand to De Rosen.

He took Edmund's arm; and, after the necessary forms had been gone through, they gained the street together.

"Bring me to see Esther," said M'Donnell, "I am in agony till I see her."

They turned towards the house in which she lived, Edmund walking faster than his strength and a newly come agitation warranted. About half way, his limbs sank under him; his eyes closed; his cheeks grew fiery red; his lips dry and ashy; and Evelyn perceived that his friend was struck down with fever. He called some people to his assistance, and had him conveyed to his old quarters, where M'Donnell immediately sank on a bed of sickness, that Evelyn feared would be his last.

Evelyn was his nurse; dividing his days and nights between his bedside and that of Esther, when garrison duty did not command his absence. Then, poor Jerry filled his post, faithfully and kindly attending the sick man, and still exhorting him—though some tears at last stole down his now meagre cheek—to keep a heart, and be merry.

About ten days after Edmund became ill, Evelyn received a summons to attend the governor. It was evening. He found Mr. Walker pacing up and down a large apartment, his step still firm, his eye still powerful, though, in common with all around him, want and anxiety had much reduced his face and person.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

'SIT down, Captain Evelyn," said Mr. Walker, taking a chair himself, resting his forehead on his hand, and casting his eyes on the floor.

"I require counsel; at the least, a calm and friendly hearing, from some one, as to what I shall say. Mr. Baker, my colleague, is, along with the thousands we have lost, dead. Capt. Murray is honest, but perhaps too warm, and too devoted to one view of the present subject, shift as it may. Though you are but a youth, nay, though we have sometimes differed, I know no third man in Derry to whom I would so soon speak freely. Therefore attend.

"You have heard that, notwithstanding our reliance on Kirke's message—in consequence of which we flatly refused the other day to treat with Hamilton—all the ships yesterday disappeared from the river."

"Yes, sir; I am aware of that distressing fact."

"Gone they are. And so ends Kirke's promise, upon which we staked all—dared all. 'Tis like the conduct of the heartless bravo, first boasting and engaging, and then deterred, by the appearance of a little difficulty and danger, from attempting what a man of any bowels, or a truly brave soldier, would almost have dared a sea of flame to do. 'Tis like him who has learned humanity from the Turk—whose school of war was on the ground of the turbaned infidel. Aye, and 'tis like the accomplice assassin of Jefferies, who helped to depopulate a fair district of England, and whose name is, by other particular acts of abomination, accursed unto posterity. Better success could not have been permitted by Heaven to the cause which brooked alliance with him. With him, too, who was James's hangman, and now is William's."

After thus giving vent to his embittered feelings, Mr. Walker paused, but soon continued:

"All hope thus shut out; death and famine still increasing their demands upon us; nearly our last wretched meal served: I cannot blame the city for at last inclining to the terms of honorable capitulation again proposed by Hamilton. You know, that even since the ships disappeared, he once more *speaks* us fair?"

Evelyn assented.

"If he be sincere, it is considerately done. No longer opposing the city, I have myself drawn up articles which have been presented to the enemy's council, debated upon, and, with some exceptions, allowed. To-morrow morning we are to send a final answer; and, doubtless, it will meet Hamilton's wishes."

"In other words, the city of Derry will surrender to-morrow morning to King James," observed Evelyn, as Mr. Walker again paused.

"Thou hast said it," answered Mr. Walker, groaning deeply. Just then a pallid and meagre soldier entered, leading a sturdy, fresh-faced lad of sixteen years, in whose bold and *mischievous* eye Evelyn recognised, now ripened to a more

ive maturity, the glances of his old guide over the Point Garron, upon the first memorable day of his journey to hindell. At sight of the intruders, Mr. Walker rose, and, h a self-command that to Evelyn was surprising, calmly aired their business.

'This boy," answered the soldier, "says he has come ough all the enemy's lines, with a letter to you, sir, from neral Kirke."

'From Kirke!" cried Mr. Walker, his eye flashing. "Im-sible; the brat deceives us."

'Na, then," said the boy, stoutly and pertly, "he does na."

'Who are you?" asked the governor.

'A ridin' Rapparee," he was answered.

'What! and you come here, young spawn of Satan, to tell as much."

"Troth jest," replied the lad, coolly; "and wi' a civil letter your honour."

"Where is it, imp?"

The young thief drew his skein out of a broad belt of dressed horse-skin, and with it cut off a large cloth button m his jacket of purple velvet, which, united to its skirts, w invisible, had once been worn by a different character.

"But," he continued, after having held out and drawn ck his hand, "bide a wee, and I'se tell your worship a' out it. It's no lang since I joined wi' the southern Rap-rees. And hearing them say ane til another, that your orship would gi' a muckle penny for a bit writing frae neral Kirke, and some talking o' the venture—for your nour kens the Rapparees are no at ony particular side, but heen poor bodies striving to live on their ain account—troth st, why I thought I might e'en try it myself. So I e'en cut: and here I am, wi' the writing in this muckle button, hen your honour has the siller ready."

"Guard the door," said Mr. Walker to the soldier; "and this fry of wickedness deceives us, let him sorely rue it. ere," he continued, handing a purse; "and now let me have ur button.

The young Rapparee deliberately emptied the purse on the ble, counded and counted the pieces one by one, and at st said:

"Your honour will just gi' me three jacobuses along wi' it, d I se gi' *your honour the button.*"

"Rascal!" cried Walker, snatching it, "you are already overpaid."

He cut round the button, and found it to contain a piece of paper, folded small and hard, which he hastily opened, and read with devouring eyes. Strong emotion shook him, as he proceeded; and he had not yet ended, when, a moment forgetful of the presence of the spectators, he broke into a shrill, "Ah!" struck the paper triumphantly, and shouted "All's not lost."

In an instant, however, he corrected himself, ordered the boy out of the room, and desired him to be well looked after till he should require his attendance. Then finishing the reading of his despatch, he handed it exultingly to Evelyn.

It proved, indeed, to be a genuine letter from Kirke, informing Mr. Walker that he had received his last letter; that finding it impossible to approach the city, he had sent round a party to Inch, a small island found in Lough Swilly, after coasting round Inishowen Point, and was about to follow them, in order, if possible, to divert the enemy from the town. That he expected a large force from England; and, along with less important things, that he had stores and provisions for Derry, and was determined to relieve it.

"This, then," said Evelyn, when he had perused the letter, "will put an end, I presume, to the treaty with Hamilton."

"As the Lord liveth, it shall!" answered Mr. Walker.

"Yet, like some others," continued Evelyn, "it is a treaty concluded upon."

"Tush, let it be. But we should temporize somewhat. This party to Inch sounds so triflingly that it will never induce the city to reckon on speedy relief. Give me the pen."

Without ceremony, Mr. Walker substituted for the words, "a party to Inch," "six thousand horse and nine thousand foot to Inch;" and—

"That," he added, "reads better, and will give them hopes and spirit to quash this treaty."

"False hopes, sir," said Evelyn, rather warmly, as in this well-known act he read a trait of the real character of the govenor—"false hopes, sir, to tempt to falsity a wretched crowd, already distressed beyond another day's dependence upon even certain relief."

"Boy!" cried Mr. Walker, trembling with impatience, "how can you judge the policy of experienced men? I fear—

though all along my heart yearned to your father's son—I fear I have been mistaken in your zeal and spirit, and most of all, in your feeling for me. What! would you so meekly prepare for degradation and ruin, and so readily abandon me, your appointed teacher, to the mercy of the merciless? Would you—but leave me!—I am carried beyond Christian temper; leave me to my reflections."

Evelyn, taking him at his word, departed to Edmund's quarters. He found him safely past the crisis of his fever; sensible, but weak as an infant. This was about the middle of July. In a few days, the patient proposed to visit Esther, concerning whom his inquiries had, from the moment he regained his senses, been continual, while Evelyn gave him only evasive answers. Now he insisted on seeing her. His friend urgently opposed him, and, for the present, Edmund complied with his entreaties. During another week, Evelyn watched by his bedside, now scarcely provided with a drop of water to cool his friend's parched lips, and almost destitute of a scrap of food for his own mouth; Jerry offered, indeed, some brandy, which Evelyn had not recollection to wonder how he could have obtained, and which he only declined. Still the governor's hopes of relief from General Kirke seemed vain and ill-founded. The last horse of the garrison had been slaughtered and devoured; and a true, though perhaps not very agreeable idea of the wants of the soldiers and people will be formed, when it is known that considerable sums were offered for cats, rats, mice, horse-blood, raw hides, greaves, and such offal, while a dog, "*fattened on the dead bodies of the Papists*," was invaluable.

Before the 30th of July, Edmund's strength, notwithstanding the foul and scanty food he received, was somewhat recruited, and, on that day, he found, or fancied himself able to resume, with more consistency, his determination of visiting Esther. In Evelyn's absence he rose and dressed himself; and was met by his friend, preparing to go out.

"You see," he said, "I am not to die without beholding her; let us go together; if you refuse me I shall go alone."

Thus urged, Evelyn gave him his arm, himself scarce able to walk. Upon this memorable morning, the garrison of seven thousand five hundred men, regimented in Derry about three months before, was reduced to four thousand. Even of these, one thousand was disabled; and more than ten

thousand of the population had died. As the friends slowly walked along, the streets seemed deserted by the living. Groups of dead bodies almost exclusively filled them; here and there a famished wretch dropped down dead, or to die. In one case, indeed, they saw a frightful instance of life and death linked together, where a starving infant sprawled upon the breast of its lifeless mother, tearing at it for the milk that was dried up for ever. Further on, an affluent gentleman, dying on the pavement, stretched out his hat, half-filled with gold, to a beggar, for the bone he gnawed; and the beggar spurned the gold. A very old man, respectable too, had crawled to a wall to devour a handful of some carrion food, and a young lad, stronger than he, though like him a skeleton, tore it from his clutch, and, when resistance was offered, dealt him a stunning blow. Passing by the churchyard, the bodies of those recently dead, and carelessly buried, were exposed to view, rent from their grave by a succession of the showers of shells, which had first sent many of them thither, and now refused them its repose.

Buying and selling was at an end; greeting and saluting, visiting and returning of visits. Money lost its artificial value; there was no food that it could purchase, and stark hunger required no other necessary. Shops were left open or shut at random; houses had lost their tenants; the man inclined to theft might rob and plunder; but when he was laden with booty he found it of no use, and he cast it in the mire of the streets. Distinctions of rank were almost lost; in some cases, natural connexion was forgotten. There were no masters—no servants; they had no reciprocal duties to exercise; or else common suffering equalized them.

The friends gained Esther's house, and found their way, unushered, unattended, into her presence. She was sitting in an arm-chair, dressed in white, wasted to a shadow; her blue eyes enlarged, and glittering; a touch of fiery red on her cheeks; her flattened chest labouring with respiration; and incapable of moving a joint of her body. It was evident that her former tendency to consumption had been renewed and precipitated by the shocking distress she recently experienced.

As Esther recognised her brother and lover, and beheld the horror of their looks, she strove to smile; Edmund staggered against the wall. She could not even speak to

him, but silent tears ran down her burning and emaciated cheeks.

"Ask her to eat," whispered the mistress of the house; "she so loathes the only things we can offer her, that the poor young lady has not tasted food these three days."

Edmund made no remark; he asked no question; he offered no consolation; he spoke not a word: but, after a moment of frenzied agitation, burst out of the room into the street. Evelyn strove to follow him; but the desperate and unnatural strength that now winged the despairing lover, made pursuit useless; and at last Evelyn dropped.

Edmund rushed on through the streets, glaring at every lonely wretch he met, as the she-tiger might look round for a prey, when, herself famishing, she has left her young ones in the lair, voracious for food. He ran into open houses, but found none to answer his claim. Continuing his course, Jerry approached him, altogether in such a fashion, that had Edmund felt any woe less than his present one, he must have forgotten it, and smiled. The little man had necessarily suffered in proportion with all around him; and the skirts of his coat, recently supplied by Evelyn, and always too large, hung in helpless waste about his limbs; the pockets, by the way, swelled out to some bulk. The wound in his foot, growing worse every day, and wholly unattended to, so lamed him that he could not move without a prop; and he now limped along, his body half bent, as he leaned with both hands upon a short-handled shovel, procured, heaven knows how or where; his motion being, crab-like, backward.

"Food, sir!—I want food!" cried Edmund, stopping him.

"And so do I! But what of that?" said Jerry. "We all want something or other, some day or other. What, then, I say?—be hearty. I wonder to hear people about me talk so; I wonder at any man's fretting, who can have a pound of good cat's flesh for some shillings; a house to cover him, and a good town to walk in. You are all serious people. There was my sister Janet, never satisfied, and she has just kicked the bucket. Rest her, say I: though that's a Papist prayer, 'tis a Christian one. Rest to her who never gave it to any."

"Unfortunate old man!" said Edmund, as Jerry, more broken down than he would acknowledge, or even suffer

himself to suspect, sank against a wall; "how can you trifle with nature's sorest misery? Your niece, too—Esther Evelyn—gasps for proper food. I ask you to help me to some, and this is your answer."

"So bad, is she?" resumed Jerry, really affected; "I couldn't think that; and they wouldn't let me see my poor niece. Stop, I'll bring you where we can have good things; some friends of mine in the camp—no matter whom—hearty fellows, I promise you. Poor Esther! I never thought it. Come"—attempting to rise, he fell back again—"stop; I'm foundered, myself, only there's no use in believing it. Come, I say"—another failure. "But I can't, though. Here, then," fumbling at his pockets, "here's what will steady me. Did you never admire where I got the drop of brandy, now and then, while the serious poor souls of Derry were quarrelling for a drop of water?"

Edmund impatiently answered.

"Stop, then;—bless my heart, what's to do?"—he continued, as dizziness, and benumbing pain, and sickness came upon him. "Ship's in a fog—can't see a rope's length a-head;—you're a hearty lad"— grasping Edmund's hand—"I know how it is, now—get to the Rapparees, as fast as you can. The whole fleet of 'em is anchored near Ballougry hill;—say I sent you—that's enough." He grew fainter, but rallied;—"Shiver my timbers—old ship going down?—Tilly-vally; it all comes of thinking of it. I'm growing serious—hearty, still; and so we ride any squall. Where's my ballast;—aye"— at last plunging a hand in his pocket—"here it is, if it would but come out;—merry, goodmen boys, merry—

I met a fair Rosy by a mulberry tree,
And tho' mass was my notion, my devotion was she"—

a shred of a Rapparee song, which Jerry tried to repeat, as he still tugged at his pocket—

"I met a fair Ro——"

His voice sank—his eyes fixed; he shivered—and died. Proving that hunger will not spare a merry man, any more than a serious; and that, on earth at least, mind cannot live without body, however well disposed to life it may

be. Certainly if—combined with simple-heartedness—good humour and unaffected resignation under every possible evil, could ever have disarmed death, poor Jerry would be alive to this hour to boast of a victory.

Edmund seized the hand he had thrust into his pocket; it was clasped round the corked neck of a bladder, half filled with brandy: in Jerry's other pocket he got a second large bladder, crumpled into a lump with constant squeezing. Upon sudden and wild impulse, Edmund drank a maddening draught, and gaining from it an accession of artificial strength, ran, acting upon Jerry's hint, concerning the Rapparees, to Butcher's gate.

Here he told the men the object of his speed, and offered them the brandy as a bribe to open the gate. They readily took the liquor, but refused him egress. He became furious; snatched a sword from one of them; ran on, like a maniac, to where the wall was not much more than a dozen feet high, and jumped down upon a soft embankment of earth and sods. Shots were fired after him, as, regaining his legs, he raced towards Ballougry hill. He escaped them, and gained an outpost of the Rapparees. Edmund knew them by their costume. "Food, food!" he cried, breaking through them. They had beheld his approach in great amazement, rather than in hostility; and it was not till he endeavoured to force them aside, that they offered violence: then, however, some cuts were aimed at him, and he was wounded in the neck and arm. But still he made way; and in a few moments came upon the main body of freebooters, as they sat, before their temporary huts, on the grass.

"Food!—give me food!" Sword in hand, he rushed on them; but now his strength failed, and he fell prostrate.

All that followed was like a dream. He afterwards brought faintly to mind, that some had gathered round to injure him; some to save. That the Whisperer and Galloping Hogan had questioned him; that he had answered; and lastly, that as if wrought upon by his sad story, the rude men had given him food and wine. Clasping it close, he made a second desperate effort, and flew back to the city. Little opposition was offered to his entrance, freighted as he came The gates were opened; the soldiers seized him, and dragged the food from his hands; he saved a little, and gained Esther's house. She was not at home. He learned that,

according to her daily custom, she had caused herself to be borne to the church, to attend prayers, which, never neglected in the city since the beginning of the siege, were now, in their terrible distress, more than ever the resource of the pious. To the church Edmund hastened. Pushing in among a great crowd, he vainly looked round for Esther. Again faintness came upon him, and he sank on a seat.

For some time he was insensible to everything. Gradually, however, the feeble though shrill tones of old age filled his ear; and looking towards the pulpit, he saw it occupied by a very aged, white-headed, emaciated clergyman, who, with an energy beyond what his strength could bear, was preaching to the miserable people. As Edmund's eyes turned heavily downward, the shrill, childish voice stopped; then there was the sound of a sudden fall. "He is dead!" exclaimed the congregation.

This more effectually roused Edmund. He saw the lifeless body of the old man borne from the pulpit. Immediately after, Mr. Walker, assisted up by two young persons, filled his place; and at the same moment began to preach. His once full and sonorous voice was at times husky and screaming; sometimes it sunk into a hoarse whisper. But so hushed was the crowd, that every cadence of that whisper was audible.

"Gaunt suffering has made another breach," he said, "another, of the sorest; but, as is my duty, I mount it. Nor do I fear so to do; nor shall you fear for me, my afflicted brethren. The voice that, even in a prayer for us, has just been cut short, and silenced on the earth for ever, but mounts into the actual presence of God, to finish, there, the petition here interrupted. Although its echoes have failed in the fretted roof of this holy place, yet, with the ear of faith and hope, ye can still hear it ringing, piteously and beseechingly, before the footstool. Let us join our cries to it—our cries of anguish and feebleness; and surely will the Lord at last deliver us. As when Moses lifted up his hands upon the mount, against Amalek, praying that the battle might be turned, and it was; as when at the prayer and sacrifice of Samuel, the Lord discomfited the Philistines by thunder, and they were smitten before Israel; as when the great host came up against Jerusalem, and Hezekiah spread the letter of their captain before the Lord, praying for deliverance, and the Lord sent

His destroying angel into their camp; yea, as Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, were delivered from the furnace of fire, and Daniel from the lions' den; yea, as Elijah obtained rain when the famine prevailed—"

The preacher was interrupted by a hoarse weak shout, that came from abroad. He did not attempt to go on. Wild with expectation, he turned and fixed his eye upon the doorway, and thither the feverish glances of the pallid congregation were also directed. The shout came nearer; voices were heard at the door. At first, no words could be distinguished; but soon a thousand tongues cried—"The ships! the ships!"

"He hath heard us!" exclaimed Mr. Walker, dropping on his knees. The congregation, uttering cries of hope and anxiety, hastened from the church. Many died as they sat or stood; in the streets as they staggered along, or on the steps leading up to the walls. When almost all had abandoned the church, Edmund looked round for Esther. He found her left helpless, and nearly insensible. He caught her up in his arms, and followed the people.

It has already been said that, from the north-east side of the walls, in which was Butcher's gate, a full view of the river could be commanded. The whole prospect formed a pleasing picture. The horizon was bounded, at a distance, by a sweep of blue hills, called Magilligan's creeks. About five miles off, a line of low land, on which stood Culmore fort, ran under them, into the water, swelling high, as, at the left hand, it came near and nearer, and overtopped, in its continuation, by the barren summits of Inishowen promontory. To the right, cutting against the blue creeks, rising grounds also swept into the water, apparently narrowing it from thence down to Culmore fort, but allowing it to spread, up to the city, into a fine sheet. And, at the back of this last little point, appeared the formidable boom, crossing the river to the opposite shore.

Esther continued nearly insensible, as Edmund bore her to the walls. But when they had gained them, she recovered sufficiently to understand what was going forward.

"Eat, eat," he then cried, eagerly—"eat, my beloved. You but want strength—nourishing food. And here—this is nutritive and good; and this wine is also gentle and strengthening."

"In a moment," she replied, very faintly. "But first set

me down, and look you over the walls, and tell me how this ends. Let me hear that you and Evelyn—where is Evelyn?"

"I know not—among the crowd—but safe—safe, dearest Esther."

"Let me first hear that he and you are to be saved indeed. And then— But set me down, Edmund."

He complied, and cast his eyes around, and over the water. Near him, and at every side from which a glimpse of the boom could be obtained, the ghastly crowd thronged close; sons bearing their parents, brothers their fainting sisters, husbands their fainting wives; friends supporting each other, in lines and groups, with arms locked or hands clasped. And as they stood, silent and breathless, in the garish sunshine of that midsummer day, all looking more like a concourse of the dead, placed upright out of their graves, than living men to whom its ray was dear.

And all eyes strained down the broad river, up which, by Culmore fort, four gallant vessels just then came, with a fair and fresh breeze, canvass crowded, and flags and pennons flying. A light frigate, the convoy of the store-ships, led the van. She had been exposed to a terrible fire from the old fort; but she had passed it, giving more than one broadside, and hauled her wind, and lay to, in order to cover the other vessels, till they should get a-head of her. This they effected, and all steadily approached the ponderous boom, though still receiving the fire of hundreds of small arms from the shore. The largest of the store-ships at last ran straight for the boom.

"What is that?" inquired Esther, as she heard a drawing-in and hissing of breath among the miserable multitude, which sank into a hollow groan.

"A ship has struck the boom," answered Edmund, "but without injuring it; while, with the shock, herself rebounds, and runs ashore. And now"—a loud yell echoed along the banks of the river—"now the Irish put off in boats to board her."

"God's will be done!" said Esther, scarcely audible.

He cast himself on his knees, by her side, and renewed his entreaties that she would taste food and wine. Of the latter she allowed him to give her a mouthful.

"Despair not, yet, my people," he then heard Mr. Walker say near him; "the frigate will guard the stranded ship—

will resist and overcome them. See how her brave crew man the deck, and her gallant captain, hat in hand, cheers them. Ha!—he drops."

A second groan came from the unhappy crowd.

"But her crew are not dispirited," the governor continued; "they divert the fire of the batteries and lines from the other ships. And up another comes. But, no; hers will not be the glory. The first bold adventurer frees herself with that broadside, and once more she runs for the boom.'

The crowd again sucked in their breath, and their arms and hands were raised, and waved in sympathy of action with every movement they saw.

"Esther, my life, my only life!" cried Edmund, as she grew worse, gasping piteously. "Take heart, my beloved; all will be happy still. Eat, eat, sweet Esther," he continued, tears blinding him; "only eat—or droop not for this—the bold vessel tries it again!"—starting to his feet. "Now, Esther!"—

"Now!" echoed Mr. Walker, pressing his lips together, and his arms over his breast. In a second after—"Long live King William!—huzza!" he shouted aloud.

A hoarse and awful cry of joy burst from the spectators, as now, indeed, the strong ship, again striking the monstrous impediment, broke it into pieces, and, followed by her sister vessels, sailed on, proudly and triumphantly, to succour the wretched city. As that cry arose, the last breath of many escaped with it. Joy had her victims as well as famine and despair; and Esther was among the number. But, in her case, another shock, of a different kind, assisted, perhaps, the general one.

"Hear them, my adored!" exclaimed Edmund, as the people shouted.

"She hears not them nor you," said the voice of Onagh, at Esther's back, now sounding rather sorrowful than stern. But *her* words, at least, the maiden heard; for, starting from her lethargy, her eyes fixed their last look on Onagh, and then closed.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

A RELAPSE into fever was the instant consequence of the shock suffered by Edmund. Evelyn also fell a victim to the same disease, against which he had, indeed, long struggled. When consciousness returned, his recollections of the past were dull, and of its saddest event he half doubted. The first person who spoke at his bedside was a good old Protestant clergyman, long the friend of his family. The next face he saw was that of Father M'Donnell. The two old men comforted him; but delicately and dexterously avoided much conversation. Evelyn himself did not dare to ask one certain question. In a few days more, Father M'Donnell spoke of Eva. When the invalid had been sufficiently prepared, there was a rustle among the drapery of his bed; then a tender mumuring, and Eva sank on his breast. She had watched his pillow since the day after he became ill.

Still afraid of the question that lay at his heart, he asked for Edmund. She arose and left the room; but speedily returned with her brother by the hand. Evelyn saw that both were habited in black. He was at last satisfied.

The meeting with Edmund was mute as the grave. They only pressed each other's hands. Evelyn was shocked at the appearance of M'Donnell. It was not emaciation and paleness alone that gave his figure, face, and manner, an altered character.

"Much as we have suffered together, I should not know you," said Evelyn.

M'Donnell withdrew, almost snatched away his hand, and, with an abrupt and husky "Tush! and why not?" turned to a window. Eva whispered, that, apart from other causes of bitter despair, her brother had lately been dismissed, with a severe and degrading sentence, from his regiment; and that the effect of all his afflictions had made him fearfully reserved and ungentle. It was but too evident, indeed, that he was

evoured by the stern sorrow that fastens upon the heart, poisons its life-springs, and causes them to flow in sullen nd selfish misanthropy.

When Evelyn grew much better, passes and protections ere, through his interest, and that of the kind Protestant ergyman, obtained for Edmund, Eva, and Priest M'Donnell, nd all prepared to visit Glenarriff. The perfect re-establish-ent of Evelyn's health made such a change necessary. But e was farther tempted. Eva, expressing her zeal in the ublic cause to be much cooled since Edmund's undeserved l-treatment by King James's officers, listened to his whispers r a future re-union of their hands and fate, in her father's ouse, at the Strip of Burne. And now, other reasons made ll most anxious to leave Derry.

Tidings arrived that Schomberg, at the head of an army of wenty thousand English and foreigners, had landed near arrickfergus; reduced it and Belfast; and proceeded south-ard towards Dublin. While Kirke, with his considerable orce, marched from Derry to join him. Colonel Lloyd, com-ander of all the remnants of the northern Protestant levies, ow collected into one body, and called by the general name f Enniskilleners, after also forming an unwelcome junction rith Schomberg, continued in his rear, making incursions mong the Roman Catholic people of the country, and ac-uitting himself much to the satisfaction of his corps, who onoured him with the title of "their little Cromwell."

From one or other of these cruel men, Eva and Edmund eared an attack on their father, at Glenarriff: hence arose he increased anxiety of all to commence their journey.

The day was at length appointed. Upon the evening be-ore it, Evelyn secretly left the house, and walked to the djacent churchyard. He wished to bid farewell to the nouldering remains of his sister; and also to judge, from the ituation of her grave, of the fittest kind of monument to be aised over it. When the sexton led him to the spot, he ound his second intention anticipated. A little white arble urn already rose above the grave; and, looking close, n the waning light, he read thereon—"Farewell, Esther!— d. M'D."

As, deeply touched, he stood by the urn, a soft step ap-roached. It was Eva; he concealed himself. She bore on er arm a little garland of white flowers. Gaining the spot

on which Evelyn had just stood, she gazed at the base of the monument, as if her eyes could have pierced the dense earth, and riveted themselves on the still features of her sister. Then she removed from the urn a faded garland; and, weeping profusely, fell on her knees, and prayed, according to the usage of her Church, for the happiness of the soul of Esther Evelyn.

Some stones tumbled from the wall of the churchyard; a man jumped over, pulling his hat over his brows, muffling himself in his cloak, and looking fiercely around. Eva hastily arose, threw the fresh garland over the urn, and retired. The man walked forward, still glancing behind and around him. When he thought he was unobserved and alone, he suddenly flung himself on the earth where Eva had knelt, spreading out his arms, and grasping the long grass in his convulsed hands, while every muscle quivered, and his sobs echoed through the churchyard. Evelyn knew it was Edmund. Some slight noise occurred, and M'Donnell started up, again pulled down his hat, ran to the wall, and bounded over it.

Evelyn came from his concealment; took his own farewell of his sister's grave, and returned, stealthily, to his chamber. The friends did not meet that night; and each supposed the other was ignorant of the sad visit which each had paid in the churchyard.

Early next morning, accompanied by Father M'Donnell, and, to insure their safety, the Protestant clergyman, they left the city of Derry.

"Does Schomberg's army contain many veteran foreigners, sir?" asked Evelyn of his reverend friend, when they had been some time on the road.

"About a fourth, mostly French; William does not think he can yet spare many Dutch, from England. And upon the same policy, this newly-raised force of English is generalled by a brave old soldier of fortune, who has, from time to time, served every rival court in Europe, always most faithful to his temporary paymaster, though indifferent to the principle of the cause he zealously promotes in his name. Therefore, perhaps, very fit to conduct a war like this, in which party-spirit runs so high."

"The sending of Kirke to assist our northern efforts, may have savoured of the same policy," resumed Evelyn. "A man

whose indifference to cause or country is as notorious as his infamy."

"Know you what road Kirke has taken towards Schomberg's quarters, sir?" asked Eva, in alarm.

"The same we now pursue," replied the clergyman. "But do not, my good young lady, give way to uneasiness. He has scarce a day's march of us, and, with our good horses, we may easily come up with his division before he gains the point I know you think about; and when we do join him, our documents will fully protect all. But let us push hard."

The injunction was unnecessary. Those that heard, were most anxious to anticipate it. With scarce a rest or pause, night or day, the little party held on for Glenarriff, over the same road by which Mr. Walker had led Evelyn and his sister to Derry.

The sultry evening, one in the latter end of August, had just begun to approach, when Eva recognised, from a distance, the well-known line of hills that enclosed Glenarriff.

"We are now past all danger from those whom you consider as your foes," resumed the clergyman, at this period of their journey. "Kirke must have deviated from our route, soon after leaving Derry, otherwise we should, ere this, have certainly overtaken him."

"God grant it, sir," cried Eva.

"While I, and my loyal Protestant charge," continued the clergyman, "have now a right to fear for our own safety, in entering these remote and hilly fastnesses, amongst which, it is reported, that young wild-cat, *Yamen-ac-knuck*, occasionally wanders with his freebooters."

Eva and Evelyn (Edmund remaining silent, as he rode a short distance behind, during the whole journey) expressed their ignorance of the individual spoken of, and inquired if he was a new Rapparee captain, accommodated with the *nom-de-guerre* mentioned, Yamen-ac-knuck, or Ned of the hill.

Their informant replied that they had conjectured aright. "We heard nothing of him in Derry until after the relief of the place. Then, however, his exploits reached us, together with some accounts, true or false as they may be, of his person and private history. He is said to be a mere lad, who joined the Rapparee body only while they lay near Hamilton's camp, pretending to give that general assistance. When the Irish retreated southward, the Rapparees, as is always their

custom on such occasions, broke into different bodies. One portion of them remaining without a commander, it is added that this boy, on account of the many instances he had given of great personal courage, ferocity rather, and of cleverness in other needful respects, was unanimously elected by them. Since when, he has outdone all his predecessors in those acts which make the reputation of a Rapparee commander. Other accounts add, that he is partly indebted for his sudden elevation to a visit which he made to Derry, during the siege; when, on some private business, he had audience of the governor, and, along with a considerable purse, honestly obtained from him, carried back plunder to a great amount, of which the desolate state of the town enabled him to possess himself, and which gained him much consideration with his fellows."

"I begin to think I have had the honour of knowing, for many years, the distinguished person you speak of," said Evelyn.

"Indeed!" and the clergyman was about to make inquiries, when, with a faint scream, Eva, unconsciously, as it seemed, backed her jennet, pointing towards the middle of the line of hill that, at the right hand, formed the boundary of the valley of Glenarriff, into which, at the end opposite to the entrance from the coast, they were now turning.

All looked, and saw the black ruins of a cabin, recently burnt down, before which, from the branch of a tree, a man's body was suspended.

"He has been in the glen!" she cried, now urging her jennet forward.

Edmund spoke not a word. Regarding for a moment the object to which every eye was directed, he turned deadly pale, set his teeth, made a motion to draw the sword, which he had not, felt for pistols, of which he was also deprived, and then dashing, in rage and desperation, the rowels into his steed, soon came up with Eva. Evelyn rapidly followed them. The two old clergymen stood a moment behind, one uplifting his hands, the other, with uncovered head, crossing himself. Both then also hastened down the glen.

As the party proceeded, the few cabins on their way, at the right hand and at the left, presented the same ruinous appearance of the first they had beheld. But nothing told *that the* destroyers were at present in the valley. The

silence of death reigned over it. No human tones broke the deep repose of the hill-side, or of its rocky and barren summit. Not even the low of a cow, or the bark of a household-dog was heard; nought but the voices of water-falls, far and near, which, blended in one hoarse whispering cadence, might seem to lament the devastation that had visited their ancient demesne.

On spurred the little party, in hopelessness and horror, every step they moved adding confirmed anticipations of the worst. They gained a glance of the Strip of Burne, and Eva and Edmund beheld the humble home that had sheltered their childhood half burnt down, and yet smoking in the evening sun. From the sycamores and ash thus that had once shadowed it, those of their poor followers who had dared, after the landing of Schomberg, to cling to the house of their chief, hung dead.

Indescribable passion kept the brother and sister silent and motionless, for a time.

"Our father!" they exclaimed, at last flinging themselves from their horses, they prepared to rush forward, partly in the wild hope that, as his dead body did not appear, he might have escaped.

"How! the song of mirth amid ruin and desolation!" cried Eva, as, after a few steps, the tones of a harp met her ear. Turning the angle of an intervening bank, she saw Carolan seated, immediately before the ruin, on the smooth, flat stone, where he was accustomed to strike up his announcing lay. The contrast between his smiling face and song of joy, and the horrors he could not see, petrified, for a moment, the brother and sister, and rooted them to the spot; while the poor blind lad began to sing words like the following:

I.

Come out, old man, at dusk of day,
Come out and hear the harper play;
For I have rhymes,
And chimes
Of times long past away.
So come out, come out, come out, old man,
And hear the harper play.

II.

Come out, young girl, and list my lay,
Young girls like other tunes, they say,

And I've an air,
So rare,
To cheer the fall of day.
So come out, come out, young girl—come out,
And hear the harper play.

III.

Men, women, all—let no one stay—
Lads, lasses, boys, or old wife grey—
Down from the moon
I'll croon,
A tune, or make ye gay,
So come out, come out, man, woman, child,
And hear the harper play.

But before he had ended the words we here translate, the brother and sister broke off to the house. Eva shrieking, as she said—

"Great God! he thinks he plays his accustomed air to ears that still hear him!"

"Who speaks?" cried Carolan, stopping instantly. "Eva M'Donnell, why do you scream?" He arose, anxiously turning his face in the direction where he had heard the words. But no one replied to him. Evelyn and the two old clergymen followed the brother and sister. He heard the rapid retreating steps—then silence—then wilder screams within the house. In vain the poor harper continued to demand, tears of mixed agitation and bitterness, at being so abandoned, running down his cheeks, "What has happened, I say? God of heaven! why do you cry out, Eva? Eva M'Donnell!"

Edmund, his sister, and Evelyn, together broke through masses of fallen thatch and wall, that choked up the doorway, and together entered a part of the large room of the house, which, with the smoking roof yet over it, was most free from impediments. The dead bodies of others of their faithful followers were strewn around, half covered with rubbish; wounds on their fronts, and weapons near them, told that they had fallen where they lay, while resisting a superior force. One other glance round, and Eva was the first to perceive the corpse of an old man stretched on the clotted hearth. Gashes were visible on his bald head, which lay, crimsoned and cold, upon his once cheerful hearthstone. A short, straight, basket-hilted sword was in his hand, and a wounded *stag-hound* crouched at his feet. At the first noise of in-

truders, the faithful animal opened his languid eyes; exposed, without being able to utter a sound, his formidable tusks; made an effort to rise and attack Evelyn, but, staggering, fell dead across the body of his old master.

It need not be added that the shrieks Carolan heard were uttered by Eva. As she cast herself upon the mangled body of her only parent, they rose, peal after peal, with a shrillness which mortal agony could alone send forth, and which, piercing through the open roof of her ruined house, re-echoed to hill and rock, far beyond the place where the harper heard them.

A mile and more from where he stood, they were heard by the man who had caused them, and who rode slowly, at the moment, at the head of the chosen body he had trained to such acts as this, while the main force of his detachment proceeded, at some distance, on their route southward.

He sat stooped in his saddle, his round shoulders and slight figure having acquired the kind of crouch (the crouch of the tiger before he springs) which sometimes marks the turbaned race, amongst whom he had learnt his humanity. His small, half-shut, jetty eye, glanced upwardly around, as if overshadowed by the turban; and as he rode he kept twirling his coal-black moustaches, which, according to their early fashion, he wore unusually long and curled. Thus sitting silent, and watchful of every face around, while none dared to address or look at him, the infamous Kirke heard a faint echo of the despairing shrieks of Eva.

"Hark! sergeant," he said, turning himself in his pad; "I think there be some of my lambs not yet done bleating."

"With submission to your honour, I think no," replied the favoured sergeant, returning an expressive leer; "the prettiest of 'em, in that wild nook below, sleeps by this time."

"But there again; heard you not that?"

"I believe we hear but the cry of the gull on the shore yonder."

"Thou gull and goose to say so! I tell thee that is the cry of one of my little lambs, in pain, doubtless; and I will have a single one in pain, poor things. So turn, sirrah."

The troop was soon in rapid motion, back to the vale of Garriff.

Cease, Eva, cease!" cried Edmund, sternly, as her [illegible] for [illegible] Throw [illegible] still escaped in deafening shrieks. He had n[illegible]

uttered a cry, nor spoken a word, nor wept a tear, nor flung himself on the ground. "Cease this vain frenzy, girl. Rise; kneel at that side of our father's corpse, while I kneel at this; and then give me your hands."

She heard or heeded him not, and her screams still rang out.

"Hear me, I say!" he continued, the dreadful passion that, like the intense though brooding fire of a kiln, burned within him, now getting a first vent in impatience at not being obeyed. "Sister! woman! silence, and listen to the voice of your last relation!"

This had effect. She raised up her head, and looked at him. When he repeated his former instructions, Eva, seeming to understand and fully sympathize with him, hastily knelt at the one side of their dead father, while Edmund knelt at the other, and gave her hands across the body, which he instantly grasped in his. Eva's own tears were at last dried up; her features still, though terribly rigid. The glaring eyes of the frantic brother and sister fastened on each other.

"Let us now swear an oath," resumed M'Donnell. "Repeat the words I shall speak."

"I will," she answered, convulsively pressing his hands.

"Here, over his mangled corpse, by the blood of him who gave us birth, swear!"

She repeated the words, and said—

"By this I promise to swear."

"Against the doers of the murder—against their abettors and their cause—their seed and breed, root and branch—revenge, by every plan and wile! With the eye of the wood-cat to watch them—with the thirst of the life-hound to track them—with the subtlety of the hill-fox to encompass them—with the mercy of the forest-wolf to deal on them! For this we give up all other practices of life—for this, while we swear to hate them, we forswear their fellowship—bread never to break with them, roof never to enter with them, hand never to cross with them, word never to change with them, with those of their side or their creed, their party or their country, their blood or their descent, their race, from generation to generation!"

"Hold, Eva, and remember what you do!" cried Evelyn.

"Forbear, my daughter, and swear not, in madness, a horrid str[illegible]!" echoed the old priest.

stag-hou[illegible]ve, or fly!" interrupted the agitated voice of Carolan,

through the choked doorway. "Fly, or hide ye! they are upon ye! I heard their tramp, tramp, down the glen; and I know the trooper's tramp, so different from our own."

"Who are upon us?" questioned Edmund, his voice and manner changed into a kind of satisfied composure, as if all he wished was near at hand, in the approach of his enemies, although he stood so poorly prepared to receive them. As he spoke, he rose slowly from his knees, still holding his sister's hand, and obliging her also to stand up. Evelyn flew to take her other hand.

"Who comes?" repeated the harper, "who but those who were here before, returning to end their work? But if—where is Eva M'Donnell? If ye can hide, behind rock or hill, for a little start of time, I have sent word to some who may yet save us. Where is she? Let Eva give me her hand; I can guide her, blind as I am."

"Eva M'Donnell holds by her brother's hand, Carolan, rejoined Edmund.

"And will not let it go," added Eva.

"Where have you sent, or on whom have you called?" asked Evelyn, more collected than his wretched friends.

"When ye left me alone, by the flat stone, Con M'Donnell came from his hiding-place and threw himself, weeping, at my feet. He did not see ye enter the glen; he could not hear the tramp of the red-coats; but I did. And, as I knew his signs from Eva, I sent him to seek one who spoke to me on my path, as I crossed the hills this morning, and who can save ye, if he will. So, hide ye, hide ye, as ye can. Whisht! I hear them nearer and nearer—now there is little time. But yet, use it—make speed!"

"It were useless," said Evelyn, drawing his sword; "they are before the house. If they mean us harm, little dependence must we place on the mission of the poor harper."

The dragoons were heard hastily dismounting.

"On this alone I depend," said M'Donnell, stooping to the hearth. "Your sword, old man!" he added, as he took the weapon from the stiffened grasp that held it.

"Edmund," said poor Carolan, "I felt a sword at my feet, just now. Put it into my hand."

"Let there be no swords used," said the Protestant clergyman, "and we shall come to no harm. I hold protection for all. I will stand at the door, and first meet them. Throw

down your blades, young men, and let peace be amongst you."

"Throw it from your hand, Edmund M'Donnell," repeated the old priest.

"Gentlemen," answered Edmund, with a return of one of his grim smiles, "I stand upon my father's hearth, under my father's roof-tree—he at my feet—his daughter by the hand. Here will I fall, or revenge him, and save her." And his eyes fixed like those of a couching panther on the doorway.

Little time had he to watch or wait. Kirke was immediately heard saying, outside, as he used the terms of cruel mockery we have before heard him use, and which were familiar to him.

"Aha! now do I hear you bleat, indeed, my lambs. Knew I not you were here? Corporal, post half the men at the back of the house—the rest, enter with me; we shall want none at the front. And harkye, cut me down two or three of my lambs from those trees, to make room, you know. Sergeant, forward."

The sergeant, obeying orders, stepped over the threshold, Kirke close behind him, surrounded by his dragroons. In another instant Edmund's highland blade was through the sergeant's heart. In another, drawing it back, as the man fell, he had bounded to the hearth again, seized his sister's hand, and riveted his glance on the door, as if nothing had occurred.

Kirke jumped far from the door, and, with oaths and blasphemies, was heard to urge on his men to burst, in a body, into the house. The shadows of several came before them, over the floor; when the Protestant clergyman, anxious to prevent more bloodshed, stept boldly upon the threshold, and addressing Kirke, said—

"Here, sir, are no subjects for violence or cruelty. I am a minister of the Established Church. At my back is an officer in King William's service; and my other companions are, by these documents," showing them, "protected from all aggression. In the name of God and of the King, retire, or give your pledge to approach peaceably."

This stopped the dragoons for a moment. Kirke, taking the protections from the outstretched hands of the clergyman, glanced over them; but immediately said, as he *regained* his self-possession—

"Not worth a straw to my lambs. Protections to submitted and disarmed rebels, these. Here I have to deal with sturdy ones, who meet King William's soldiers with arms in their hands, and have already taken the life of a loyal subject. So come out, old gentleman, if you are what you say. Let the officer you speak of also range himself on the side he ought to take; or both abide the consequences. Forward, soldiers, if they do not instantly appear. Forward, pell-mell. Hah!"—interrupting himself, as he caught, through the door, a glimpse of Eva—"I see within a fairer advocate, and one that may have more persuasion. Let the lady step out, and entreat us for her friends."

Poor Eva shrank back, Edmund again bounded towards the door, while Evelyn grasped closer the now trembling hand he held—all in recollection of the well-known story that stamps upon the character of Kirke its deepest infamy, and to which his present words seemed the beginning of an intended parallel; the story that every historian, Hume included, holds up to the curses of posterity; that a poet has also "curst in everlasting verse;" the reverse pendant to the story rehearsed in history, and by the muse, of another captain under similar circumstances—of the Roman Scipio, on the field of New Carthage.

To the door M'Donnell again sprang. It seemed as if he was about to break through all opposers, and all prudent recollections too, for one good thrust at Kirke. But the two clergymen and Carolan blocked up his way, and together exhorted him to refrain. While Evelyn, and even his sister, also besought him to proceed to no further violence, until it should be provoked by violence.

During the debate, Evelyn's eye caught a strange vision. Over the doorway, visible to any who, from the opposite side of the room might front it, but disguised by a remnant of thatch from all without, the figure of a man stealthily crept, winding itself like an eel through an orifice in the roof, until he had got astride on a rafter. Across the rafter he immediately flung, with great adroitness, a rope having a noose at one end. This done, he looked downward, rubbed his hands, as if satisfied so far, and pleasantly reckoning on the result. Then he faced Evelyn, who, at a glance, knew the Whisperer.

And the recognition was mutual. Rory, his face wearing as usual simper, immediately nodded and smirked at him;

made a gentle sign of caution with his hands; and patting the rope, and pointing downward, again composed himself to attend to the business of his situation.

"Will she not out?" Kirke was once more heard to exclaim abroad. "Then must we in. What means this silly tumult at the door? Do my lambs butt at each other? Forward!"

A clamour arose among Kirke's dragoons, but it did not sound like the cry of attack. Shouts followed, which were not theirs, although they strove to echo them. They received and returned a volley, and then pressed, rather in disorder than in enterprise, against the doorway, some, who were first, stumbling backward into the room. At the same moment another scuffle was heard at the back of the house; while upon the dragoons who entered half a dozen of Rapparees instantly jumped from the open roof, led by Evelyn's old guardian of the donkey, and seconded by Con M'Donnell, whose cries of onslaught and contortions of feature were deafening and hideous.

Eva shrank to a corner with her reverend guardian; Evelyn, Carolan, and the Protestant clergyman still tried to restrain Edmund. The dragoons were cut down or shot, as those from abroad continued to press them into the ruined house. At last Kirke himself was forced upon the threshold, and, with outstretched arms and hands, endeavoured to avoid the doom of the men who had preceded him. The eye of the boy-captain, or, as he was now called, Yamen-ac-knuck, fixed on him, and, instantly springing forward—

"Take him alive!" he cried. Two other Rapparees seized, along with Yamen, Kirke's arm and shoulders, and tugged to get him in. At this juncture commenced the operations of the Whisperer.

Hastily rubbing his hands, and smacking his lips, he gave one or two preparative glances downward, and while Kirke yet remained fixed in the doorway, gently lowered his noose; coaxed it a little round its object; at last gave it a sudden and knowing chuck. And as to the surprise of all parties, Kirke's head as suddenly turned aside, his neck stretched, and his feet began to miss the ground.

"*Mille milloone mullah!*"* said Rory. "I have him in the very little bite of a *sneem-a-skibbeah*† he was so fond of all his

* A thousand million of praises. † Hangman's knot.

life, for others. Captain Yamen, a-chorra-ma-chree, jest lend him a hand—you know it's nothin' but the kindness you wanted to keep him for. You, Bryan, a-vich, take this end o' the sthring. An' you, too, Murthock, steady the darlin', a little—there. Asy, now—fair an' asy goes far in the day. Musha, what *bolgh** is on you, Gineral Kirke, a-hager? Throth, I don't think he loves or likes that lift, by the faces he makes—thry it agin, anyhow. Asy, asy—"

"*Ruch, ruch!*"† interrupted some of their friends' voices from the back of the house; "here comes all the Sassenachs to see what's keepin' him. A power o' them—all that went by to-day—*ruch, ruch!*" and the over-mastering shouts of a great body of soldiers, mixed with the trampling of their horses, and the blasts of their trumpets, sounded very near the house.

In the pause of consternation which this produced on those of the Rapparees who were in the ruined dwelling, the few remaining dragoons abroad rallied. Answering the cheers of their approaching friends, they burst through the doorway, cut down their general, and received him, in convulsions, in their arms.

Eva's shriek arose, and M'Donnell grew more frantic than ever, in his efforts to free himself from the well-meant violence of his friends.

As the retreating Rapparees struggled on the floor with the dragoons, as their shots flew round, and their cries and execrations mingled with the still-approaching uproar from abroad—his voice, louder than every other sound, was heard to exclaim:

"Evelyn—traitor—Sassenach—let me go! Men—Irishmen—friends—assist me! He holds me, to betray me to them! Strike, if he will not free me!"

No sooner had he spoken, than the cat-eye of the young captain, the last to retreat, fastened on Evelyn with a startled recognition. He presented his pistol, and snapped it at his head; it missed fire. He seized it by the muzzle, and sank the lock in Evelyn's forehead, who instantly went down.

All that followed of the scene was confused to Evelyn.

* What's the matter. † Run, run.

But ere the young bravo, or some one for him, could repeat a threatened blow, the scream of another female joined that of Eva, and a woman's figure swam before his eyes, and fell on him. Then came a burst of shouting, roaring, firing, and sword-clashing—a rush into the house—a trampling upon him—and then insensibility.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEN Evelyn regained his senses, the first glance around told him that he was still beneath part of the roof of the ruined house; that it was night; and that some feeble taper just served to break the thick darkness. At another glance, he saw himself surrounded by piles of stones and thatch, rising on every side, so high as to shut him out from a view of the rest of the apartment. He stirred, and then became sensible that a hand held his, that a woman's eyes watched him, while his head was pillowed on her lap. But she was silent as all else around her. The full sense of his situation crowded upon Evelyn; though while the dreary stillness smote his heart, he snatched at the hope that it was Eva who watched him. For, added to the confused state of his thoughts, his nearness to the down-turned face, and the imperfect light, did not allow him at once to become certain.

So, still holding the hand that gently grasped his, he strove to rise. A sudden swimming of his head baffled the effort, and he sank down again.

"Sleep, sleep, a-chorra-ma-chree," said a soft voice, somewhat familiar to him, though not the one he had hoped to hear. "The pain and the wakeness is on you yet—sleep, sleep."

Yielding a moment to the overpowering faintness, it soon passed away. Evelyn was now more successful in his effort to sit up, and fix his eyes on the girl's face, which he slowly recognised to be that of Moya Laherty; his champion and saviour during the attack on his own house.

"An how is it wid you now, a-hager?" questioned his young and not unattractive companion, while surprise kept Evelyn *mute.*

"My poor girl!" he said, as he gratefully pressed her hand, "is it you who are my nurse, and, I suppose, a second time my preserver?"

Tears started into her eyes, as, blushing, and casting them down, she replied—

"Avoch, don't, don't say them kind words to me. They sadden the heart within me, whin they'd fitther make it glad. Sure it's poor Moya, hersef, is here, an' a good warrant she had. Why for no whin the word that came to our men, an' I wid my mammy among 'em, tould me you war here in throuble!

"Ah! I seem to remember now having seen a woman—you, I suppose—rush between me and some fellow whose hand was raised over me when I fell?"

"It's the thruth you did, I'm thinking."

"And, my God!" continued Evelyn, gazing at her in alarm and regret, "this—this wound on your breast must have been received in your struggle to save me?"

"What wound, a-gra? it's nothin' at all. Only the blood that cum from your own poor head, more to talk of nor anything that 'ud happen to twenty o' my likes." She said this in some confusion, as she tried to draw the coarse drapery closer over her bosom.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Evelyn, as in her nervousness the covering fell, and exposed a gash on the poor girl's left breast.

"Why would you deceive me? What a cut is there, poor Moya!"

"Bother on it!" said Moya, roughly pulling up the covering, and re-applying some herb-dressings that had also fallen off. "Where 'ud it be goin' wid itsef, for to vex me this way? It's nothin' I tell you agin, Sassenach, a-chorra; or—" tears once more gushing. "Sure if it war, what is it only a dhrop o' the blood spilt for you, that 'ud come, out-an-out, to save one dhrop o' yours? I'm glad it's next the heart, anyhow," she added, striving to laugh off her emotion, but with a glance, perhaps involuntary, that Evelyn could not mistake.

It told him that the sentiments entertained towards him by Moya were such as, for many reasons, he could not in manliness or delicacy encourage. He therefore resolved to shun, as much as possible, all personal topics between them. And the subjects which really engrossed his mind, fully

returning after this interruption, he was about to thank her, in a formal strain, for her disinterested exertions in his behalf, and then pass to other inquiries, when Moya resumed.

"An' how is the head that's on you, now, Sassenach?"

"Oh, I scarce feel any inconvenience from the wound!" putting up his hand. In some surprise, he found it carefully bandaged. He could not avoid adding—"for this, too, I am indebted to you, Moya."

"Not the laste in the world. Only whin I watched my time, an' struv to lift you over the stones an' rubbish, out o' their sight, sure when all was quiet agin, I jest crept out, an' pult the little heribs that my mammy often showed me in the fields an' by the wather's brink, an' tould me war good for a cut or a bruise. And then, I come back, an' washed off the blood wid the dhrop o' liquor I had about me, an' tied em' on; —you—God look down on you!—not mindin' me a bit all the while. Oh, many's the salt tear I cried, from the heart, out, thinkin' you'd never mind me, nor anything else in the world, wide!"

Now conveying his thanks, as he intended, in a manner calculated, without directly shocking or offending the girl, to impress her with the uninterested state of his feelings towards her, Evelyn, with some embarrassment, changed the subject.

"You know, Moya, I accompanied hither some very dear friends: can you tell we what has become of them?" He asked this question in a dreadful misgiving, glancing around, though his view of the whole apartment was interrupted.

"There was two ould men, one a Sassenach clargy, an' the other a raal clargy, an' a young man an'—an' the—his sisther, I'm thinkin', all in black, poor crature?" demanded Moya, in some hesitation. Evelyn answered that she had truly described the parties.

"Then," added Moya, "put up the Keenthecaun for 'em, if they war any friends o' yours."

"My God!—how—what do you mean?"

"In regard o' the clargy, myself know nothing. But, my eyes decaived me, when they opened, afther a time, by the side o' you, if they didn't see the young man stuck thro' the heart, an' his father's daughther dragged off by the Sassenach Gineral."

He was horror-struck, although he had expected, indeed, *some* tale of the kind. After a moment he started up.

"Where 'ud you be for goin', now, a-cushla, an' the legs o' your body not able to carry you?"

"Take the brand, Moya, and follow me," he cried, with a fierceness that startled her, and admitted of no opposition. Without another word, but with looks of gloom, she obeyed. They scrambled into the middle of the floor, and Evelyn peered eagerly around.

"He is not here. Edmund M'Donnell is not here!" he cried. Indeed, except those of the dragoons, now stript and rifled, no dead bodies appeared, although Evelyn recollected to have seen many Rapparees fall. Even the corpse of old M'Donnell had been removed from the hearth.

"You must mistake, good girl," he resumed. "My friend cannot have fallen here. And, oh! God grant you may be mistaken in the rest also."

"God grant, Sassenach, dear. But sure little good is on the eyes o' me—an' it's little is on 'em any way, for the matther o' that." This she said with the conscious glance of acknowledged beauty. "Bud the bat himself, the baste, has worser in his head within, if they could make a fool o' me that-a-way, I'm thinkin', wake as I war."

Evelyn again reflected for a moment.

"Before I fell, Moya, a numerous reinforcement came to the dragoons, and the Rapparees were defeated, and flying. Was it not so?"

"Jest the very turn it took," said Moya.

"And how then, the soldiers remaining victors to the last, and last on the ground—how can it have happened that the dead bodies of your friends are alone removed, an' that those of the dragoons appear plundered and neglected?"

"Avoch, an' how do I know?" said the girl, pettishly.

"It is very strange," Evelyn went on rapidly, hoping, from all these appearances, that, in her faintness and confusion, she had really been mistaken as to the distressing events she said she had witnessed.

"Only," resumed Moya, "whin I went a good way, by the brook an' the hill-side, to gether the green heribs, maybe the boys cum back, an' I out o' the house, an' lifted their dead, to give 'em Christhen berrin, and put a hand to the red-troopers at that same time. Sure it's a way they have."

This hint was destruction to Evelyn's previous hopes. The only contradiction to which he clung seemed accounted for;

he could no longer doubt the correctness of Moya's story. Eva, then, had indeed fallen into Kirke's hands! As Evelyn once more brought to mind the anecdote before alluded to, and also remembered Kirke's approach to a conference with Eva in the early part of the fray, he clenched his hands and teeth, stamped, and cried out—

"Accursed villain! Come, girl, let us leave this glen."

"An' where to go?" asked Moya, in a commiserating and entreating voice, as she watched the emotions of Evelyn. "Where to go, at this dead o' the night?"

"On to the village first."

"Och, Sassenach, honey, don't go to stir a step, if you love the dear life, or care for poor Moya. Every nook of the hills on our road hides a Rapparee, an' all o' them your book-sworn foes. An' the village is full o' your own red-coats."

"Is it? That's all I wish. Come."

"But wait a deechy bit, a-chorra-ma-chree! It's the red-coats is in it, sure enough, bud your inemies, as mooch as the Rapparees. Didn't I hear the gineral, while the colleen was screechin' in his hands, the thief-o'-the-world."

"Accursed monster! Come, girl, or stay behind me!" Evelyn burst out, almost with a shriek.

"Is that how it is now? Musha, God forgi' you, Sassenach o' the hard heart! Will you lave poor Moya alone in this black glin, an' the night in it, when she has nowhere to turn her face; when it's her life's-worth to face among her own agin afther her stayin' wid you; afther them seein' her whin she put her body betuxt them an' you, an —? Bud I'll say little of it. Only this I'll say, what I was sayin' afore. Go not to the village, where your own sodgers are waitin' to be the ruin o' you. I hard their gineral, I tell you agin, biddin' em look for you well, and tie you behind a trooper's saddle, an' take good care o' you till the march was over. Now, you may jest throw away your own life, that she gave up all to save, an' lave her in this wild glin to loose her own too. Never 'ill she go a foot wid you over the road that's to lade you to your death, let her own loock be whatever the mornin' 'ill bring wid it.

Evelyn, struck, if not touched, with the apparent devotion and disinterestedness of the poor wandering girl, hastened to assure her that it was impossible for him, by act or word, to *show a forgetfulness* of her kind services. Then he was about

› give reasons why their reception at the village should not e as bad as she apprehended, when Moya interrupted him.

"Ochown! I want no talk like that to pay me for what done, with a good heart. Bud, Sassenach, Sassenach, dear, gi' you the warnin', an' take it. The world wide is agin us wo, this black night. Let us turn from 'em all. You have o house or home, an' I have no house or home; kith or kin, riend or gossip, we have none, or else they stand up agin us. Och! sure we're the only friends of one another. So, till etther times come round—till you can get a house agin, an' it down in pace an' quiet, an' till I—but little's the matther bout Moya. Only turn wid her, till you can be rightified, n' made safe an' sure. Turn your feet, wid hers, from the lack north, an' from all its roads and towns, into the green ountry. I know a lonesome place, and a weeny, waste cabin n it; the grass about it is as green as a May mornin', an' he little sthrame as clear as your own blue eyes, an' no livin' hing near, bud all as quiet as the Summersk y. When we sit lown there, Moya 'ill have a cow for you, to gi' you milk, for he has the goold to buy it; an' a cock to crow for you, at reak o' day, and the wolf-dog to watch while you're sleepin'; n' she'll dig for you, an' lay good food forenent you, an' be our sarvent all day long. Come wid her, acuishla machree, hat she may know well you are safe from the rievin' world—hat she may thry to be to you the comforts now lost to you. Ochown! come wid her, to give her heart pace!"

Here the poor Rapparee girl, with a quick, impulsive esture, laid her weeping face upon his shoulder.

"No, Moya," he replied, gently, "with the sincerest hanks, and with friendship for your kindness and friendhip, this cannot be. I am encompassed with doubts which must, one way or another, clear up. I am torn with ears, which I must, one way or another, make certain. And my first necessary step is to follow the soldiers who were ere to-day; therefore, let us to the village. As to your fears or me when I get there, depend on it I shall meet as many riends as foes. Friends able and willing to protect me; and riends to protect you, too, whose safety shall be my immeiate care. *Were* I satisfied, Moya," he added, moved by he contrast between her devotion, and his otherwise desolate ondition—"in one way satisfied—did I know that I stand s blasted and wretched as I fear I do—then might you lead

me where you pleased. Then, my poor girl, I would not care what lonely and savage spot on the face of the earth sufficed to hide me." Hot tears of anguish dropped, as he spoke, upon the girl's head, which, fearful of hurting her, he had allowed to remain upon his shoulder.

"Our only true danger," he resumed, "is from the Rapparees on the road—but that we must dare. Cheer up, Moya; lean on me, and let us pursue our way."

She allowed him to take her hand in a silence that seemed like sullenness, mixed with bitter grief, and, perhaps, womanly mortification. As he moved a step she sobbed loudly, and resisted a little. But after a struggle, her buoyant nature enabled her to rally, to dry her tears, to assume a careless, laughing air, and at last to say:

"Well, Sassenach, I will jest go wid you, to show you the road—I wont refuse the last good turn, anyhow." And with these words they walked into the dark glen, Moya humming a merry tune.

Evelyn, alarmed, he knew not why, at this sudden change in the girl's manner, observed:

"If you really fear we may be surprised by your angry friends, Moya, such loud singing is rather imprudent on your part."

"Divil a taste, Sassenach," replied Moya, lightly. "When the merry fit comes on a body, who can help it?" And she sang, at the top of her voice:

"Oh! my Moya's dhressed so fine an' gay,
She wears an Irish mantle;
Wid frenge about the petticoat,
That never knew shame or skhandle."

"That's me. It's a scrap of a good song, Terry O'Regan, the handsomest young piper on Ireland's ground, made for me. But it wouldn't do—I turned him off. An' then he made another dhass or two, when he thought red Murraugh was my likin'. This is a lilt of it:

"'May you never see the harvest, nor hear the young cuckoo,
For you robbed me of my darlin', Murraugh, Murraugh Rue.'"

The last air she began to sing was of the first order of Irish

musical pathos. Ere poor Moya could get through with it, her bosom became again filled, in accordance to the tune, with the vainly-checked sorrow, that was its real passion for the moment. Her voice trembled; and, bursting into tears, she interrupted herself with—

"Och! what 'ud I be thinking of, at-all-at-all!"

Evelyn let the fit work on, as Moya, disengaging her arm, walked forward some distance; and, after a short pause, her voice was again heard singing to another pathetic air these words:

"He's my love an' he's my likin', bud *he* cares not for me;
I'd lay down life for Paudeen, so his love he'd let me be.
But while I'd die for Paudeen, of me no thought he has:
Och! my heart—my heart, it's breakin', wid lovin' Paudeen Dhass!*

"I'd beg the wide world over, to bring him comfort home;
But he'd never think about me, wherever I did roam.
An' war I in my could grave, my could grave he would pass,
Widout a look or token, from my own Paudeen Dhass!"

As Moya finished the last verse, two or three voices challenged them at some distance. Ever since they left the ruined house, Evelyn had been apprehending that, through vindictiveness at his slight, or else mere whim and inconsistency, it was the girl's intention to attract, by her loud singing, some couching body of Rapparees, and betray him into their hands. As the voices now echoed down the glen, his former suspicion amounted to certainty, and stopping full before Moya, he asked—

"Girl! will you destroy me, after all?"

"Och! God forgi' you agin, I say," she answered; "an' is it that you're thinkin' of in regard o' the little lightness o' the heart—an' maybe it's a sorrowful lightness, after all—that jest cum over me? I know it's the poor boys you'd be afeard of; but listen well to their voices."

The challenge was repeated, and Evelyn, indeed, recognised the broad north country tone that he had been accustomed to among his own volunteer corps. As the party advanced, he promptly answered them. When challenged and challengers met, he further recognised an old brother officer in command of it; his previous surmise that the village of Cushindoll

* Handsome Patrick.

must have been garrisoned by a handful of native troops, rather than by any portion of Kirke's regular armies, thus proving true.

After a cordial greeting on both sides, he briefly informed the officer that his present situation was one of extreme anxiety, calling on him to push southward, after Kirke's division, as soon as possible; and he therefore required to be accommodated with a horse and attendant. His old acquaintance replied that he should have both, with the greatest pleasure, early the next morning, when the principal part of their detachment, now in Cushindoll, should march, taking the same route with Kirke, for their head-quarters, at Schomberg's camp, near Loughbrickland.

"And why not to-night—now?" asked Evelyn, in some misgiving.

"The answer is one that I am distressed to render. General Kirke, who assumes, at his pleasure, the command and disposal of our native troops, left express orders with me, in his hasty march through the village, this evening, to make you a prisoner, should you happen to come in my way. I need not add, however, that your captivity shall be nominal, for this night. Early to-morrow we shall ride forward, together, and see an end to the matter, whatever it is."

There was no resource. Evelyn, boiling with rage, impatience, and terrible apprehensions, saw himself obliged to submit to one night's restraint. After getting upon a horse, and requesting that Moya might be accommodated with a seat behind one of the men, the whole party were about to move back to the village, when Evelyn took the officer aside.

"Sir," he cried, "I am a most injured and most unhappy man. That villain—that fiend—the cause of all—good reason has he to put me under this arrest! No matter for the circumstances, at present; but answer me one question. Did you see any prisoners—or strangers—of either sex, accompanying him on his route, this evening, through the village?"

The officer paused a moment, and answered no.

"But could not such be spirited along, without your observation? Could there not be disguises—a horseman's cloak, or the like—and was there no whisper, no surmise?"

"I am aware of none. Nor can I form any opinion on the secret practices you suggest. I only know, that after Hanmer's and Stewart's regiments, and the greater part of his

own, moved back to this glen, from the village where they had halted a moment, in some apprehension on Kirke's account, they all again returned to us, in much haste, and immediately pushed southward, without any explanation."

"Well, 'tis no matter; to-morrow shall satisfy me. When we gain Schomberg's camp, I entreat your support, sir, and that of the men here, and, if possible, that of our whole native force, on the spot, while I publicly appeal for justice against most villainous aggression."

His brother-in-arms promptly engaged to render Evelyn all the assistance in his power; and they immediately rode on to Cushindoll. Arrived in their temporary quarters, Evelyn once more entreated that poor Moya might be looked to for the night, and in the morning allowed to remain with the women of the few volunteers who should stay behind; the Enniskilleners being accompanied, wherever they went, by flocks of their wives, daughters, mothers, and sweethearts, much to the surprise and scandal of the more regular English army. When he had received promises to all he solicited for Moya, he sent to call her before him.

She entered, silent and pensive, with a mixture of obstinacy or determination in her manner.

"I march early to-morrow morning, Moya, and wish to bid you good-bye, before I retire to rest, as there will be no time for adieus in the bustle, at break of day."

"Avoch, we thank you, Sassenach."

"Be assured, my good girl, I can never forget your great services and kindnesses; and if it shall ever be in my power to repay them, depend on my gratitude."

"Avoch!" was Moya's only answer, as, with her chin sunk in her neck, and the knuckle of a finger tapped against her under lip, she twitched, with the point of her huge brogue, a rush that lay on the floor. Evelyn, not well skilled in the manifestations of sentiment usual amongst those of her caste, felt hurt at a manner that he feared seemed to flout his empty words, and point to some more solid remuneration. Under this feeling, he resumed:

"You know I am not rich, Moya; you were, yourself, a witness of the temporary ruin that has come upon my property. But still—as, separated from your old friends, you may feel certain embarrassments, I have this at your service."

He approached and placed a small purse in her passive

hand. She retained it a moment, as if no such thing had been in her possession; at last held it up, glanced at it, fixed upon the giver a look in which, through eyes floating in tears, an outraged and indignant spirit shot forth, then dashing it on the floor, and stamping on it—

"As the dust o' the road I care for it, and I thrate it!" she exclaimed. "Ochown! Sassenach, little do you know the heart in poor Moya's body, within—an' little, I'm afeard, little kith there's betwixt your heart an' her heart, when you'd kill her, entirely, this-a-way. Bud I'm wrongin' you, maybe; I'll say it war meant kindly, though not done as our people 'ud do it. I'll say it war—an' so"—stooping and taking up the purse—"we gi' you many thanks, aroon, bud it's not wantin' the present time."

"Then, my good Moya, farewell!" said Evelyn, convinced he had erred in his reading. He took her hand, rough and red as it was, though small, and of perfect shape, and rather chivalrously, and in something of the air of a courteous knight of yore, condescending to comfort, as far as honour permitted, the tears of a devoted damsel to whom he was indifferent, kissed it earnestly.

This was too much for poor Moya. She instantly set up a wild lament, or song of joy—it might have been either, so far as Evelyn's startled ears could tell—and eagerly returning, with interest, upon the hand she held, the kiss he had vouchsafed, while all the time her eyes rained tears, she broke from him, exclaiming—

"God be your speed!—but we may meet agin."

Retiring to bed, but not to repose, Evelyn counted the hours till daylight. As soon as morning broke, the party to which he was attached commenced its march. All day he urged his fellow-officer to speed. But the usual regulations observed on the march did not permit his request to be attended to. When they halted for the night, Evelyn found, in increased impatience, that owing to the difficulties of the road, not more than a dozen miles, out of between thirty and forty which lay before them, had been accomplished. And he now perceived, what he had at first omitted to calculate, that, owing to the start Kirke had over them, he must not expect to come up with that individual until the detachment should reach Schomberg's camp.

Evelyn appealed to the officer for permission to ride forward

alone, giving his parole for a re-appearance at the point of rendezvous; but he was informed, that against any such indulgence Kirke had taken the precaution of issuing his commands. Evelyn then inconsiderately threatened to push on, in defiance of every order; but his grave and prudential companion gave notice that, after the avowel of such an intent, it became his duty, forgetful of all private feelings, to look more attentively to his prisoner. Accordingly he called two men to ride at each side of Evelyn, asking his pardon for the measure.

Evelyn saw he was obliged to submit, while hope must be his only solace. Thus did he endeavour to check the impatience of his spirit, until, on the evening of the third day, after the beginning of their march, the party came in sight of Schomberg's temporary camp.

It was pitched a little to the north of the village of Loughbrickland, partly on a plain, divided by a very bad road, partly on gentle heights to the left; a small lough of water near at hand. Almost all the troops, including the main body of the Enniskilleners, were under arms, in line, and in the act of being reviewed, as the little detachment came up. It was a beautiful August evening, and it lit up a beautiful, a fine, and, to Evelyn, a novel and stirring scene. Pressing as were the claims of his private feelings, he could not avoid paying some attention to the first regular military display which, soldier though he was, had come so closely under his notice.

During the approach of his party towards the commanding officer, the left of the line he passed was composed of part of the finest-looking among the English army, completely appointed, bestriding large, strong, and handsome horses, their accoutrements and uniform bright and perfect. It was scarce necessary for him to pass—as, immediately after, he did—the whole body of the Enniskilleners, in order to draw a contrast between them (including himself) and their English allies. Wondering at his former lack of observation, he now saw, with a feeling like shame, the uncouthness and comparative wildness of their appearance; their different coloured clothing; their various weapons; their pistols dangling by cords to their sword-belts, instead of being secured in holsters; the ugly and diminutive "garrons," on whose backs they sat; and the hordes of women, almost as rough as the

garrons, and uncouth as themselves, who, squatted on the grass at their backs, kept up a shrill gabble, or watched their every movement. He could detect, too, in the glances of the English troops at his old friends, and then at each other, some contempt, some mirth, and doubt of the usefulness, if not certainly of the uselessness of the Enniskilleners. Sentiments in which they were countenanced by Schomberg.

But Evelyn could not long suffer the intrusion of such general thoughts. Having passed the greater part of the line, his eye caught, seated in his saddle in the middle of the plain, the figure of the man he panted to confront. This, at least, was enough to master every operation of his mind that did not concern himself.

"Yonder," he whispered hastily to his brother officer—"yonder is the villain—let us spur forward."

"Hold," cried his friend, "we must approach with some ceremony. Schomberg is at his side."

"Were his particular devil there, I care not!" cried Evelyn. "Follow, if you will."

"I needs must follow my prisoner," answered the officer, now speaking to himself; "though this is wild work. Fall back, men—I ride on, alone."

As Evelyn approached the place where Kirke stood, he was struck, in the midst of all his speed and impatience, with the figure of the person to whom his detested enemy addressed discourse. This was a very old man, tall and bulky, with a high-coloured face, screened by a profusion of snow white hair, that flowed, almost as fully as a periwig, from under his old-fashioned, though rich and picturesque, helmet. Tenacious, like all old people, of the costume of his early days, he further appeared clad in a corslet of solid plate armour, with pauldrons, or paudrons, gardes-brasses, vambrace, and cuishes, to match. While in lieu of the graceless jack-boots, now generally adopted by all horsemen, he sported a pair of the elegant, falling half-boots, of russet colour, that marked the era of Charles I., drawn over a tight-fitting pantaloon, which, although the wearer lapsed into Shakspeare's sixth "stage," health and exercise still kept from looking "lean and slippered." Thus, in contrast with the muddy-seeming buff-coats, the "potts," or close steel-caps, and huge hats, around him—seldom relieved by so much as a gorget—Schomberg's dress did not appear less stamped with antiquity than his

features. For Evelyn could see, at a closer approach, the marks of extreme age upon them, shown in the red-fringed eye, and in that changeless, unconscious, and expressionless smile of the mouth, which is the forerunner, if not the evidence, of imbecility and dotage.

Before Evelyn had quite reached his point, and just as the eye of Kirke shot round upon him, and Schomberg had begun to stare, the officer of the Enniskilleners overtook him, and said:

"For God's sake, and for decency's sake, patience. Compose yourself, fall back, and let me open this matter. Schomberg has already imbibed unfavourable notions of our temper, and want of discipline; do not afford him this new proof."

"Well," said Evelyn, somewhat convinced of a necessity for self-command, "I will do as you please. Pass on."

The officer accordingly passed him, and, with uncovered head, said: "This gentleman, General Kirke, is the prisoner you desired at my hands. And in his person, may it please your Grace," turning to Schomberg, "behold Captain Robert Evelyn, an officer of account among our native troops."

As Evelyn bowed, his head also uncovered, Kirke leered, and a glance passed between him and Schomberg.

"We hafe heard about Mashters Robert Evelyn," observed Schomberg, touching his helmet.

"No ill, I trust, my lord duke?" asked Evelyn.

"Now dat is one of your littel big Irish questions," answered the marshal, again exchanging a glance with Kirke.

"Perhaps I should have proffered my question elsewhere," retorted Evelyn, fixing his regards on the other general.

"Be prudent, I entreat you," whispered his companion; "only be prudent, and fear nothing. I have possessed my troop with all I suspect of your case. They will spread it amongst the rest of the Enniskilleners, and they amongst the English, who dislike Kirke as much as you do; and—

"Fear nothing," interrupted Evelyn, "I will only be firm."

Then moving his horse a few paces forward, he continued to address Kirke.

"My brother officer, sir, informs me I am to consider myself a prisoner, under your arrest."

"He has correctly informed you, sir," sneered Kirke.

"May I beg to be made acquainted with the nature of my offence, General Kirke?"

"Some other time, perhaps, Captain Evelyn—runs not the address so? For I believe you are all Captains." Once more he looked at Schomberg, but the bluff probity and good feeling for which that old commander was remarkable, did not, in this instance, accord him any answering grin.

"I respectfully appeal to the commander-in-chief, to decide whether or no I am entitled to an answer," continued Evelyn, on whom Schomberg's expression of countenance was not lost.

"Oh, certainlies, you are, mein goot sir," said Schomberg; "and General Kirke does not refuse his answers."

Kirke slightly bit his lip; and—

"*You* know the offence, already, my lord," he said; "and it is, as I have informed your grace, aiding and abetting rebels, found with arms in their hands."

"That is it," resumed Schomberg, addressing Evelyn.

"Then it is false, may it please your grace," Evelyn answered.

"Mein Heafen!" exclaimed Schomberg, "here is much more of the Irishers' hot tempers; it will expose us all. Dismiss the men," to some officers who had begun to crowd around, "and let them not see such bad examples." The officers drew off to obey his orders. "Basta! I hafe never met such things in any service, with your Frenchmans, your Portuguese, your Brandenbergians, your Englishmans, or your Dutchmans, Sacra! nefer. You, one Enniskilleners—you ride here to join us on your very big lean cats, and all de wild womans of Irelands at your backs, to eat up our food, or to thief it. You cry, in great spirits, indeed, 'send us always on de forlorn of de army,' and you get one little command which does not put you on de forlorn at all. And den you cry again, 'Oh, we can never do any good now no more, indeed, for we are put under orders!' And now you come here over again to give us de challenge for de rencontre, de duello, just only because we put you in arrest for fighting against us, mein goot Gott!"

Evelyn prudently allowed this little burst of heat, unconnected as it really was with his individual case, to work itself out. Nor did he hasten to reply even when the old dis-

ciplinarian had done, hoping that he himself would come back to the point at issue.

And he was not disappointed. After a short pause, while the broken lines were moving hastily across the plain, Schomberg again spoke.

"And so, Masthers Captain Evelyn, you say you did not aid and abet rebels—no, indeed?"

"May it please your grace," answered Evelyn, "the case is this. I accompanied from Derry (a Protestant clergyman also in company) some very old and dear friends, who had obtained, before we set out, passes and protections from the proper authorities. While visiting with them their ruined house, which General Kirke had just burnt, and while they were bewailing their aged father, who lay dead on his own hearthstone (though for him, too, we brought a protection with us), this same General Kirke returned to the house, and endeavoured to gain entrance for the purpose of sacrificing my friends. Some resistance his people did encounter from the son of the old man who lay murdhered. He then called on me to assist him in murdhering that son, also, which call I refused, because I durst not lay hand on those who were regularly protected. Against him or his soldiers I never pointed a sword. Such, my lord duke, is the aiding and abetting with which I am charged."

"But it was not aiding and abetting, not at all, when—dat is, if the peoples were, as you hafe said, protected, indeed. I did not hear of protections, before," he added, glancing at Kirke.

"Nor are you likely to hear of them again, to much purpose, my lord," said that officer, still sneering. "Supposing such documents to have ever existed, one of my men was killed before a word of explanation could be offered or demanded."

"Yes, by the old man's son, when, his father dead at his feet! More, more, your grace!—his sister at his side!—the soldier crossed the threshold of his house to execute the cruel orders we had heard General Kirke issue against us," said Evelyn.

"Then we cannot help that mans," resumed Schomberg. "He was cut down by a protected rebel, in which you call self-defences. Always, that is, if he had his protections. Where is it, now, or where is he?"

"Aye, where is it, indeed?" repeated Kirke.

"You know, sir," rejoined Evelyn, "that the Protestant clergyman put it into your hands."

"I am not to know any such thing, at your pleasure, sir. The clergyman you speak of is now in Derry, or God knows where," answered Kirke.

"Well, this is unlucky. I shall only ask you then, to declare the name of the young person in question. It was Edmund M'Donnell, I believe?"

"I have heard so."

"Then here, my lord duke," resumed Evelyn, shaking with impatience, as he produced the protection, which, having fallen from Kirke's hands during the struggle with the Rapparees, he had picked up before leaving, late at night, the ruined dwelling of the M'Donnells—"here is the document."

Kirke grew pale, as Schomberg, on looking at it, pronounced it to be a true one. "And General Kirke will now take off your arrest, mein goot sir," he added.

Kirke bowed. There was a murmur either against him, or in approval of the arrangement, among many officers, and some privates, English and Irish, who, after the dismiss, had ventured to draw towards the spot.

"I humbly thank your grace; and would crave the freedom of another word," said the liberated prisoner. "Since it now appears that Edmund M'Donnell stood free from the power of General Kirke, and since it can be shown—if, indeed, the general denies it—that his own eye informed him of the fact, I hope I am not too bold to expect, through the justice and tenderness of your grace, that some account will be given of the fate of the young man, who, when I became insensible, in consequence of this wound," pointing to his head, "was surrounded by a numerous body of soldiers—but whom, upon my recovery, I could not find on the spot, alive or dead; and who has not since been heard of."

"Certainlies. General Kirke will give accounts."

"I know nothing of the matter," said Kirke, sullenly.

"I charge him, under favour of your grace, with a full knowledge of the matter," continued Evelyn, still trying to check himself, though his bosom was bursting with passion.

"Oh, surelies, the general will remember," said Schomberg, addressing himself coldly to Kirke.

"I pray your grace that he may be exhorted to do so. And

ere is another occasion for his memory. Your grace has ard me speak of a sister of Edmund M'Donnell—a young, autiful, and now orphan lady"—the emotion Evelyn vainly ove to hide filled his eyes, and choked his voice.

"Basta!" interrupted Schomberg, frowning suspiciously on irke, in full recollection, doubtless, of his well-known aracter. "Is there one handsome young womans, missing, o?"

"And protected, also, as your grace may see, by this other aper. Let me add, my wife, my lord duke; though our arriage was a private one." A second loud murmur arose mong the by-standers, which, perhaps, had the immediate ffect of encouraging, or sympathetically exciting, all the ong-smothered feelings of Evelyn; for, quickly turning his orse—"Villain!" he exclaimed, "where is that lady?"

"I am not bound," replied Kirke, with a ghastly smile, "to hold any errant damoselle under my care, for any errant knight that may choose to claim her from me. Though, to say truth, it was a pretty piece of flesh and blood, and, I remember, won some favour in my eyes. Or supposing me to know aught of the wench, even in that case am I bound—"

"Damnable wretch!" interrupted Evelyn, the taunt and implication wholly depriving him of reason and self-command, as, spurring his horse, he dashed at Kirke, and seized him by the throat. "Monster! what have you done with that lady? Produce her, and produce her as she fell into your tainted hands—the chaste and orphan daughter of a virtuous, a murdered father. As my wife, produce her!—as my wife, blasted villain!" Evelyn's voice rose piteously shrill. "Do his, and do it soon—now—this instant—or by the Heaven ou scoff, and the Hell that aids you—"

"Mein Gott!" interrupted Schomberg, advancing, as the peated murmurs of the spectators seemed to encourage velyn, while a portion of Kirke's own regiment galloped astily across the ground.

"Mein goot Gott, I do say! Here will be one littel engagement among ourselves, and one victory for the rebels, hoever shall win. Mashters Captain Evelyn! draw off and all back, or, by mine honours, I will cut your crown. Take our hands away, or expect nothing from me. Sacra!" he ontinued, as these words brought Evelyn to his senses, and aused him to unloose his grasp; "what you mean, Mr.

Enniskilleners, to take all de laws into your own hands, and cut every one man's throat as you like? Fall back, sir; fall back, too, General Kirke, de other vay. Some of you, gentlemen, stand between them. Basta! your Spaniard is not half so hot as your wild Irishmans. I do a littel begin to think dey will be very goot for a charge, when their one starved garrons are made fatter. So, vary goot. Let both the gentlemens grow cooler, dere, and let all the peoples that make one crowd, here, for nothing at all, go away, and den we will talk of this matter."

But to Schomberg's surprise and vexation, the Enniskilleners firmly, though respectfully, preferred to remain until they should see their officer righted.

"Vary goot, again. And—basta!—if I order you to lay down your arms," addressing the volunteer officer—the friend of Evelyn, who had brought him this message, "which I ought to do, I suppose you will all go, with all your lean horses, and all your fat womans, over to the rebels, early in the morning? Or else draw out to fight General Kirke's men, that I do see are also come to afford us their companies? It is all vary goot, I say; I will obey your orders, every one. And so let us now end the affair, General Kirke."

"I rely upon your grace to afford me prompt satisfaction for this insult—for this abuse and assault from an inferior officer," said Kirke.

"Yes; if you tell him where to find his wife," replied Schomberg.

"That I cannot; or—let your grace excuse me—I am not bound to do."

"You will see, mein goot General Kirke," resumed the old marshal, quietly, but angrily. "I am a father myself, and I have been a husband, and I cannot hafe an old man's child, nor a young man's wife, made away with, in this fashion, by any officer under my commands. You shall also see I am your commander, here, though you were your own commander when James was up, in the west of England, yonder. So, if you know vary much about the poor young womans, you will tell me, or—though I cannot force you to give answers, nor punish you for silence—you shall have very little satisfactions at all for Captain Evelyn's words and blow."

"I thank your grace for the choice you leave me, as well as for the whole spirit of the decision. But I beg to decline answering the impertinent and wild assertions of any coxcomb."

"Sacra! hafe you the lady in your hands? Answer *me*, man."

"Again, may it please your grace, I shall be silent."

"Diavolo!—Diable!—Deyvil!—take cares what you do; I will get proofs against you, and, then, look to yourself, General Kirke. Here, Mashters Evelyn, can you give me proofs that this womans-eater took off your wife?'"

"I can, my lord, by your allowing me a few days to send for the witness," answered Evelyn, advancing.

"Basta, sir, what will you mean, at all? Why will you come here to make charges without the proofs by your side? I tell you, Mashters Robert Evelyn, only let me hafe proofs, and I will change his general's commission into one dirty bit of waste papers—hagel! I will."

"Meantime, under your grace's favour, I stand, in the absence of all proof, clear of the charge; and, therefore, I humbly presume, entitled to the satisfaction I have demanded," resumed Kirke.

"No, mein worthy sir, not till we see whether or no Captain Evelyn can make his stories goot."

"Or," said Evelyn, "until my witnesses can arrive. Or without at all troubling your grace to wait for further proof of the matter, I will be content with one plain course. Let me have your grace's permission," he continued, in returning rage, "to prove my words upon the body of the wretch I accuse of this crime, and, at the same moment, let him have the only chance of satisfaction for my former insults, which, waving the formalities of nominal rank, one courageous gentleman can seek from another."

"That will all happen as General Kirke will like," answered Schomberg, not displeased, perhaps, at the prospect of a summary discomfiture, in one shape or another, to Kirke. "I am satisfied, in order to put ends to this affair, to enable him to meet your challenge, without endangering his rank, and you to give it, without fear of the articles of war. Mein Heafen!—let it be so, if your Irish fashion of the duello likes his English prudence."

"Thanks, my gracious lord—thanks. Here, then."

"But you will remember, mein good Mashters Evelyn, that this rencontre, end as it may, puts it out of your powers to renew the questions, in any other way, at all."

"I am content, my lord—more—I am grateful. And now do I pronounce General Kirke a false villain, if he denies my charge, or if he refuses to render up the lady; and a treble coward, if he refuses me satisfaction. Or if—for my past insults—and for this—and this"—he continued, his passion again overcoming him, as he struck Kirke with the flat of his sword—"if he refuses it."

"Fool!" cried Kirke, in sudden frenzy; "I do not refuse. Dismount, and follow me."

They flung themselves from their horses at the same moment.

"Not a step from the ground we tread on!" continued Evelyn, thrusting at him. There was no alternative but combat on the spot. Kirke skilfully parried the thrust with a beautiful crescent sabre, and seemed content to stand, for a time, upon the defensive, and allow Evelyn's rage to exhaust itself. Their troops closed round, and Schomberg looked on with much tranquillity. Evelyn continued the attack, and by a rash and desperate effort, seized Kirke's blade, near the handle, and closed upon him. But his antagonist had a dagger ready in his left hand, at the sight of which the Enniskilleners cried out—"Equal weapons!—fair play!"—and one from among their body, a very young, fresh-coloured lad, rushed forward, jumped on the ground, and running to the combatants, twitched the treacherous weapon out of Kirke's hand, and disappeared, in a trice, back again among the dragoons. Evelyn, at a slight glance, thought the face familiar to him.

During the diversion this incident caused, Kirke regained full use of his sabre, and the combat continued with fury on both sides. At length, having overreached himself with a violent push, Evelyn's foot slipped on the damp and trodden grass, and he fell. Kirke's point was instantly at his heart, as he forced Evelyn's sword from his grasp.

"Strike, villain!" cried the despairing youth; "you have left me nothing to live for—strike!"

"It is not worth the while," replied his adversary, apprehension of those around assisting, perhaps, his wish to appear magnanimous. "Live longer, and grow wiser." And he immediately turned away.

"Kirke!" shrieked Evelyn, starting up, following him, and ting himself wildly on his knees—"Kirke!—wretch—nster—coward—strike! Or, oh! since I can no longer npel your justice—your mercy—I implore—beg it! Re-re her—uninjured, if you can; but in any case, restore r, and I will bless you as fervently as I now beg for the on!"

"Tush, sir," answered Kirke, twitching the skirt of his buff at out of Evelyn's desperate grasp, "this is too Quixotic." id he left the ground.

"Rise, Captain Evelyn," said Schomberg, advancing, appa-ntly somewhat affected; "I am sorry for all this—but rise the discomfiture does not touch your honour. It was a fair mbat, fought with all courage on your parts; and you will t yet despair entirely, indeed, of success in the other atter—and you will come to my tent when you are more mposed."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

EVELYN was led by his brother officer and others, almost nsensible, to one of the huts belonging to the encampment. espair had fully seized him. He continued nearly uncon-cious of the friendly words addressed to his ear, and of the riendly actions performed towards him. And when their luties called his friends away, Evelyn felt as indifferent to heir absence as he had been to their presence, and equally egardless of the mute attentions of a young private of the nniskilleners who remained to wait on him, and who, having laced refreshments on a coarse table, stood behind his officer's eat, deeply interested, apparently, in the affliction he could ot presume to console. More than once, indeed, a vague lea entered Evelyn's mind, that the slight, short, and outhful figure which noiselessly moved around him, might e that of the lad who, during his combat with Kirke, had ucked the dagger from the hand of his detested adversary. ut so clouded and inane were Evelyn's thoughts and feelings,

with reference to anything not absolutely making part of his grief, that this notion occurred but to be forgotten; and he did not once raise his eyes to pursue it by looking at the face of his mute attendant.

When he began to reflect a little more regularly on the occurrences that had just taken place, Evelyn's keenest anguish and self-reproach arose from the recollection, that by madly giving way to passion, and putting all upon the chance of a personal combat with Kirke, he had, in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, abandoned all right to seek, in any other shape, a future explanation of the fate of Eva. And as this thought continued to present itself, he writhed, and groaned aloud.

When he strove to consider the matter consecutively, he found that, distinct from the entanglement in which it was involved by his own state of mind, it was otherwise clouded and confused. Where could Kirke have disposed of Eva? Was she in his tent this moment? If so, would he dare to refuse the explanation sought from him, with the proof of his crime so near at hand, and so accessible? This seemed extraordinary, improbable. Yet, where else could he have conveyed her? Or—and the bare surmise was torture—had the ruffian first gratified his brutal passion, and then called on murder, to hush, at once and for ever, the voice of his victim, and the witness against him? And Edmund,—little doubt could be entertained that Moya's account of him was true. It did not appear possible that, after the strong reinforcement had reached Kirke at the Strip of Burne, he would have spared, in the moment of returned success, the man on account of whose resistance he had incurred, including the Whisperer's agency, so much danger, vexation, and outrage. Above all, the brother of her on whom he had fixed an unholy eye, and from whom the most determined opposition must have been expected. Therefore, M'Donnell had, doubtless, fallen by his father's side the moment he escaped from Evelyn's control, and that the soldiers surrounded and overpowered him. For, in Evelyn's calculations, retreat or surrender was out of the question on the part of one so excited and so desperate as Edmund continued to be; further maddened, too, by the sight of Eva dragged from him to shame and ruin. Had the Protestant

clergyman witnessed that horrible event? Here came the first ray of hope. Although he could not answer the question, it seemed almost certain that such must have been the case. He therefore determined to write after his reverend friend to Derry, and thus arrive at evidence, which, if it went hand in hand with Moya's previous story, would amount to proof. Yet, of what use to him were such proof, when he had beforehand recorded against himself a renunciation of it? Once more, this reflection brought with it intolerable and despairing agony.

But, as the evening wore away, Evelyn's mind gave some slight indication of returning self-control, in the comparative facility with which it continued to debate other things, but of secondary consideration. What had become of Father M'Donnell and Carolan? Had they, too, fallen victims to the rage and revenge of Kirke? Alas! it was very probable. And might not the Protestant clergyman himself have shared their fate? He had endeavoured to stem the torrent of Kirke's violence; he was a witness to the existence of documents which, having been submitted, would make that violence criminal; perhaps he was a witness to the murder of Edmund, and the forcible abduction of his sister. The speedy ascertaining of this latter point now became the strongest anxiety of Evelyn; he resolved, instead of writing, to go to Derry, if, indeed, the stern duties and circumstances of the time permitted such a step. Schomberg should decide that question.

While sitting motionless, and now in darkness, a messenger arrived from the tent of the commander-in-chief, to say, that if Captain Evelyn was better, the Duke would speak with him. Evelyn returned a hasty answer, promising immediate attendance. His first reason for instantly complying with the intimation, arose out of his wish to crave leave of absence from the camp; and he was eagerly rushing out, filled with this idea, when his natural and habitual prudence caused him to recollect that it became his duty and his interest, if he at all presented himself before Schomberg, to place some decent restraint over his manner, and to prepare his mind, difficult and repugnant as was the task, for an attention to whatever general matters his commander might happen to speak of. So, after a necessary pause, and much inward

struggle, Evelyn manned and mastered himself, as well as he could, and prepared to leave the hut. As he looked round for his cloak and hat, he perceived they had been placed, by his mute servant, on the seat hitherto occupied by him. In his somewhat calmed state of mind, this attention struck him as remarkable; he began also to connect with it floating recollections of the whole demeanor of this individual during his long fit of abstraction; then the incident of the dagger, and his fancy, at the time, that the boy's face was familiar to him. At last, won into something like interest, he glanced around in an involuntary wish to make more particular observations. At first he saw no person in the hut; but, advancing to a corner, he saw the youth, wrapped in a dragoon's cloak, lying motionless on the damp floor.

"He sleeps," said Evelyn; "and is too happy to be disturbed." And he hastened forth, in a renewal of bitterest feelings at the contrast between his own bosom and that of the sleeping lad. But ere he crossed the threshold of the rude doorway, a deep sigh, at his back, seemed in some degree to lessen the strength of the supposed contrast.

Gaining the tent and the presence of the commander-in-chief, he was bluntly, though kindly received, and found the old veteran engaged, with his secretary, in tracing district maps, examining engineers' plans, and accounts of the agricultural state of the country through which he was about to march. He informed Evelyn that he was in want of an intelligent, loyal native, acquainted with the roads and the present condition, in many respects, of the southern route he determined immediately to take; and he paid him the compliment of at once appointing him as a person better qualified for this duty, than any one he had yet met since his arrival in Ireland. Evelyn bowed in silence, fearful of saying a word towards declining the honour, but miserably conscious, at the same time, that, should the appointment last, he would be obliged to sacrifice his intention of getting back to Derry.

Schomberg gave him little time, indeed, to utter a word on the subject, but immediately invited him to sit by his side, and, referring to the maps, plans, and reports, plunged at once into business. Following up the wise reflections he had previously made as to what topics he might be called

on to discuss, Evelyn laboriously endeavoured to abstract his mind from its private griefs, and fix it on the matter in hand. He was partially successful; and the shrewd old general making, doubtless, the allowance that his knowledge of Evelyn's situation suggested, expressed much content, notwithstanding fits of absence, and hasty and unintelligible answers, with the local information Evelyn was able to convey.

Finally, Schomberg intimated his resolve of marching upon Newry, early in the morning. His raw army had already suffered a little, he said, from the very bad condition of the roads, the bogs and swamps they encountered, whenever a campaign line of march had been attempted; lastly, and particularly, from the want of provisions. But they were refreshed by their present halt, and inspired by the recollection that hitherto their career had been a triumphant one, unchecked by even the appearance of any enemy. And although Evelyn's account of the districts lying between Loughbrickland and Newry, and again between Newry and Dundalk, nearer to the coast, were by no means favourable, still Schomberg determined to lead them to both these places in quest of the foe; especially, as he had to meet his artillery and stores, at Carlingford Bay.

Evelyn, now wholly engaged with his own private affairs, only waited till Schomberg had done speaking to get in, as well as he could, the request for leave of absence. But just as he was about to open his lips for the purpose, the commander kindly bade him good night, and adding, by the way, that Evelyn would do well to prepare himself for attending him as aid-de-camp, in lieu of a young English officer, the spoiled child of a wealthy country gentleman, whom the Irish bogs, and other unexpected difficulties, had visited with a severe illness on the second day's march from Carrickfergus.

The complimented person heard this additional honour conferred upon him with more dislike than is generally felt by young and ambitious men, at an unexpected progress on the road of military distinction. Uttering not a word in reply, he only bowed, in an embarrassed manner, and once more endeavoured to shape his private purpose into fitting speech, while Schomberg, as if he understood that some demur was about to be made, and as if he thought it kind and

useful to his young protégé, not to suffer him to give it expression, hastily repeated his farewells for the night, and would have ended all further conference.

But just as Evelyn was about to retire, confused and overwhelmed, a sudden spirit unloosed his tongue, and he urged, respectfully and modestly, his long-suppressed suit. At the first words, Schomberg looked surprised; and, when he understood the full nature of the request, offended and stern. If, by such an untimely movement, he said, Captain Evelyn meant to decline the trouble or the honour of the appointments conferred upon him, he was at liberty to free himself of them, that moment; but not to absent himself from ordinary duty. It was another question whether a young man, already suspected, though not by the loyal friends that knew him well, of lukewarmness to the cause of King William, should be permitted to—

Here poor Evelyn, at first hurt by the half-uttered insinuation, burst into indignant tears. Schomberg did not finish the sentence, but, advancing to him, changed his stern tone into one of kindness and commiseration; gave him to understand that he suspected the object of his intended journey; but that, under the circumstances, it were better, even for his private interests, to keep an eye at home; that he had not forgotten to consider what might be the more prudent course of conduct; and that he would, himself, assist Evelyn in adopting it. Meantime he exhorted him to attend strictly to his professional duties, as, at once, his more respectable line of behaviour, and that best calculated to supersede the vain excess of thoughts and feelings that always attended on a distressed mind. Adding, that he had created an interest, as well by his spirited, though somewhat extravagant bearing, in the contest with Kirke, as by his sound and well-regulated order of intellect, which would be recollected to his advantage.

With these, to him, empty and useless panegyrics, Evelyn was obliged to retire to his hut. Unable to make personal inquiries in Derry, he wrote, the moment he could sit down, the letter he had at first planned. As he folded it, the desperate thought occurred of abandoning the camp, by stealth, and still satisfying himself in the speediest way. But the charge and punishment of desertion stared him in the face:

ıd honour, the last sentiment that, amidst a crowd of mis-
rtunes, deserts the bosom which it has once solaced and
ınobled, frowned a disapproval. Then frenzy began to re-
sert her empire; and, laying his hand on his sword, he
ked himself why he did not, that moment, cut his way
ith it into Kirke's tent, and at least assure himself whether
· not Eva was there. The pledge he had given, the line of
ınduct to which he had bound himself, the obligation im-
ɔsed upon him by the very defeat he had undergone;
l this, assisted by the renewed promptings of honour,
ılped, however, to make him master his passion. And, at
st, exhausted and supremely miserable, he cast himself on
is rough couch, groaning bitterly.

In this situation his notice was once more challenged by a
eavy sigh from his young attendant, who, till then, had stood,
nobserved by Evelyn, some distance behind him. Still he
ɔok no immediate notice of this person; until at last the
oy changed his place, and advancing with a cautious step,
ıid on the table, before his temporary master, such food as
Evelyn did not think the camp afforded. At this he turned
ound, in a half-risen posture, and looked sharply at his
ttendant. He stood near the far wall of the rude hovel, the
ollar of a dragoon's cloak clasped over his chin, and hiding
ıalf his face, while the broad-leafed hat of the time, pulled
ver his brows, almost entirely disguised the other half.
he head, too, was turned aside, as if confused by the scrutiny
f which he was the object. Altogether, an analysis of the
eatures was impossible.

Evelyn, after the effort of a moment, gave up the task, in
ınewed indifference, and once more wholly surrendered him-
ılf to the misery of his situation. The very presence of a
ɔcond person became forgotten. The little supper remained
ıntouched; the hours of night passed unnoticed. It was
ɔt till the brands which had been kindled on the hearth,
ıd which gave the only light of the apartment, flickered out,
ıe by one, and at length almost entirely darkened, that,
arting into a moment's recollection, as another deep-drawn
gh reached his ear, and turning a second time round,
velyn beheld his sad and silent companion standing in the
ry spot where he had last seen him, motionless as a statue,
ıd scarce perceptible in the increasing gloom.

Reproaching himself with cruel inattention to the comforts

of a being so apparently devoted, he then made a hasty sign, and said :

" Remove these things, boy ; eat—retire to rest—and forgive my absence of mind."

The lad slowly moved to the table ; took away the untasted food ; but, instead of partaking of it, put it up in a corner of the hut ; and then, making a rude obeisance, left Evelyn alone.

Evelyn remained sleepless and agitated. His conjectures had lately been directed to the kind of promise made by Schomberg to assist him in a certain course for the recovery of Eva. What could that course be? Something the general had said of keeping a strict watch at home. Did that mean closely observing Kirke, on the spot? Evelyn believed it did : and then he set himself to plan the measure to be taken. He would institute inquiries among Kirke's confidants and creatures ; he would by that means find out Eva's real place of durance ; when he had done so, he would contrive a communication with her, and arrange her escape. If indeed she still lived, it was his first duty, now the only private one of his life, to rescue her from a continuance of the horror and infamy by which she might be surrounded. And if Eva were restored to liberty, vengeance could yet be had on the author of her wrongs. For the present, Evelyn was fixed in the dreadful conclusion that she was already lost to him for ever ; that an immediate effort could not prevent a foregone event ; that future retribution, and her eventual restoration to liberty, were all he could hope for. Strange to say, this self-wrought certainty, even of utter woe, calmed, in a degree, the sufferer's mind ; the future, unconnected with Eva, began to be sullenly canvassed. And—oh, shame to the human heart!—wars and enterprises, and the haughty front of ambition, began to suggest a stern tolerance of life ; and the new honours to which Evelyn had just been appointed, were, for the first time, recollected. All in one short night? Aye, all in one short night! Such *is* the human heart.

An hour might have elapsed after the disappearance of the singular attendant, when Evelyn heard a stealthy step at the door of his hut. Grasping his sword, he lay quiet to note whom the intruder might be ; when, by the light of the late moon, which shone brightly through the doorway, he again

w the lad, cautiously entering, and looking earnestly towards
s couch, as if to see whether he slept or waked. Now
ore than ever interested Evelyn, remaining on his guard,
ve symptoms of deep sleep, and still watched the midnight
itor.

The figure stepped very slowly, and half bent with caution,
ross the rough floor; gained the front of his couch, stooped
er Evelyn, looked long in his face, and then stepping back,
ew a rude dagger. Evelyn was about to spring up, but
other moment corrected the impulse. The attendant drew
e weapon only to lay it on the floor, where, finally, he
etched himself, with many sighs, and continued caution of
anner, and muffling himself in his cloak, lay motionless and
ent at the feet of his chosen master.

Evelyn, hastily concluding that his brother officer had
nsiderately appointed this person to watch over him in
s affliction, took no further notice. Towards morning,
was surprised into a fitful slumber. A trumpet-call awoke
m; and looking to the foot of his couch, the attendant was
ne.

The shrill reveillé continued to send its summoning voice
broad. Evelyn hastily arose, and found the whole force in
otion; some striking the tents, some forming into marching
der. Apprehensive that he had delayed too long from
chomberg, he hurried towards the marshal's tent, chiding
nd despising the sluggish spirit that, notwithstanding an
nduring cause for watchfulness, could have betrayed him
to sleep.

His anxious attendant of the preceding night was nowhere
be seen; but Evelyn, meeting the brother officer, whom he
elieved had appointed that person to wait on him, offered
is thanks for the considerate courtesy, and was informed
at the lad himself deserved most acknowledgment, as he
d been allowed to serve Evelyn at his own particular
stance.

Scarce afforded time to wonder at such a circumstance,
velyn, seeing Schomberg, in his saddle at a little distance,
urred to join him. The white-headed general bade him
od morning, with continued cordiality; and, in a short time,
e army was on its route to Newry.

The distance was but a short day's march; yet, owing to
e increased badness of the roads, the difficulties and

distresses of Schomberg's troops thickened on the way. The Enniskilleners, indeed, who formed his advance, made comparatively light of a succession of vicissitudes and inconveniences to which they had been accustomed. The blue and white Dutch foot-guards, too, his own regiment of horse, and the French regiments of La Mellonier, Du Cambon, and La Caillemotte, bore their mishaps like veteran troops, to whom patience and perseverance were familiar. But to the English portion of the numerous army, mostly made up of new levies, unaccustomed to the front of war, in an enemy's country, and just ravished from the easy life and good things of old England, the march was dispiriting and disastrous.

When, after much pause and straggling on the road, the army got a sight of Newry, hoping for rest and refreshment within it, their flagging spirits gained no relief from beholding the town in flames, it having been just fired and abandoned by the enemy and inhabitants. Schomberg entered the deserted and crumbling streets in great indignation and chagrin; affecting to regard as barbarous a mode of warfare that he knew well was in high repute among the more polished destroyers of the Continent, and which has since told with effect in our own improved age. He sent after the enemy a high-toned, gasconading message, expressive of his horror at such proceedings, and threatening them with terrible retaliations, unauthorized, as he also well knew, by the laws of war, or by the nature of the offence. But, up to this time, it was the error of all invaders of Ireland, to imagine that the fair (if they are ever fair) usages of war might occasionally be outraged towards her, and that her native energies and national mind might be cowed by an empty threat.

Notwithstanding the mishaps and privations of the army, for the country through which they had lately passed was a desert; notwithstanding the complaints and lamentations of the men, Newry was no place to rest in; and Schomberg speedily left it to follow the enemy to Dundalk. And now came a climax to the sufferings of which the army had previously encountered but a foretaste. The road, falling down towards the coast, lay through bogs and marshes, or over barren hills. At every step, the soldiers stuck in mud, or floundered through bog-water, scarce able to afford each other assistance to the next dry perch of land; in many cases abandoning their arms, accoutrements, or horses, and only anxious

attend to self-preservation. The heavy September rains, o, began to pour down, to accumulate the difficulties and rils of the way. And still to heighten their distress, ovisions grew scarce, and no fresh supply was to be had. pon every side reigned solitude and famine. The Protes- nt farmers had quitted the country, after Hamilton's ccess at Dromore and Hillsborough, the previous spring; e Catholics now fled at the approach of Schomberg. So at the cattle had been driven away, by one party or e other, or lay slaughtered and putrified in the fields, or the road side; while the harvest of the present year d been cut down and was rotting on the ground. Not a ing thing was to be seen. In the thatch of the cabins countered on the disastrous march, crucifixes were placed er the doorways, doubtless in the spirit of an appeal to hristian enemies, to spare from burning and destroying the ofs abandoned to their mercy, yet thus deemed to be pro- cted by the symbol of a common faith. But not always, las! did the rancour of mere sectarian hatred acknowledge hat symbol of sufficient efficacy to restrain, or the spirit of hat appeal of sufficient power to save. While, in another iew, such vestiges of men called up, in the minds of the new oldiers, a stronger sense of the solitude which they served ut to illustrate, and struck a deeper terror into the hearts f those who had just come from scenes of joyous life and miling plenty, to encounter the miserable contrast by which hey were at present assailed.

Evelyn had discouraged, as directly as was befitting a per- on in his relative situation, this precipitate march of Schom- erg through an enemy's country, bare of supplies, naturally ifficult, and with an army unused to such operations. But chomberg, while he eagerly sought information, disregarded verything like advice. It appeared to Evelyn, that, for nce in his life, at least, the old campaigner had acted with ore haste than speed, more energy than wisdom, more con- dence in himself than prudential respect for the talents of e enemy.

Now, however, as the fatigued army approached Dundalk, velyn began to hope that things might turn up for the best. ere Schomberg might rest and refresh his men; meet his illery and stores; and afterwards advance, at his leisure, rough an easier country, to look for the Irish force. The

place though like Newry abandoned, had not like it been fired; and this helped to improve the future prospects.

But Evelyn miscalculated. Dundalk had not been burnt down, merely because those who had the arrangement of the question did not think such a proceeding necessary. Schomberg and his army had been decoyed into it, and that was enough. After waiting some time for the little fleet he expected, along the coast, from Belfast, and at length witnessing its arrival, Schomberg proposed to march on Drogheda, where, at the distance of only about eighteen miles, the main strength of the Irish army, amounting to twenty thousand, seemed to await him. But, at the first step, he found himself shut in; the only two passes by which he could advance being effectually secured by Sarsfield, Rosen, and Hamilton. With nothing but a superior force—his present one being only about equal to the enemy—could he venture to push forward. As a strong reinforcement of Danes had been promised him, he sat down where he was, entrenching himself, to await their arrival.

His position was strong. Fortifying Dundalk, and throwing some troops into it, his front faced the west, protected by the river between him and the enemy; on the east rose the Newry mountains; on the south was a boggy valley, falling down to the sea; on the north were other bogs and mountains. Thus placed, he could entertain no fears of being attacked in his entrenchments; while he was hemmed in, he was also kept safe. But here ended the advantages of his situation: here, too, its disadvantages began. The ground upon which he hutted the greater part of his army, though admirable for self-defence against a human foe, was, in itself, the worst antagonist they could have encountered. Low, damp, barren, and now saturated with the rains that every day grew heavier, its baneful effects soon began to be visible among the plump recruits, who formed, as has been seen, the majority of Schomberg's force. The scarcity of provisions accumulated the distress; and while hundreds perished with contagious diseases, the clamours of the survivors rose loud.

Schomberg sent pressing requests to William for the promised reinforcements, and received, in answer, as pressing injunctions to break from his entrenchments, and offer battle. His rejoinders were, however, consistent in preferring his own

plan. While preparing his despatches for England, he occasionally did Evelyn the honour of selecting him as an amanuensis, and of communicating to him some of his opinions. About the middle of October, after repeated instructions had come from William, and while disease, hunger, death, and clamour, abounded among the English lines, those of the Enniskilleners and foreigners, remaining comparatively at ease, in every way, the old commander was, on a particular night, unusually confidential with Evelyn.

His master, King William, he said, laboured under the misapprehensions with which, partly from unwise statements given by colonial Irishmen, he had, himself, entered upon this campaign. He despised an Irish enemy too much, and reckoned on taking them at more odds than the game seemed to allow. The King had supposed enough done when he appointed him, Schomberg, to command an army of young English peasants—very nearly, indeed, on a par, in point of discipline, with the wild Irish they were sent to oppose, but unable to cope with the difficulties of climate, season, country, and starvation, to which the rebel kerne were accustomed, and took like a second nature. The general applauded the fortitude and constancy of his other troops; but as for the young English yeomen, the very superior advantages of their life at home, unfitted them for so venturesome a campaign at so short a notice. Excellent soldiers they would, after a little time, have doubtless become, provided they could have been well victualled every day. But, continued Schomberg, with some knowledge of Shakspeare, while speaking of his own countrymen:

> "They want their porridge, and their fat bull beeves;
> Either they must be dieted like mules,
> And have their provender tied to their throats,
> Or piteous they will look like drowned mice."

It was also forgotten, the old marshal continued, that Irish officers might arrive at some military tactics, while the French officers by their side were, he protested his "goot Gott," not to be undervalued on any account. Finally, Schomberg engaged Evelyn to copy a despatch for William, which contained this passage:

"If your Majesty was well aware of the state of your army, and that of the enemy, the nature of the country, and the

situation of the two camps, I do not believe you would incline to risk an attack. If we did not succeed, your Majesty's army would be lost without reserve. I make use of that term; for I do believe, that if once put into disorder it could not be re-established."

Thus, for some time, Schomberg passively submitted to the destructive consequences of his position, in daily hope of a reinforcement, only satisfied that the enemy would not attack him. Nor was he disappointed. The French and Irish officers were content to let his army waste away with famine, dysentery, and other afflictions too loathsome to indicate. Once, indeed, before the date of the last despatch mentioned, King James, against the unanimous advice of his generals, drew his force from Drogheda, advanced and encamped within cannon shot of Schomberg, challenged him, for some time, to come out, and was guilty of the vainglorious bravado of crossing the river in Schomberg's front, with a wing of his army, and some field-pieces, and in every way renewing the provocations to battle. But the matter ended as he must, or ought to have known it would end—Schomberg let him go back as he came.

Meantime, while the great question remained undecided, some secondary affairs were engaged in, at both sides. The Enniskilleners, commanded by Lloyd, "their little Cromwell," and accompanied by Evelyn, made excursions from the entrenchments, and on one occasion defeated a body of the enemy, and drove in some cattle to the relief of their famishing and powerless brethren. Afterwards they made a long forced march, accompanied by some of Schomberg's dragoons, and a French detachment, to relieve Sligo, on which Sarsfield, after reducing Jamestown, had moved, and which was defended by a Dutch and a French general. But here they were routed, and suffered much, having been first out-manœuvred. After a gallant defence of the fort by St. Sauvier, this strong and important place also remained in Sarsfield's hands.

Thus, it may be said, ended Schomberg's disastrous campaign. Towards the middle of November, he re-embarked his cannon for Belfast. James then broke up his camp, and retired southward to Dublin, leaving his adversary also free to march northward, in quest of winter quarters; a liberty of which he was not tardy in availing himself.

When the tents and huts were uncovered, the whole

nd appeared like an hospital; and Schomberg found in every way, his army had decreased one-half.

'e he began his retreat northward, he appointed some ırs, English, foreign, and Irish, to carry despatches to iam, as well for the purpose of requesting anew the sh reinforcement, as of justifying his conduct to the ıbling English parliament, who, unable to comprehend, ıy legitimate ground, the failure of their army in Ireland, ged Schomberg with all the blame.

ıongst the native officers, named in this mission, was yn. The appointment came at the very moment when, months of undiminished suspense and torture, he had d at last, in furtherance of his private concerns, to be master of his own actions.

uring all the vicissitudes of the camp, Evelyn failed not mploy every available means, in endeavouring to ascer- whether or not Kirke kept a lady concealed in his tent. secret inquiries either ended in dissatisfaction, or else led to believe that his suspicions were, in this instance, un- ded. Towards the conclusion of the campaign, he me assured, that if Eva remained, indeed, under Kirke's rol, or, if she lived at all, some other retreat had been en for her. After such a conclusion, he grew intensely ous to commence inquiries in person; but, while attached homberg, on active service, this was impossible. Baffling, ell as he could, the agony and uncertainty which filled osom, Evelyn awaited the end of the campaign, again quest leave of absence. Now, at the very moment hope promised as auspicious, he again saw himself cut off all effectual exertion in the matter that lay nearest ıeart, and most concerned his existence. Decline the intment he durst not. Pride, honour, spirit, duty, con- ncy, would not permit such a course. Social degradation, t actual punishment, would attend it. And he could do ıore than venture to remind Schomberg of his private tion, and respectfully solicit him to attend to it in his ıce.

occurred to Evelyn, also, to take advantage of the tedness manifested towards him by the young person ıe camp at Loughbrickland. He concluded, that such re sympathy as that unknown individual had shown rds his afflictions, might readily be turned into zeal in

his service. But he called to mind, that, for some time, the lad had not waited on him; that, since the march from Loughbrickland, he had not come within his view more than once or twice; first, immediately after the evacuation of Newry, and a second time, on taking up a position at Dundalk: on both occasions, during the confusion and distress that prevailed, Evelyn had paid him little regard. Now he made inquiries after him and, in some self-reproach at his continued neglect of a being apparently so mild, attentive, and affectionate, learned that, at the first breaking out of the infectious diseases of the camp, he had become ill; was afterwards transported, with a number of sick, to Belfast, and, at present, was probably dead.

Upon the last night of Schomberg's sojourn at Dundalk, Evelyn prepared for his voyage to England. A vessel awaited him and his brother officers in Carlingford Bay. Opening the valise, which held the few things necessary for travel, and whatever valuable little matters he did not choose to leave behind him, he was surprised and grieved at not being able to find some early pledges received from Eva—a ring, a lock of hair, and such remembrances. He tossed the contents of his valise over and over; he ransacked every crevice and corner; they were not forthcoming. He must have lost them, then, during his hurried marches from place to place! His eye was caught by a sealed note, pinned to the inside of the valise. Snatching it, he recognised the handwriting of Eva on the superscription, which was directed to him. He tore it open, and a ring fell out of it, at his feet —Eva's marriage-ring.

The billet ran thus:—

"We are separated for ever; your own course makes this indispensable. But apart even from your conduct, ruin and degradation have come between us. Think not of me. I am handed over to a fate relentless as you will find it impenetrable. Be happy. I will pray that you may be so. Farewell.—Eva."

No date was added. It might have remained in the valise since his arrival at Dundalk. But, no matter when or where written, it at last brought to a horrid certainty Evelyn's worst apprehensions on Eva's account. The "ruin and degradation" that had for ever separated them *pointed* but to one possible meaning, and that coincided with

all his former suspicions. No farther could he calculate. He flung himself, despairing, on the ground.

In a short time came the question, what conduct of his seemed to make this "misery indispensable"? Tush, he answered himself, here is but a pretence to divert my mind from the real cause. And to what fate, "relentless as it would prove impenetrable," had the wretched Eva consigned herself? Death! replied Evelyn's heart. She could not survive her fair name; and the question was left in doubt only to save him an overwhelming pang.

He sprang to his feet. He grasped his sword. He was rushing, bareheaded, to seek Kirke in his tent, and cut him down on the spot. Past circumstances crowded on his recollection, sickened his heart, and arrested his furious career. He felt at a glance all the controlling reasons before enumerated. And now came the additional thought, that if Eva had indeed perished, all positive proof of Kirke's guilt must thereby be removed, and all justification of revenge torn from him.

How came the note where he had found it? At the first difficulty in answering, his mind abandoned the matter as insignificant; once more he relapsed into despair. Some persons clanged, heavily armed, into his hut. They called to him; they shook him by the shoulder; they told him the boat waited to coast him to the vessel, which would speedily spread her canvass for England, in a fair though high wind. The dash and roar of a sea, canopied by blackest night, and scourged by tempest, glanced across his thoughts. He arose; he said he was quite ready: and so embarked for England.

## CHAPTER XXX.

ALLOWING his motions to be guided by his friends, Evelyn accompanied them, on the afternoon of the morning which completed their journey, in search of Mr. Walker, who, it was believed, would be a useful guide and prompter in furthering their present business, and initiating them into the mysteries

of a court, at which, if fame erred not, he had for some time been flatteringly accepted.

Indeed, no name was now more popular in London than that of Mr. Walker. He had just published his Diary of the Siege of Derry, in which the reader may be assured he was his own hero. It had yet encountered none of the discredit soon after cast on it by men of his own party, who deemed it their duty, by publications also in London, to strip the reverend egotist of some plumes which he had dexterously borrowed from, it was asserted, braver and honester colleagues. King William had, at the instance of Burnet, presented him with five thousand pounds, and—the bishopric of the city which he had preserved for his master, against the cautions of its former bishop, not found so serviceable. Ministers of State, lights of the Church, and ladies of illustrious title, joined in their attentions and compliments to the right reverend captain in God. Tillotson eulogised him in a letter to Lady Russell. In a word, his royal patron alone (though the fact was not then suspected) was the sole person who, after all his achievements, thought Mr. Walker—a troublesome fool.

Evelyn accompanied his friends to seek this hero of nine days at the address in the Strand, which, ere their departure from Ireland, they had obtained as his. Here they met a new proof of the flattering attentions paid to their countryman. He was not at home; but an acquaintance, calling at the same time, informed the Irish deputation that he would most likely be found at the house of Sir Godfrey Kneller, sitting for his portrait,* at the request of some admiring friends, to that humbug of his day. Thither our party repaired. Mr. Walker had just left, and was perhaps gone to Whitehall, to attend the King's levee. Arriving at Whitehall, they learned that, early that very morning, the court had been removed to

* A good print of this portrait may be found, between two unauthentic catchpennies of the same era, in the British Museum. A supposed copy of it was, in 1823, the property of a picture-trading Dublin connaisseur, who, once a year, let (or hired it) to certain persons, by whom it was carried to a Dublin tavern, to witness a dinner and debauch got up in honour of the original. Another engraving is shown in Derry, by a descendant of Walker, as resembling him. But it is spurious, like two out of the three already mentioned, as preserved under the care of our esteemed friend, Mr. Smith, of the print-room, British Museum.—B. O'H.

Kensington, to the house just purchased by William from his pompous minister, Nottingham. Doubtless, the Bishop of Londonderry had followed it.

To Kensington, then, the deputation repaired. Crossing St. James's Park and the Green Park, Evelyn and his friends rode through what was then the open country to the new seat of royalty. At the village, all was bustle, rattle, and life. Noble persons, of both sexes, promenaded the then scanty streets, in search of inconvenient lodgings, or dashed by in their carriages; the Dutch guards were everywhere seen in motion; the confounded but delighted inhabitants hurried about, evidently not yet at ease amid the influx of greatness with which they were so suddenly called to hold communication. Already might be heard the clink of trowels, and the clattering of labourers, busy at the nod of the enterprising builders of 1689 in erecting new houses for the new visitants, and even so soon engaged in commencing those respectable additions to the town, which, continued through other reigns, in proportion to the demand thus began for them, at last made Kensington a considerable place. By virtue of their mission, Schomberg's deputation easily passed the outpost guards of the new palace, and arrived in front of the grand entrance, which was in the courtyard on the west. Many additions have since been made to the old pile; but the buildings which then surrounded this yard, and those at present forming the south front, seem to have been the only considerable parts of the original structure.

Directing, in the first instance, their inquiries after Mr. Walker, our party learned that he had, that morning, presented himself at the palace, but not having obtained an audience, was now, most probably, walking about the gardens. The deputation separatedin to different bodies, to look out for their accredited agent, and Evelyn was, perhaps designedly, left alone, his fits of abstraction having all along rendered him a useless, and even a troublesome companion. He sauntered slowly through shades and openings, little wildernesses, and noble walks, even then so well and artfully arranged and contrasted, as to give full promise of a plaisaunce, as much superior to the gardens of the Tuileries, or the grounds of St. Cloud, as they were and are to the scattered heap of red brick of which it is a shame to make them the accompaniment.

But little delight had this beautiful scene for the heart of Evelyn. He did not admire; he scarce looked at it. The only effect produced on him was an unconscious impression of loneliness, that assisted the melancholy of his mood. Passing out of the secret and solitary haunts of the garden, into its more open and frequented promenades, his eye became, however, diverted by the groups of courtly persons, clad in richest attire, glancing along the walks, or turning aside from them, or moving by the edge of a considerable sheet of water near at hand. Nobles and noble dames, generals, law-officers, and other suitors, like himself and the dignitary he came to seek, were all awaiting (what scarce any expected) a sight and a word of the singularly unapproachable monarch whom they had lately called to the throne of their country; but who, by his rudeness, along with other matters, already began to make them regret their election.

Inconvenienced by the sight of so many persons, Evelyn hastily returned to seek the less public paths of the garden. He now found himself in a thickly-planted shrubbery, where the dark evergreen trees made a shade, although it was winter. Continuing his way, he suddenly emerged into an open semicircular space, at the extremity of which was a seat, occupied by a single person, whose averted head, bent upon his arm, seemed to indicate a mood of deep reflection. This individual was very young; his figure slight, his stature short, and his dress foreign. The last observation called up quick associations that thrilled through Evelyn; exactly such a dress had Eva worn upon the night when she met him, along with Esther and Edmund, disguised in male attire, outside the walls of Derry. Such had been, too, her figure, in that graceful disguise—such her air. Evelyn's heart palpitated; he stood rooted to the spot; he gazed steadfastly on the stranger, hoping that the head might turn, and the features be submitted to his view. But the figure remained a long time motionless: when at length it moved, the face was still averted; but, in this position, the boy drew a sheathed dagger from his bosom, half bared it, looked at its edge, kissed it fervently, and put it up again. Evelyn advanced a step. The solitary started, glanced one angry and starled look at the intruder, darted into the thickets at his back, and left Evelyn almost senseless with consternation. The features were those of Eva, altered, indeed, under the

violent passion, and showing the same new and
racter he had noticed in them when she first ap-
er masculine dress. Still they were Eva's.
ring, in one flash of thought, that Eva, no matter
erty, giving way to some wild impulse of her
d spirited nature, called up by her late griefs, had
self to a desperate achievement, and was here—
dagger in her bosom—to attempt it; recollecting
vague, though alarming conversations; and getting
of the danger and horror of her predicament,
r the confusion of a moment, plunged into the
ursuit. He heard rapid steps near him, and for
was guided onward; but no one met his eye.
trees that he broke through were in agitation
uick passage, a moment before, of some other
still remained at fault. He emerged from the
looked around him, on one of the broad, smooth
alks. No figure, such as he was in chase of, met
He rushed forward, at random, by the side of
ore mentioned, passing, without observation, de-
ps of people. A hand caught his arm; a familiar
d him; he turned, and knew his old friend,
Valker.
aste is on my account, I doubt not, Captain
heard of your intended voyage; here has your
just handled," said the new dignitary, inclining
a person with whom he had stood in close con-
nd who, as his costume declared, was also high in
"You have heard me allude to the name of Dr.
now him now as my Lord Bishop of Salisbury."
ade a hurried obeisance to a man about Walker's
orter, and much stouter in figure, with heavy
a commonplace face, such as might become a
opinionated, and moderately clever mechanic.
indeed, a plodding tradesman, but no more.
s new silk apron take from the character with
re appeared to have stamped Dr. Burnet, and
istorians (except himself) are disposed to allow

ut a moment," continued the Bishop of Derry,
ord and I have shortly discussed our topic. Then
ire into your affair."

Evelyn still looked wildly around, almost cursing the interruption, and heedless of the words which Burnet addressed to his old friend. Until a sentence, striking, by curious coincidence, the chord of his distracted thoughts, startled him into attention.

"I aver," said the Bishop of Salisbury, "that no living woman is so well-disposed to the act."

Eva, the only living woman poor Evelyn could recognise as an object of remark—Eva—and the "act" he feared she was madly engaged to perform, answered to this observation. Pale and trembling he prepared himself to listen to an account of her purposed detection and ruin. But a few more sentences assured him that he only heard an eulogium (since preached and printed by the admiring speaker,) upon the eldest daughter of James II., Queen Mary of England.

"Her age and rank," resumed the closet counsellor of a second Goneril, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, as one of his arms see-sawed, awkwardly—"her age and rank have denied her much opportunity for study; yet she has gone far that way. She is particularly careful of her time, which she chiefly directs between her books."

"Aye, my lord; but touching her Majesty's disposition to befriend us, in this matter," interrupted Walker.

"Her needle, and her devotions," continued the imperturbable panegyrist. "It were easy to give amazing instances of her understanding, in matters of divinity. She has so well understood our disputes with the Church of Rome, that she is capable of managing debates in them, with an equal degree of address and judgment."

"And therefore more able and willing, doubtless, to direct to that idolatrous Church, the somewhat torpid zeal of his dissenting Majesty," observed Walker.

"Doubtless; and seeing how coldly our suggestions of wholesome constraint of the Popish superstition have been met by her royal consort. Forasmuch," continued Burnet, still quoting himself by anticipation—"forasmuch as I found, while in Holland, that the main thing the ministers of that country, and those who had charge of his education, infused into him, was an abhorrence of the Arminian, rather than of the Romish doctrine. Nevertheless, I despair nothing of seeing a good impression wrought. Because," he went on, *getting* into a kind of Athanasian sublimity of style, "the

gnty is in her; it is also in another. Her administra-
ıpplies the other's absence. Monarchy here seems to
ost its very essence; it being a government by one.
the administration is only in one at a time, so—"
ɔerson like a gentleman usher interrupted the new
ıry by a message to him to attend the Queen. He
, sign of humble compliance, but stayed to finish his
ce—
ı the administration is only in one at a time, so they
ıre one than espousals or a joint tenure of the throne—"
messenger gave a hint for despatch.
ıan espousals, or a joint tenure of the throne can make
still continued the eulogist, as at last he waddled
wever, see-sawing the air, and repeating his climax till
ı out of hearing.
ıd there goes," said Walker, looking after him, "the
ɔ instrument whom it has pleased God to use in work-
ıt the greatest deliverance that ever was allowed to a
. Assisted by a woman, whom, notwithstanding his
, every father must tremble to see guilty of the joy
she evinces at the downfall of a parent."
ing received from Evelyn an intimation of the wishes
deputation to call on him for an introduction to the
Mr. Walker, as we still prefer to designate him, de-
with some vehemence, that such a service was not to
ɔected at his hands, inasmuch as he, himself, had not
joyed an audience of his Majesty. A sum of money and
ch appointment he had, indeed, received, in the King's
as some recompense for what he had done in Ireland.
l cordial approach to William was denied.
l Evelyn been in a mood to attend to what he heard,
ıust have astonished him, and what followed still
so. Mr. Walker rapidly, and in evident warmth,
ded to say, that the whole conduct of the new monarch
ısed his zealous Protestant subjects with a fear that
ı arbitrary in his views, as well as disagreeable in his
ɔ manners. Above all, that he was averse to the
ıts of the established religion, and indifferent to the
chments of Popery. While he disgusted with his
ɔ, or his rudeness, all the great men who surrounded
giving up to field sports the time he refused to
William maintained in England a Dutch standing

army, and had been heard to say, he would, and could, trust no other. And in this army were as many Papists, men and officers, as James had ever proposed to have in his. He had suspended, as summarily as James, the bishops who refused to lay down their consciences at his feet. He had repeatedly sought to exempt all those of his own religion (the Presbyterian) from the test oaths; the very attempt which, made in behalf of another sect, had cost James a crown, and gained it for William. He had, at one sweep, abolished the Established Church in Scotland, and he had caused to be instituted an ecclesiastical court of commission, doubtless in the hopes of effecting the same thing, under name of a comprehension, in England. He had allowed Holland to interfere with the trade of London, which was now sensibly diminished. He had, in a season of public debt and distress, expended large sums on the new palace at Hampton Court, and now an additionally large one on the purchase of Kensington. Worse of all, when certain zealous dignitaries, and others of the Established Church, had earnestly recommended him to bind up, in a salutary fetter of new penal laws, the hands and energies of Papists, he had sullenly refused, saying, that he came to England to assist Protestantism, but not to persecute Roman Catholics; at another time adding, that he could not pretend to screen the Protestants of Germany and Hungary, at the same time that he should persecute Catholics in England and Ireland. Such a course, Mr. Walker continued, had not been expected from the man who was called from his own country solely for the protection of Protestantism against Popery, and of English freedom against despotic monarchy. Men's eyes had, therefore, become opened of late to some other imperfections in the conduct of the Prince, who so much disappointed all. It was now recollected, that, contrary to his solemn declarations, he had aspired to the crown, without waiting till it was vacant, or decreed to be so. That he had himself caused such vacancy, by treating his father-in-law with insolence, rigour, and great cruelty, turning him out of his palace, and, in reality, terrifying him out of the kingdom. That the reports countenanced by him of the false birth of the Prince of Wales, and the treaty with France to enslave England, appeared to be false, and must be esteemed nothing more than wicked rumours, framed for

certain ends. That, merely out of complaisance to him, James had been refused a hearing in his own defence. Lastly, Mr. Walker hinted that it became a question, whether or no legitimate succession and divine right should have been so speedily shoved aside to make room for a strange prince, now so little likely to give satisfaction; and whispers of intended resistance, in which, indeed, he did not implicate himself, actually escaped the lips of the angry, or conscientious, churchman.

Despite his abstraction and tantalising interest in a very different subject, Evelyn was at length overtaken with astonishment, to hear such details and sentiments from the man who, only a few months before, had viewed and stated the character and merits of William in a very different light. He ventured to hint his surprise, but his friend stopped him by the remark, that time and experience alone could enable any one to settle in the truth. Then, still indulging his zeal, candour, or disappointment, he found new subjects of animadversion in William's flagrant neglect of Ireland; insinuating that some sensible men were not slow in attributing, as the cause for all the mismanagement in that quarter, a plan to let the country get embroiled, deeper and deeper; that so, at last, William and his Dutch followers, for whom he could not otherwise provide, might have the merit of subduing it, and, at the same time, of monopolizing, to the prejudice of loyal and more deserving Irish Protestants, the additional forfeitures and confiscations that must take place among the properties of Irish Papists. The King had, indeed, lately mentioned his intention of going over to finish the war in person. But little was expected from that pledge. And Mr. Walker wound up, by saying, that the late defeats of the English at sea, and particularly the failure of Torrington in a descent upon Cork, where at the head of the combined fleets of Holland and England, he had been discomfited by the French admiral, who now infested the Channel—that these losses and disgraces, never encountered in any other reign, and preceded, in the very former reign, by brilliant success, powerfully assisted in making a great portion of the national mind disgusted with its new master.

At this moment, Mr. Walker was interrupted by a stir among a considerable body of Dutch horse-guards, who were posted round a back entrance into the west court. Nearly

at the same time a loud clatter of horses' feet was heard in the court, accompanied by a flourish of trumpets.

"Aye," continued Mr. Walker, "there he goes, as usual, to review his camp at Hounslow, or start a deer in Windsor Forest. Leaving unnoticed the faithful and anxious subject, and the important business that vainly craves his attention."

Evelyn became attracted by another incident. Some of the guards stationed, as has just been said, at the door which communicated with the garden, surrounded, as if to press back, an individual who seemed anxious to pass into the court. At a second glance, Evelyn recognised the slight figure and foreign dress of the person who so terribly interested him. Instantly he darted from his friend's side towards the spot. On his way, a turn in the path, round a clump of trees, intercepted his view; and when he arrived near the guards the stranger was gone. But Evelyn could hear them allude, in the Dutch language, which he had partially acquired in Schomberg's Irish camp, to the incident that so much alarmed him. The soldiers seemed to make light of it; expressing some satirical mirth at the ignorance and impudence of the unknown stripling, who, out of curiosity, or a foolish notion of the importance of his private affairs, could hope to press himself on the King at such a moment: they added, that from the despatch of his retreat, it was to be hoped the repulse he had got would teach him some experience.

As Evelyn stood confused and agitated, his friends, accompanied by Mr. Walker, came up to say that, since the King had left the palace for the day, it would be useless to remain any longer in attendance. But that the Bishop of Salisbury had just pledged himself to arrange, through the interest of the Queen, a speedy audience for the Irish deputation, who should make it their business to procure lodgings in the village, and contentedly and respectfully await the proper summons.

Evelyn continued almost unconscious of these intimations. His friends noticed his unbusiness-like abstraction, and once more he was left by them alone in the gardens. His eye turned round, and his thoughts turned internally, still in search of one sole object, one sole explanation. He watched and lingered about the paths and secret haunts of the garden, *until* all else had retired, and he found himself suspiciously

egarded by the Dutch troops, stationed as sentinels at lifferent points. At last, as evening fell, it became necesary for him to seek his friends in the adjacent village. ome of them met him by chance in the streets; conveyed im to his lodgings; and, at his request, left him to his eflections.

"This," thought Evelyn—"this, then, is the fate to which he has devoted herself—revenge—blind, unjust, and ruinous evenge!" He shuddered with a degree of revulsion to conemplate a young and unprotected woman abandoning herself o such a course. He feared to tell himself what shape he uspected Eva's intentions to have taken. But most of ll did he fear to calculate the consequences of her adness.

Could there be a doubt it was she? A rapid thought truck him: the young person in the camp at Dundalk—could it be he? He tried to call back his notions of the face of that person. He had seen it but once, during the struggle with Kirke; his mind was utterly confused at the moment; his powers of observation clouded. His glance had only suggested, in a vague manner, that he knew it before. Could he now venture decidedly to say that it was not one and the ame with the face he beheld this morning? He would ot positively say so. If not, it remained probable that his nute attendant, in Schomberg's camp, and the individual ncountered in the gardens, were one and the same. Thus, hen, Eva, differently disguised, had twice appeared to him. Who else could leave the note where he had found it? Here as additional probability. And yet, no; Evelyn, although e durst not fully assure himself, irresistibly rejected these guments, as soon as he had built them up. He could not eep to the belief that it was Eva who had snatched the gger from Kirke, and afterwards attended him in the hut. other words, that the person, whose appearance and actions ow alarmed him, was that individual, in a changed dress; r, as he began to doubt all his powers of clear and certain duction, he at last put to himself a final question—ought be so sure that he had really seen Eva in the gardens? , in a former instance, the confusion of his mind seemed to ny him a right to come to positive assurance.

Weary with uncertainty, Evelyn sank into repose. But e next day brought renewed fears, and a recurrence to the

conviction that it was, indeed, Eva whom he had met. Expectation or excitement could not have left him so open to be deceived; could not have beguiled him into the momentary certainty that features so well known were before him. A strangeness of character, a new expression and meaning, there had, indeed, been attached to them. But again he brought to mind that the same effect had been seemingly wrought in Eva's face upon the night when, in a very similar dress, she had met him outside the walls of Derry; when he knew he gazed upon her, and almost thought her another person. Wholly occupied by these reflections, and anxiously hoping that he might once more be afforded a more satisfactory interview, days and weeks dragged over Evelyn's head. At last came a summons to attend his friends to the palace, in the expectation—for it was only an expectation—of being admitted to an audience of the King. Evelyn passively joined them, almost unconscious of the business in hand, and completely ignorant of the state topics, the opinions and anecdotes that, since his arrival in England, had been flying around him.

"I should wish," said Charles V., "to address my God in Spanish, my mistress in Italian, my friend in French, my birds in English, and my horses in Dutch." And as Evelyn, along with his companions, followed the Bishops of Salisbury and Derry through the guards that, without and within, beset every avenue of Kensington Palace, he was well disposed, so far as he attended to the matter, to admit the reasonableness of the wish, in the last instance, at least. Much as he had formerly disliked the gurgling and splashing sound of the language of the newcomers, it had never irritated his nerves so effectually as at present it did, while breaking the lordly silence of the spacious hall and staircase he ascended. Upon each landing-place a group of Dutch officers were stationed, questioning all who approached the King's apartments, and afterwards discoursing with one another, while ever and anon they sucked their massive pipes, and puffed out a contribution to the grand cloud of smoke beneath which they were canopied. An anteroom, gained from the second landing-place, was also filled with them and their esteemed vapour. But here reigned comparative silence, as the royal warders, not obliged to be as watchful as their brethren outside and below stairs, could *stretch* themselves out on forms or ottomans, and closely

attaching themselves to their puffing pastime, devote their souls to taciturnity.

At an explanation given by the Bishop of Salisbury, our party were permitted to pass through the anteroom into the chamber of audience. The first figures which, even here, struck the eye, were some of the highest in rank of the Dutch officers, still smoking, and not unfrequently withdrawing their pipes from their lips, to inflict upon the Turkey carpet that indignity, for the committing of which Chesterfield has since averred he always found in his heart to knock a man down. Through volumes of smoke appeared, at the end of the chamber next the anteroom, considerable groups of sage and serious persons, cabinet ministers, parliamentary deputies, law-officers, Church dignitaries, and some noble dames. All waiting to render accounts of certain commissions, or to present addresses, or to proffer humble suits to the ear of royalty; and all evincing some disgust, the ladies especially, of the Dutch atmosphere they were constrained to breathe on English ground; with some impatience of the length of time they were kept waiting. Every eye was fixed upon a tapestried arras, which, with a division in the middle, fell over a small closet-door at one side of the remote end wall of the apartment. Disagreeable silence prevailed. The Dutch general officers spoke not a word, even to each other; greetings were exchanged in dumb show between the English portion of the levee; at most, cautious whispers alone could be heard. Thus nearly an hour had passed, since the admission of Evelyn and his friends, when the tedium was at length relieved by the quick opening of the door which communicated with the anteroom, and the as quick entrance of a remarkable little man, on whom every glance immediately fixed; for whom every one made way; and who, in Evelyn's mind, if not the King, must be a personage of nearly equal importance and interest.

Joined to a low, slight, but agile and graceful figure, he had that kind of sallow, broad-boned, hollow-cheeked visage, with cocked nose, sharp chin, and lively grey eyes, which English children, grown ones too, assume to themselves as the authentic abstract of Gallic faces in general.

"The prime favourite," whispered Mr. Walker to Evelyn, as this individual smirkingly returned the many salutations he met on his way through the courtly crowd. "Monsieur

Bentinck, now my Lord Portland, first commissioner on the privy list, and groom of the stole and privy purse."

At another step, the envied and then sole confidant of William III. stood by the Bishop of Salisbury, earnestly grasping his hands, while they spoke very seriously and secretly on some matter of apparent importance, perhaps of alarm. Ere Bentinck parted from his right reverend friend, a few sentences became audible.

"You will then break the news, to-day, my lord," asked Burnet.

"Oui, Monsieur, il le faut absolument."

"But does not your lordship think, that, as the first detector of this affair, I—"

"Mais oui, Monseigneur, bien certainement, dat is, when his Majésté shall know—voyez-vous!" and away he glided towards the far end of the apartment, leaving the dignitary in a seeming quandary, and bowing at either side to the Dutch officers, who, without moving their pipes or their limbs, just eyed him, in his passage along, as a mastiff eyes the kind of major-domo trotting-about-the-house of a little pig-tailed pug, whom his master's will has taught him to tolerate, without loving or respecting. The favourite disappeared behind the arras of the closet-door. Thither every eye was again directed, while profound silence re-assumed its reign in the audience chamber. Nearly another hour elapsed. At length the arras once more rustled. Bentinck issued through it; gave a sign to those in attendance; and took his place at the side of the little door, standing erect and motionless, except that with one arm he held the tapestry apart. Courtiers, dignitaries, suitors, all assumed attitudes of attention. Even the Dutch officers slowly withdrew their meerschaums from their lips, and their arms clanging, got upright upon their legs, and seemed a little interested.

Presently appeared William and Mary. The Queen first emerged from the closet, the arm of her royal partner drawn through hers, as if, reversing the usage between the sexes, she had led him, against his will, from the recesses of his sullen privacy. She was fully as tall, and looked taller than the King; her person almost twice as big, and seemed more so on account of the shapeless flow of her costume, every shred of which seemed ready to fall off. Her features were fine, but

arge, masculine, and haughty; the up-turned, high-piled ashion of her dark hair confirmed them in this bold charac-er. William's slight, almost emaciated figure, clad in the eavy horseman's boots, loose, broad-skirted coat, and long-lapped vest, which he generally wore in readiness for the unting-field or the review-ground, appeared to little advan-age by the side of a lady so handsome, so haughty, and so ommanding. While his thin, dragged, copper features, exhibiting a discontent that might be construed into sneer and misanthropy, but that was, perhaps, as much the result of the peevishness inseparable from continued bad health, were nearly lost in the huge periwig that fashion then inflicted on the heads of its votaries.

Having made one step into the audience-chamber, and cast one keen glance around, the King, as if instinctively, drew back again, evidently disinclined to encounter the multifarious business that an assemblage so numerous seemed to portend. His manner indicated a mixed shyness and self-importance, such as an idle and overgrown schoolboy might evince at being called on to take his turn in exhibiting before a Christmas company. Queen Mary whispered, however, a few earnest words, that had the effect of controlling this movement. Then, after some further short discourse with her royal partner, she spoke aloud, in a full imposing voice.

"His Majesty is unusually indisposed, and disinclined to much business, to-day, my lords and gentleman. Yet will he endeavour a word, in turn, with my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, my Lord Chief Justice, the Marquis of Caermarthen, my Lord Shrewsbury, and one of the Irish deputation."

Burnet, the law lord, and the privy counsellors accordingly detached themselves from the far groups. Walker, answering to the last invitation, also advanced a step, when William, as if his quick eye had caught the movement, half turned on his heel, and addressed a word to the ear of his Queen, who immediately added—

"His Majesty will hear, in preference to the others of the deputation from Ireland, brief speech from the officer who comes especially accredited by letters from Duke Schomberg; Captain Evelyn, belike."

Walker bit his lip, and stepped back. Evelyn bowed low, and walked forward.

"So, Sir John Holt," he heard William say, abruptly, to

the Chief Justice, as he came near the private group—(William spoke English distinctly, it having been almost his domestic language, and that by which his mother, Mary of England, had conveyed to him the scanty education he could boast.) "So, Sir John Holt; you have outlived, I believe, all the great lawyers of your day."

"I had nearly outlived the law, but for your Majesty," replied Sir John, elegantly foiling the gratuitous rudeness.

"Humph!" turning aside with an air that all knew betokened an end to further conference with the Chief Justice. "So, Bishop of Salisbury."

"Touching your Majesty's mature consideration of—" Burnet began. The Queen interrupted him.

"The Bishop hopes your Majesty has come to a conclusion on the good measure we last discoursed on, this morning."

"The conclusion and the answer have before been rendered, Madame," said William, coldly; "I am no persecutor. In the name of God, let the matter end. So," turning, just as coldly to Evelyn, "you be the Irish Captain, Schomberg mentions?" Evelyn bowed.

"Get you before the parliament, sir, you and your fellows. It is time we were freed from their addresses, by your evidence. What know we of the Irish failures? and yet they press us, day after day, for an explanation. Why did he not fight, sir? No matter, reserve an answer for the parliament, I say. Now, my Lord Shrewsbury," again turning aside, "you can tell, in a word, how they at length agree to settle our revenue. For life, my lord?"

"I grieve to say but for a year, may it please your Majesty."

"And this their final resolve? Insolents! they will leave us but the shadow of power—a pageant title, and no more. What of the indemnity bill, my lord?"

"Still warmly disputed, your highness."

"And the comprehension lost, too?"

"*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*, is the decision of your Majesty's commissioners, quoted from a well-known source," answered Shrewsbury.

"Fools! they were not asked to change the laws of England. Bigots!" he added, inaudibly, as if about to re-enter his closet, leaving his Queen behind him.

"Will it please your Majesty," said the Marquis of Caermarthen, following him, "to consider the proposals of the

Tory noblemen and gentlemen, in all things to study your highness's pleasure, provided—"

"Provided I come to open rupture with my insolent Whig parliament, and give them a petty triumph over their petty enemies," interrupted William; "goes it not so, my lord marquis? I appeal to God to witness, that never was Prince so beset by an ungrateful and fickle people. Whig and Tory—Tory and Whig—Nonjurors, and—Look ye, my lords—I can trust your Tory no more than your Whig—I love not either—I fear both. Both have insulted my crown, and embittered my existence. Look ye again, my resolution, long discussed, is at last taken, our convoy is ready. Bentinck, see that saddles are also ready by the morning. I leave them all to the turbulence they live by. I will seek my native court and my faithful and tranquil Hollanders," glancing at the row of motionless officers, whose lethargic air seemed the very pride of his eye. "I will have rest, and friends about me, peace and allegiance. Let your own English Mary stay behind to rule ye, she understands it. As God heareth me, I do not; and on the same appeal do I declare—"

"My gracious sire," interrupted Shrewsbury, dropping on his knee, while his eyes glistened, "desert not the people you have saved; the good work you have so well begun."

"Save us from ourselves," said Caermarthen, also kneeling and much affected, or seeming so; "from a renewal of the peril in which you found us."

"From a return of Popery!" groaned Burnet.

"This is the time for one hint," whispered Bentinck to the prostrate bishop; "it will rouse him."

"From present and absolute treason!" continued Burnet, in a low voice, understanding the favorite; "from the effects of a plot this moment carried on against your Majesty's crown!" William started, reddened, his slight figure became erect and stern, his eye kindled up, and he turned fully round.

"What say you, my lords?—A plot so soon?"

"*Arrêtez-vous!*" here cried Bentinck, from the side of the door, as he frowningly fixed his glance on some person who endeavoured to approach, unbidden, the remote and private group, often interrupted by the crowd through which he struggled. At the same moment the watchful favourite

darted along the spacious apartment, and seized the arm of a young man, in a foreign dress. Evelyn's heart jumped to his throat; though the face remained hidden, it was the individual he had seen in the gardens.

This incident attracted the keenest attention of all. The noblemen and bishop arose; the king again stept back, and followed with his eye the motions of Bentinck; the queen, sailing to him like a ruffled swan, once more took his arm. But no cause for alarm at first appeared. Bentinck was only seen to take a paper from the stripling's hand, and then heard to say: "Present it myself? *ma foi!* I shall know my duties better—*quelle folie!*"

"Present it, at the instant, whatever it may import," cried the queen, in some misgiving; "shall he not, my liege?"

William nodded, coldly. Bentinck gave a folded letter.

"It purports," said the king, after he had glanced over it, "to be a credential, in the youth's favour, from a well-known hand. But," after another pause, "seize the bearer! it is a forgery."

The Dutch officers at last got into motion. The groups at the remote end of the room appeared at first disturbed, and then astonished. It was finally reported that the young stranger had escaped from the room, and down stairs, through all the guards, out of the palace.

"Pursue him!" cried the queen, in a voice of thunder.

"Belike you say true, my lords," resumed William, now relapsed into his usual coldness, and in remark upon some closely whispered information conveyed by Burnet and Bentinck, "belike there is a plot, and that this very youth makes part of it. To our closet, madam. Follow us, Bishop of Salisbury."

Bentinck, unbidden, was included in the invitation.

"Sir James Montgomery, you say, one of the very compassers of the revolution?" Mary asked, as soon as they had entered the closet.

"The same, your highness; and by his brother did I, with some prudence, discover it."

"But Monsieur Nevil Payne is de head of all," observed Portland, "as I found out by bribing one to be my spy on him."

"Montgomery's brother hath assured *me*, and, craving

pardon of my Lord Portland, I believe I know most of this matter—hath assured *me* that a treaty with James has absolutely been signed by the whole cabal, English and Scotch, as they are.

"By my Lords Ross, Annandale, and Nottingham, as I can proof," continued the zealous favourite.

"By my Lords Clarendon, Yarmouth, Newberry, Griffin, Castlemain, and many other lords and gentlemen in England," continned the as zealous bishop.

"And Hume, Argyle, Breadalbane, and others, too, in Scotland," interrupted Bentinck.

"Are the proofs yet plain?" asked William.

"We hope soon to have them so," answered the bishop and favourite in a a breath.

"When they are," resumed William, "let us talk more about it. For the present this matter alters our plan of going immmediately to Holland. We might fly from fools, not from foes; from disquietude, not danger. Now shall the Irish war soon receive, indeed, our personal care. And I shall go to Ireland, my lord bishop, with a lighter heart. For," repeating an expression he had often used, "I believe I better know how to engage in a campaign than to govern England."

## CHAPTER XXXI

EVELYN remained in a state of the most torturing suspense. He had heard the orders given to pursue the bearer of the forged letter; he had heard the guards get into motion for pursuit; as he gained the streets of the village, all were in confusion, speaking of the wretched fugitive; some making inquiries, some giving hints of the way he had, or might have taken. Evelyn walked about till a late hour in the evening, to assure himself of the result; and at last retired to his lodgings, partially relieved. The retreat, or even the course of the suspected person, had not been discovered.

The next day, and the next, brought him the same assurances. Active measures were taken in London as well as

Kensington, still to no purpose. Pursuit gradually died away. The circumstance as gradually ceased to be talked of. Evelyn could no longer doubt that the fugitive, anticipating his enemies, had hastily embarked for Ireland at some near port.

But while the belief eased his mind in one respect, it was only to propose a new cause of uneasiness. Eva—for Evelyn now scarce doubted her identity with this individual—Eva, though free from immediate danger in England, was exposed, in Ireland, to all the perils and disgrace of the unworthy character, and the course of action her enraged spirit had prompted her to adopt. It became his great duty, and now the only solicitude of his life, to seek her out, to convince her of the impropriety of her career, to win her from it, and if past circumstances would not permit their ultimate reunion, at least to restore her to a life more worthy of her and him. Already had he determined on a plan by which he hoped to hear of Eva, to approach her, and endeavour to effect his view. But it was necessary that he should first be in Ireland. And here arose his new cause for disquietude. To Ireland he could not go, until he had answered the claims of the public duty which compelled him to come to England. Unless, indeed, he broke through all the restraints of that duty, now confirmed and made coercive by the commands of the King to attend a summons from the Parliament.

Patience and hope once more became, then, his only support. But the continued quarrelling of the King with his subjects; the progress and details of the wide-spread conspiracy just detected; the endless whispers of a court; nothing interested him sufficiently to fill up the aching blank of a separation from his own wretched concerns. At last he was called, with his friends, before a committee of the Commons. After a wearisome investigation, and attendance from day to day, Schomberg became relieved from the imaginary odium of a defeat he could not have provided against, and some poor "victualler" was selected to bear, in his stead, the weight of Parliamentary indignation and self-conceit. Still came no relief to Evelyn. The Irish deputation, and he, in particular, received peremptory notice to attend at the beck of the legislators, lest, in the course of the session, their local information might once more be required. And it

was not until William, provoked beyond endurance with continued retaliations upon his imperiousness and rudeness, at last dissolved the very Parliament that had called him to the throne—he and they separating in mutual disgust, and with mutual charges of ingratitude—that Evelyn found himself at liberty to leave England.

Then he lost as little time as possible in posting to Liverpool. Mr. Walker and some of his brother deputies accompanied him. It was arranged to take a vessel to Belfast. For more than a week none offered. And when at length they engaged with one, the weather became furiously tempestuous; the wind set in their teeth, and, for nearly double the time of their former delay, remained so; the captain refusing to venture out of harbour. Evelyn, as many others in his situation have done, before and since, lost all temper with the winds and waves; and thought of leaving Liverpool for some other port. But the daily hope of a favourable change in the weather, added to the remonstrances of his friends, and the usual good prophecies of the captain, kept him stationary. As even the elements can be tired out, though they will not be bullied, he finally embarked for Belfast, about six weeks after the dissolution of Parliament.

But though it is a point to embark, when a man is in a hurry, the chances against his speedy arrival at any given port, are by no means removed by his getting out to sea. Such, at least, was the case at the time of our story: people were then happy to be assisted by the winds of heaven, instead of entering into a contest with them. After some day's patient tacking, in rather calm weather, during which the captain was content to make what way he could, the breeze again blew into their teeth, and, keeping firm in this point, increased to a gale, and at last rose to a hurricane. Yielding to its fury, the sole anxiety of the captain now was to preserve as much sea-room as possible, and avoid all contact with the inhospitable south-east coast of Ireland, as well as with the sublime, but equally dangerous coast of North and South Wales. So down the channel the ship flew, running eleven knots an hour, and bearing Evelyn farther and farther from his point, with thrice the celerity at which it had at first borne him towards it. Milford was past; Land's-end was past, and, what was worst, doubled. From

St. George's Channel they were now blown into the British Channel, with every prospect of being compelled to run for a French port, and there, of course, become prisoners of war—if, indeed, some French ship of the line did not save them that trouble, by meeting them about the Downs, or off Beachy-head, and taking them under her protection.

This chance was not, however, in store for them. Soon after entering the British Channel, the wind, without abating its violence, changed so as to bear them fairly through the Straits of Dover; and, at last growing moderate, suffered Evelyn to land at Ramsgate; about four hundred miles, even by land-travelling, further from Belfast than when he had embarked at Liverpool. And nearly another fortnight was thus spent to no purpose.

From Ramsgate he resolved to recommence his journey to Belfast, by passing through England; proceeding, still by land, to Scotland; and at last, taking a vessel from some opposite port to the Irish northern town. Disgusted with the sea, and only anxious to get home, this plan he thought the most prudent, particularly as the weather continued stormy and unsettled. But the reader must not suppose that Evelyn was able to accomplish his long journey in less than treble the time that, at the present day, it would cost him. In fact, he did not reach the point of embarkation in Scotland until the month of April had nearly been spent; more delay and demur still happened, short as was the sea to be crossed, until he finally touched Irish ground. Then Schomberg had transferred his head-quarters from Belfast to Lisburne, some further distance south; thither Evelyn was compelled to follow him, to render up an account of his commission. It took many days, after his meeting with the old general, to perform this duty, in a satisfactory manner, Schomberg afterwards insisting on his services in disciplining some considerable bodies of native re-inforcements, just come up to the Enniskilleners. To his utter impatience, anguish, and, we may say, despair, the summer sun of June was bright and unclouded in the sky, ere he could get a hearing for his continued requests to absent himself on private business.

But at length obtaining a pass from his commanding officer, Evelyn prepared to travel southward. Early upon the morning of his departure from Lisburne, Mr. Walker, once more

caparisoned as a true son of the church militant, entered his quarters. Evelyn stared, but neither wished nor had time to embarrass himself further with the matter. His old friend saved him the trouble of inquiries. Seeing Ireland still abandoned by the sovereign who ought to protect her, and now totally despairing, along with all zealous and watchful observers, of the personal interference of William, he could not avoid, he said, again taking the sword into his hand, in the hopes that his future efforts for his country and religion might be crowned with a portion of the humble success that it had before pleased God to accord them. Mr. Walker added, that he had just succeeded in rallying some of the old and faithful parishioners who, at the hour of need, honoured him with a command at Donoughmore. That he had, yesterday, marched them to join Schomberg, and was now prepared to head them, at the call of patriotism, and of the Lord, on any good service.

Evelyn, scarce heeding this information, hastily took leave of the spurred, and belted, and helmeted dignitary, and mounting a good steed, set forth, alone, on his southern journey.

The morning was young, Evelyn's anxiety great, and his horse good. Notwithstanding the badness of the road, on which he had, the last autumn, witnessed such distress, his progress gave hope that a considerable day's journey should be performed ere the sun's decline. He met few individuals coming against him on the lonely way, and those few were expresses from near outposts to Schomberg's head-quarters. Fewer still passed him from behind, But about two hours after he had been on horseback, his attention was fixed by observing that a solitary horseman, like himself, and wearing the large blue cloak, that was a badge of the Enniskillen dragoons, followed in his track, seeming exactly to time his motions to those of Evelyn; spurring hard when he spurred, pulling up when he slackened his speed; and once or twice, as Evelyn came to a dead halt, for experiment sake, halting also.

In his present mood, this irritated Evelyn. He did not wish to be watched and dogged in such a fashion, He wanted to think, and could not. He wanted to be alone; and this strange kind of companionship, although the horse-

man never ventured nearer than two or three hundred yards, did not permit him to feel as if he were so. He tried every civil means of making the person pass on; all were useless. At last, he even turned his horse's head, intending to ride back, and confront the object of his impatience: here, too, his movements were imitated. His shadow retreated also, and having as good a horse, Evelyn found it as difficult to get before him, as to have walked past his real shadow, with the sun in his back. Finally, amused, as much as annoyed, he resolved to hold on in his own course, and put the mattter out of his head.

During an afternoon halt, which he made to refresh his horse and himself, Evelyn saw nothing of his self-elected warder, and hoped now to continue free of his attentions. But he had not resumed his journey above a few minutes, when the same person again appeared at the usual distance behind him. As evening fell, after he had passed the last of the English outposts, and come in view of the ruins of Newry, this pertinacious dogging of his steps by an unknown individual begot some suspicion, if not alarm. At length, while approaching an outpost of the Irish army, he resolutely drew up, and resolved to get his persecutor in his front, before he would venture farther. But now the stranger horseman did not seem any longer to shun an encounter. Putting his steed to full gallop, he quickly gained the place where Evelyn stood, it need not be added, on the defensive, and, keeping the far side of the road, rapidly passed him, saying, in his quick transit:

"Do you know what you're for doing, sir? Do you know them that's afore you? Yon's the wild Irish folk."

"I know it," replied Evelyn; and it is my intention to approach them in peace."

"Then a friend may do no harm aforehand," continued the stranger. "Just pull up a bit, Captain Evelyn; I mane you good."

And forward the horseman rode. Evelyn could perceive that in uttering the words we have noticed, the speaker made a clumsy effort to alter the tones of the voice from the southern Irish brogue, to the half-Scottish northern slang; while he also endeavoured, by slouching his hat, and raising his cloak, to conceal his face and figure. In the latter

effort, he was assisted by the twilight. Yet Evelyn did not doubt that he looked upon the slight boyish figure of his former singular attendant in the camp of Loughbrickland.

He remained stationary, in consequence of the hint received. The stranger speedily came up with a body of men who occupied a few cabins and temporary huts, on a little eminence. In a few moments, Evelyn saw some horse, even worse mounted and equipped than the Enniskilleners, and about a hundred pikemen, mostly barefooted, and with no arms but the pike, advance towards him. When they came close, a strong voice challenged him, whose tones, he thought, were familiar to his ear, and presently he was by the side of Friar O'Haggerty, who, with a drawn sword in his hand, a steel cap on his head, and a sash tied round his cassock, appeared in command of the party.

"Do you come as friend or foe?" continued the reverend captain.

"I approach your lines, of a free will, to request safe and speedy conduct to General Sarsfield, with whom I am anxious to hold discourse of some import," answered Evelyn.

"That is to say, you abandon the cause and service of the usurper, to give King James such information and service as are in your power to give?"

"Pardon me; I have but a request to make. To General Sarsfield I will answer any questions."

"That is to say, you will answer none of mine?"

"On all common and courteous topics, any of yours, freely."

"That is to say, you choose to remain silent touching the business of your present journey?"

"Even so, with your leave."

"I command you to make a full disclosure," continued O'Haggerty, closing on him, and speaking low: "I give no leave for such contemptuous silence."

"Then, without your leave, sir," replied Evelyn.

"Beware," resumed the friar; "I can compel your confidence—or, at the least, cross your journey."

"I doubt if you can—or that you dare, sir."

"Guard him to the huts," cried the friar, addressing his men, as he turned off.

"You will interrupt me at your peril," said Evelyn, "I take all to witness my protest against this measure. I take all to

witness that I am obstructed in my progress to hold important communication with General Sarsfield."

O'Haggerty remained silent. Evelyn was led to a hut; and then, a sentinel having been placed at the door, left to his reflections. The interruption irritated him beyond bounds. If it continued, it must prove fatal to all his hopes and projects. He sat for some time chafing with impatience. The night fell fast; he reckoned on another interview with O'Haggerty, but was disappointed. Neither that holy commander, nor any other person approached his hut.

Hours flew on, and the only footstep that he could hear was that of the solitary sentinel who paced before the door of his temporary prison. He approached the door, and requested the man to bear a message from him to his reverend commander; but "*Nein* Sassenach—*gho mock a-sinn*," (no English, get out of that) as the rude soldier brought his pike to a charge, was the only answer he could obtain.

At last he thought another footstep stealthily came up with the sentinel. He listened; the man stopped; Evelyn heard low whisperings; and in a few moments his follower of the day entered, with caution, the small and frail apartment. Evelyn was now assured that this was the same person, who, almost in a similar situation, had before visited his nightly solitude. Fearing nothing from former recollections, he observed the motions of the stranger with strong interest. The self-elected attendant stepped lightly across the rugged floor, and, as had previously happened in the hut of Loughbrickland, laid before him some food, and a flask of wine; saying in a tone low enough not to waken Evelyn if he had slept soundly:

"Ate, ate, barrin' the sleep isn't on you."

"I am awake," replied Evelyn, "and thank you for your attentions. Have I not experienced them before, in Schomberg's camp?"

The boy was silent.

"Answer, I entreat you, if it is not very disagreeable. Are you not the youth who took the dagger from Kirke's hand?—who waited on me during the evening and night of that day?—who slept at my feet, and who followed me, all this day's journey?"

"I am, then," replied the stranger, in a low voice, as he *stood*, almost invisible, some paces off.

"And who are you, to whom I am so much indebted? Who strove to confront me when I was alone in despair; friendless, companionless, abandoned by all; and who now again art by my side in affliction? Who are you?"

A deep sigh was the only answer.

"Tell me, at least, on what account it has been my good fortune to meet so kind a friend? You are not a northern; you cannot be attached to the cause you seem to follow. Why have you entered into the ranks of the Enniskilleners?"

"To be near you."

"But you soon left me, after you got to Dundalk. Yet, no; now I remember the cause, poor lad; you became sick, did you not?"

"An' is it only now you remember it?" in a tone of deep reproach.

"Forgive me. You know, or may have known, that my own griefs were overwhelming; nor had I forgotten you so much, either. Tell me," continued Evelyn, a quick and agitating, though wild association springing up, "have I ever seen you since your illness, until this day?"

The stranger was again silent.

"Tell me, I entreat! have I not seen you in England: in the gardens of the king's palace at Kensington!" he cried, starting up, and approaching the figure, which receded to the door; "who are you, I say, or rather are you not she whom my soul leaps to meet—are you not Eva—and did I not see you there?"

The stranger uttered an impassioned and impatient cry, and then said, loudly and rapidly:

"No, Sassenach, no! I am not her; but you saw her there."

"Her!—whom?—whom did I see? Consider your answer."

"Her you think so much about, Eva M'Danniel, that's now the ridin' Rapparee."

"Heavens!" cried Evelyn, his worst fears more than confirmed, "but have a care! How are you assured of this? Tell me truly—and who are you, I again demand, on whose word the lady I love and only live for, is thus for ever blasted? Speak!"

"Thonomonduoul!" cried the person addressed, in an altered tone, and now fully giving way to passion, "I'll spake no word for such a biddin'—I'll spake no word for the

stampin' an' the threatenin' of him that when the body is afore him that saved his life, more than onct, and ventured life mille times for him, 'ud forget all, an' thrate me like a dog just for sakes of a thrapsin' throllap that turns her back on him to go wid the Rapparee captains. *Bannocth-lath,** an' may God reward you."

"Hold," cried Evelyn, as the person was about to pass through the door-way. "I was too hasty, and indeed too harsh and ungrateful. Your kind attentions should not be so soon forgotten; and they are not. Forgive me; and let us speak further."

"Let us, then; and somethin' in raison," and the figure stopt, inside the door.

"I am now more than ever anxious to know who you are, and earnestly request you to inform me. Could I see your features, I think I should at once meet proof of what I now begin to suspect."

"Why, then, it 'ud be the first time you'd see 'em."

"I believe not; though I understand your wish to be unknown to me. But 'tis no matter; I will not press my question, since you dislike it. Only let me stand acquitted in your opinion. Let me assure you how truly and deeply you have at last aroused my gratitude; and let me take the hand to which I owe so much." He extended his arm, and a small hand was placed in his. "Come," Evelyn continued, gently forcing his companion to the seat he had left, "let us sit down, together, and partake of the good cheer you have brought me; there—thanks, thanks, dear, kind friend," he whispered, as he passed his arm round the waist of his visitor, whose head fell on his shoulder, and whose tears now came fast. "Aye, now," he cried, as a round and panting bosom was pressed to his, "now, at least, do I know who you are!—you are a woman. There is but one woman alive could have placed herself in such a situation; and now, Moya Laherty, I am sure it is you! And now," starting up and standing between her and the door, "let me tell you more—let me tell you I suspect you." The girl screamed loudly, and strove to escape. "Let me tell you I suspect all the stories you have been imposing on me; and, by Heaven! you stir not till you truly answer my questions."

* Good night.

Again there was a scream; and the figure glided round the wall, towards the door, Evelyn baffling its movements. At the same time, the sentinel abroad gave the alarm, and the sound of tramping footsteps was heard approching. Evelyn became confused, and lost, in the darkness, all sight of the figure. Still keeping his back turned to the door, he endeavoured, however to prevent the egress of any person. As the alarmed guard quickly came up, his eye caught, an instant before their entrance, a renewed stir in the gloom; he sprang forward, grasped in his arms some person who struggled violently. The rude guards broke in, bearing lights; the glare flashed on the face of the person in Evelyn's custody; he looked close into the features—they were Eva's—excited, as he had seen them, in Kensington Gardens, and still strangely influenced by the accompaniment of male attire. Uttering a loud cry, he sprang back; instantly the guards seized and surrounded him; and when he again glanced round, Evelyn could see no one but them in the hovel.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

RECOVERING, in a degree, from his consternation, Evelyn wildly questioned the soldiers as to the identity of the person with whom they had found him struggling. But they could not, or would not, understand him; and at last an officer (so called, though in costume or manner he scarce eclipsed his humbler brethren), coldly warning him to keep his quarters in a quieter manner, withdrew his men, and once more Evelyn was left alone.

The morning broke, and no one appeared either to elucidate the mystery of the night, or to relieve him from his durance. He could observe, however, that two soldiers now guarded him. Of them he made new inquiries and requests, but got no answer. Evening approached, and the officer waited on him with a message from O'Haggerty, to know whether or not he would now give the information he had before refused. When he steadfastly declined to answer any further questions, the officer retired, observing, in turn, a

negligent silence upon the continued demands of Evelyn for an account of the person found with him, the previous night, in the hut.

Darkness again wrapt the interior of his prison, and Evelyn panted with the hope that the object of all his thoughts and solicitude might a second time visit him. But he was disappointed. The short summer night passed over in quietude and monotony. Another day, and another night elapsed—a third and fourth—and still he was left torn with suspense and incertitude. At length, after a week's confinement, the officer returned to present him with a passport to Sarsfield, conveying, at the same time, an angry censure on his obstinancy, and an intimation that he was released only in the hope that the nature of his business with the popular Irish general might be of service to King James. Evelyn concluded that O'Haggerty's curiosity and officiousness having been tired out, he feared, on reflection, absolutely to obstruct the zeal of a converted enemy, seemingly indicated under such peculiar circumstances. Restored to liberty, and presented with his good horse, he lost no time in pushing on for Dublin, where, as he had been informed, Sarsfield now rested.

But, notwithstanding his intended speed, Evelyn was doomed to encounter additional interruption and delay, as he passed through the Irish lines and quarters. It was not till the afternoon of the twentieth of the month, that he found himself entering the metropolis of Ireland.

At the first military station, where he made inquiries after the abode of Sarsfield, he was, despite his documents, put under arrest, and marched as a prisoner to Sarsfield's house.

Escorted into an empty apartment, his guard remained by his side, while the subaltern went to announce him to the general. He sent in his name and description at full, Captain Evelyn, an officer of the Enniskillen dragoons. In a few moments the subaltern returned, led him to the door of another apartment, flung it open, and Evelyn was in the presence of Sarsfield, Hamilton, Sheldon, and many other Irish officers of distinction, whom he found at a table, with wine before them, as if sitting after dinner.

All rose politely, though formally, as he entered, and their eyes fixed on him with evident curiosity and interest. He

bowed, particularly to Sarsfield and Hamilton, whom he at once recognised, and proceeded to address the former.

"I come, General Sarsfield, most anxious to have the honour of some discourse with you."

"You know me then, sir?"

"I have seen you before, sir, under circumstances I can never forget, although they may have escaped your recollection."

"Well, Mr. Evelyn, sit." All resumed their seats as Evelyn complied with the invitation, Sarsfield's eye resting intently on the stranger. There was a pause, Evelyn not wishing to go on at present.

"Friend or foe, Mr. Evelyn? Excuse a question the times and your uniform render convenient," resumed Sarsfield.

"On no hostile intent do I come, surely," answered Evelyn.

"Welcome, then, or welcome in any character. Soldiers are not churls, even when foes. I pledge you a welcome, sir;" he filled a glass of wine for Evelyn, and he and his friends drank the stranger's health.

Another pause ensued. Sarsfield again spoke.

"May we compliment ourselves on the gaining for King James a hitherto respectable opponent, sir?"

"No, sir, I am King William's officer."

"And as a partizan of the Prince of Orange, sir, you now come before us?"

"I have said, as King William's officer."

"Still attached to his cause?"

"And not to be separated from it."

Sarsfield's glance continued earnestly and studiously fixed on his visitor. The other persons present looked at each other. Sarsfield went on:

"Then, sir, we have, of course, the honour to recognise, in you, an accredited agent from the rebel party, sent to us on some especial matter?"

"No, sir; I come on no official appointment."

"Indeed? it follows, then, that, from some unexplained motive, you choose to surrender yourself as a prisoner of war, For you cannot be ignorant, Mr. Evelyn, that such must be the nature of your present unauthorizd situation."

"I hope it will not so turn out, sir."

"Aye? But, whatever may be your private motive, you were aware of the chance."

"Assuredly I was."

"And not loath to encounter it?"

"No. I was assured General Sarsfield would, when he knew the matter that urged me to this very unusual step, be, himself, my security for it."

"Aye, forsooth?" again queried Sarsfield, his regards still deeply fixed on Evelyn; "and what gave you this convenient assurance?"

"Your character," answered Evelyn. "such as it is known by general report, and such as I have myself observed it to be on the occasion I before glanced at, namely, when I saw you interest yourself, joined, too, by another gentleman present, for the life of a young man, then of your party, at King James's camp, near Derry."

"Oh," said Sarsfield, as if suddenly recollecting the matter, "and this explains some misgiving I felt, at your first appearance, of having seen you before. Your own life, I believe, was also at stake along with that young man's?"

Evelyn assented. "And it is upon business in which he and I are closely concerned, that I now crave your ear, at your good leisure," he continued.

Sarsfield's friends rose to take their leave.

"I believe I, too, remember the affair," said Hamilton, as he stood up; "and now perfectly call to mind the face of Mr. Evelyn. Though, indeed, it was whiter and more disturbed when I last saw it; Galmoy having caused it some agitation. Have you since been on active service, sir?"

"I saw you at Dromore and Hillsborough, General Hamilton," answered Evelyn.

"Well, you might as well have seen me elsewhere. But, as to the rest, was it more pleasing service?"

"I must not find fault with the performance of duty, at any time, sir."

"Certainly, no; yet Mr. Evelyn will allow us to express our surprise, or if not, our regret, that so pretty a man should not have preferred the right side, and, assuredly, the gallanter one."

"It were idle for me, General Hamilton, to mention the causes that first led me to think your's the wrong one. Though I might easily state why, for more recent arguments, *I continue* to believe it is."

"Why aye; you might tell us that James has given assent to the mad bill for repealing the Act of Settlement."

"Whereby many honorable families are disinherited and sought to be beggared," interrupted Evelyn.

"And that he has also assented to the motion for getting tithes and benefices conferred on his Roman Catholic clergy."

"Against the promise, renewed even at his landing in Ireland, that he would preserve the Established Church in all its rights and privileges—"

"And that some of the old cathedrals have been taken back from you; that the college has a Popish head; and that a brass penny goes for a silver shilling. Have I not almost summed up your reasons?"

"Many of them you indeed have."

"Yet, will you not remember, that if by the repeal of the Act of Settlement, many honorable persons are deprived of property, as many, at least, were victims, in a similar way, to its enactment? That its making was an unjustified act, while its marring is but—"

"Tush, tush, General Hamilton; now you speak too lightly," interrupted Sarsfield. "You know you strive to vindicate a measure that you dislike."

"I have called it a mad act," answered Hamilton, "and I think it so. I think it one directly calculated to divide, against the King, my master, the country which it ought to be his policy to keep knit together in his interests. Yet might I argue a little, on natural principle, to show a fair foe that the breach of the old statute was not so monstrous as its observance. As to James's share in the matter, he should further be informed that his Majesty wished it not; that he advised against it; but that when Tyrconnel's packed parliament called on him to approve their vote, he had no alternative but to refuse; and by that refusal estrange from him the only men who were disposed to stand by his side in a case of extremity."

"With even less zeal, Mr. Evelyn, do we defend the taking Church revenues out of the hands of your clergyman," continued Sarsfield. "The question is not if it be equitable but if it be politic, and, above all, consistent with the roya proclamations issued. As to the churches, he has publicly commanded them to be restored to you. Only that our

reverend guides, having once got their old roofs over their heads, stoutly refuse to yield possession of their own, even at their King's command—God bless them !"

"And now a brass sixpence for your remaining objection, sir," resumed Hamilton. "What can King James do? If you all stand up to keep gold and silver out of his hands, the tinker and brazier must supply his mint: will you blame him for being the poor man you have made him? But farewell, Mr. Evelyn. You still look obstinate, I fear. Well, sir, I bind myself to pray for your conversion. Gentlemen, with you—we meet at the Castle, General Sarsfield?"

"At the Castle, at nine," his host answered; and Sarsfield and Evelyn were left together.

"Now, sir, what leads you hither?"

"In the first place, General Sarsfield, I am here to throw myself, as an open enemy of your cause, upon your private and honorable protection."

"You have it, young man; as readily as it is boldly sought. Nor in forgetfulness, either, that you are the be loved friend of the young M'Donnell, whose father and have known each other. And have you not said your bus ness concerned him as well as yourself?"

Evelyn promptly acquainted Sarsfield with the double alliance that had once been proposed between him and Edmund M'Donnell; the death of Esther, and the consequent despair of Edmund; the scene at the Strip of Burne; the disappearance of M'Donnell and his sister; the supposed death of the one, and wretched situation of the other; his suspicions that, in a degrading disguise she had attached herself to some part of King James's army, but, he especially feared, to the lowest part of it, the Rapparees. Evelyn concluded by passionately requesting that Sarsfield would exert himself to discover where and how poor Eva might be approached. For the sake of his interest in Edmund M'Donnell, Evelyn ventured, he said, to urge this prayer; for the sake of his memory, and that of his father—for the sake of the young creature devoted to ruin—in the name of manliness, bravery, and charity, he besought him to grant it.

Sarsfield heard him like a man who, although plunged into the stern business of the world, had not forgotten the sympathy of man's heart for man. When, towards the end of his

appeal, poor Evelyn, overpowered by a return of his wretched feelings, grew warm and earnest; when his voice faltered and his hands trembled; when he wept; the general, seemed strongly touched with the young man's energy of sorrow.

"Truly did you argue," he said kindly, "that the confidence you came to give would insure my interest in your sad case. We are friends, Mr. Evelyn, however we may stand to-morrow in the field. I will do my best to save and protect the daughter of my old friend; the sister of my young protégé, the wife of Mr. Evelyn. Be you indeed so sure that her present fate is such as you intimate? M'Donnell," he went on, musing, and as if struck with a sudden thought—"Miss M'Donnell; let me see—"

"Eva M'Donnell, sir."

"Aye," continued Sarsfield; "of a lady called M'Donnell believe I have lately heard—if, indeed, I have not seen her. she not young? and pretty, withal?"

"Young, and most beautiful," answered Evelyn.

"Oh! I cry your mercy, sir," half smiling at the energy of description he had required as matter of fact. "I say othing positive; nothing to give you a hope that may be isappointed. I can know nothing of the maiden, and there- re should venture no guess. Yet, rest with me, here, a w hours, until it is time to attend the King's evening party, at the Castle. Then, in all confidence and honour, come with me: foe and stranger as you are, and strange as may be the proceeding, we can, perhaps, find means to introduce you where, if you use your eyes, the lady I mean will, in all probability, appear. Meantime, be my guest, and let us speak of what in honour we may."

Evelyn readily complied. The soldier-foes pledged each other's health, and spent the evening in free discourse, until the hour of nine; when Sarsfield took Evelyn's arm, and walked him to the Castle.

As they passed into the upper court, or yard, Evelyn could perceive that the guards at the outside and inner gates, and all the soldiers in the guard-rooms, were, to a man, French. Sarsfield caught his eye noting this, and observed:

"Aye, thus it is, Mr. Evelyn; these haughty foreigners push us aside on our own thresholds: what think you? In mounting guard, here, on his Majesty's person, they have

been heard to declare, that they will obey no commands but those of their petit-maître general, Lauzan; that, in fact, they are not the soldiers of the King in whose service they have embarked! Credit me, sir, whenever you are able to obtain an advantage over us, it will be on account of the bickerings and divisions caused by these fellows. King James began his Irish wars by refusing an army of twenty thousand Frenchmen from Louis, saying, he would succeed by his own subjects, or not at all. Would to heaven he had been consistent enough to reject the paltry reinforcements from France he has lately accepted; the five thousand, last year, under Rosen, and now about the same number, under Lauzan! Whatever we have done well, was done before they came. Whatever we may do well, will be done without them."

Traversing other apartments of the Castle, Sarsfield led Evelyn into the spacious and princely hall, since altered and fitted up, in 1783, at the institution of the only national order in Ireland, and thence called St. Patrick's Hall. Here was a joyous blaze of light, and a numerous, brave, and brilliant company. All the beauty of Ireland, the noble dames and gentle damsels belonging to the Irish aristocracy, collected round James from town and country, were grouped about the extensive apartment, sitting or promenading, and listening, with a gracious air, to the novel and fascinating style of adulation imported by their French gallants from the court of Louis XIV. In the irresistible presence of the newcomers, the poor native youth were forgotten and neglected by their fair countrywomen, and might be seen standing or striding about in that stiff awkwardness, meant to be dignity, but which was really the result of a mixed feeling of inferiority and of chagrin. Here and there, indeed, an Irish gallant, whose strength of mind, or whose self-conceit, enabled him to keep up his confidence, was successful in engaging the ear and smiles of some maiden, above the influence of the general infatuation; or of engrossing some rustic beauty, to whom attention of any kind proved new and welcome, and whose experience had not yet called up a squeamish taste, or a power of nice distinction. Of the former class of successful squires of dames, on his own ground, was Hamilton, whom Evelyn at once detected sauntering where he liked, amid the crowded competition of the brilliant hall, with an air of which

the very ease and assurance were, perhaps, his best passport to the success that almost in every quarter awaited him from smiling eyes and coral lips, and cheeks that blushed so prettily, forsooth, it were pity not to give them gentle cause for the sweet suffusion.

Towards the far end of the hall, at either side of an open-arched entrance into another gaily-lighted apartment, Sarsfield pointed out to Evelyn the Duke of Berwick, his brother, the Grand Prior, the Duke of Powis, the Earls of Melford, Dover, Seaforth, and Abercorn; the two Lords Howard; the Marquis of Abbeville; the Bishops of Chester and Galway; some dozen of other nobles, English and Irish; a crowd of baronets, chiefly from England, mixed up with French and Irish general-officers, and a sufficient portion of ecclesiastics, in cassocks, shaven crowns, or scraps of black skull-caps. Among the baronets was one remarkable gentleman, who at first attracted, and then amused, Evelyn. He was middle-sized, between sixty and seventy, but of good, full, round muscle, and straight as a gate-post; wearing a dishevelled tie-wig, pushed back, or else made not to come more forward than the crown of his head. His coat was of the oldest known cut, meeting, without a collar, the edge of his jaws, and accommodating itself to their pendant indentures, with profusely broad skirts, much gathered behind, pointing out stiffly in front, and reaching nearly to the middle of his sturdy legs, with ample sleeves, still more ample cuffs, and gaping pocket-holes, placed far below the hips. The half-seen legs boasted carnation stockings, clocked half-way up; the feet were furnished with open-mouthed shoes, eclipsing the ankle, propped by wooden heels, and having square toes of, at the least, four inches across. Then, his face well suited this dress. When seen in profile, it was a succession of concave lines, from the forehead to the tip of the chin, looking not unlike the segment of a huge griddle-cake, out of the edge of which a hungry boy has taken a succession of mouthfuls: first, a bite for the line of the nose; then one for the indent between nose and upper lip; next a good and curious one for the ever-open mouth, displaying toothless gums; lastly, one for the curve beneath the under lip. Not omitting to say that the chin, with its lower lip, jutted out, in a straight line, a full inch beyond the upper maxillary; while from its point fell a

sweep of fat jaw, that at last was hid under the waving mazes of his tie-wig.

Thus appointed, by nature and art, the ancient knight-baronet strode about, his two hands thrust, at arms' length, into his profound pocket-holes; a roundish, pot-crowned hat, with a most picturesque ruggedness of outline round the brim, squeezed under his right arm; his pig-tail tie curling playfully over his left shoulder; a long sword, worn horizontally, and sticking out full two feet behind. Thus he strode here and there, smiling an eternal smile with his gaping, gum-tinged mouth; his entire face simpering; a certain racy air of content, pride, and confidence displayed in his whole appearance and action; and going up to every one who would listen to him—or, when repelled at every side, pacing backward and forward before the open alcove; and repeating, under every change of circumstance, one or two phrases, that at once gave insight into the cause of his happiness, and into his extreme simplicity of character, such as—

"Aye, sir; aye, my lord; aye, Sir Peter; this be, indeed, a king; your true King of old England. Your true son of a hundred kings. His father's child, my lord duke. That loves us; that is sweet and benign to us; that will fight for us; that will lead us home again, to old England, and the good county of Norfok. Aye, my lords; aye, sirs; aye, gentle ladies. This be our own sweet liege; our own prince of kings."

The eulogist was poor Sir Thomas Dereham, or Doreham, of the county which he has himself mentioned, who followed, over the world, the fortunes of James II., and who, disappointed of the happy return home on which he so confidently reckoned, afterwards died at Florence of a broken heart. His liege reverence for his "legitimate" monarch warmed into strong personal affection, which James repaid with, at all times, a show of kindness, that merited Sir Thomas's individual praises; but was rather in contrast to the severe hauteur that more generally characterized the fallen King towards the rest of his subjects. More time, it is freely admitted, has been spent on this single sketch than is allowable, away from the progress of our story. But the old gentleman happened to interest us as much as he did Evelyn; and perhaps the reader will not feel tired, or displeased, thus

to get, incidentally, a glimpse of a character that may help to afford some additional illustration of the time, persons, and events, now under notice.

Evelyn was called back from his excursive study of Sir Thomas, by having his attention directed by Sarsfield into the inner apartment, and fixed on the persons of two old men, the one wearing full ducal robes, the other clad in the undress of a Roman Catholic priest, who, from time to time, crossed the open arch, seemingly in grave and earnest conversation.

"My Lord Duke of Tyrconnel, our Irish Lord Lieutenant, with his reverend chaplain," said Sarsfield; "a man—perhaps I might say, two men—who have done, by hot and bad counsels, more injury to King James's cause in Ireland, than prayers, or even blows, are certain to amend. They await, in that inner chamber, the entrance, from his closet, of the King, who is also attended there by a ghostly adviser, of whom, mayhap, you may have heard—Father Petre.

"And do you not get a glance, at the left side of the chamber, of some gaily-attired ladies, half hidden by the cross-wall of the arch? There sits my Lady Tyrconnel, surrounded by her damsels of honour, also awaiting the King's appearance, by whom, alone, her ladyship consents to be led into the hall, to meet her fair guests of the evening. But, hark! she will not now have to tarry long."

As Sarsfield spoke, the ladies, who formed the subject of his remark, got into a graceful bustle, and came a little nearer to the open arch. Tyrconnel and the ecclesiastic suddenly drew back, as they crossed the inner apartment from the other side; guards closed the very remote wall. In a few seconds James approached, from some unseen side-door, followed by a little parchment-looking man, the place where Lady Tyrconnel stood; offered his hand with the old kingly air; and presently led through the archway, his dimpling and smiling hostess, attended by a number of young and beautiful maids of honour. Father Petre followed close in James's steps; Tyrconnel and his reverend companion followed. As the King passed into the hall, Sir Thomas Doreham, his hands still in his pockets, bowed repeatedly, and mumbled many raptures; the nobles and generals at each side made their salutations; and, as a burst

of music came from a gallery near to where Evelyn stood, all in the hall—gallants, dames, and damsels—all stood up, or else became, as they promenaded about, fixed in attitudes of attention.

James continued to walk by the side of the hall opposite to Evelyn, still attending Lady Tyrconnel, and noticing, with old-fashioned and imposing condescension, the different groups that stood awaiting that honour, while the lady gave the welcome of a great hostess to humbler guests. Evelyn, whose whole observation, notwithstanding the state of his feelings, became fixed on James, remarked that his dress differed, on this occasion, as widely from that in which he had first seen him at Johnstown, as it did from the courtly and peaceful costume that would best have become the scene and situation. The deposed monarch wore, indeed, a suit that he was fond, and, perhaps, vain of assuming, inasmuch as it served to call up the recollections of all beholders to the bravery, spirit, and wisdom he had evinced, when it was his official uniform as Lord High Admiral of England. It consisted of a bright, plain breast-piece, coming down to his hips, interrupted and edged by a broad scarlet sash, folded, wrought, and fringed with gold, and crossed obliquely by a piece of mazarine blue silk (not riband) also folded—the emblem, according to the fashion of his day, of the Order of the Garter: the sleeves were of stiff, orange-coloured silk, flowered in gold, reaching a little below the elbows; white satin thence puffing out to the wrists, which were clouded in point ruffles. From under his breast-piece, broad skirts of blue cloth folded over, as far down as his knees. White silk stockings and shoes, a periwig flowing, at either side, to the breast, and the tail of a point neckcloth, falling quite as low, completed the honorable and memorable suit, of which, so far as it becomes a man, the wearer could not, after all, be too proud.

Turning to the second side of the hall, James approached Sarsfield, bent his head in return to his bow, and that of Evelyn, and was passing on, when his eye turned on Evelyn, and, checking himself, he said:

"An officer of your horse, General Sarsfield?"

"No, my liege; Captain Evelyn—Mr. Evelyn, I would say, an officer of the Enniskillen dragoons, who—"

"Aye?—say you so? Why have we not received intimation that there was business for this evening. Your ladyship's pardon—*allons.*"

With a signal to Sarsfield, he walked on, completed his round, returned, alone, to the general, and resumed:

"To our closet, both of you." Then, leading the way, without further ceremony, Sarsfield and Evelyn, equally taken by surprise, found themselves, in a few minutes, in James's private closet, accompanied by Father Petre, the French ambassador, Count D'Avoux, and a few other persons whom the King had met on his way, and motioned to attend him.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

"AND now, sir," said James to Evelyn, the moment the closet-door had closed, "your business—your mission from our rebel subjects."

"May it please your Majesty," answered Evelyn, in confusion, "I am charged with no mission: I but—"

"Your business, then, of whatever nature it may be, or howsoever called, and briefly, sir."

"My business, here, does not at all concern your Majesty—is not of a public kind—is not—"

"How, General Sarsfield? What means this?" interrupted James.

"Sir," replied Sarsfield, "the stripling speaks truth."

"How is it, then, I ask? What brings to our court a rebel and a traitor, who hath no business here? What practices be these?"

"Under your Majesty's favour, none that shrink from inquiry, or merit your Majesty's displeasure. I had hoped I was above suspicion of such."

"Sarsfield, you are. But inform us, quickly and briefly."

"Your Majesty beholds in Mr. Evelyn a person on whose account, and that of a friend of his, I once received, at the Johnstown camp, your Majesty's gracious instructions touching—"

"I remember some slight matter of the kind; a question of Galmoy's right to take the life of a mad stripling and his friend—well, well."

"Since then, that loyal subject of your Majesty hath, by a violent chance of war, been separated from this, his bosom friend, and is, perchance, dead. His sister, a beautiful lady, also disappears; is supposed, in a fit of distraction, to play the part of heroine in your Majesty's service; and is now anxiously sought after by her betrothed husband, Mr. Evelyn, who, foe as he is, singly approaches your Majesty's court, and, in entire reliance on your Majesty's respect and tenderness of the private concerns of private affection, has had no fear to claim my service in furtherance of his sad inquiry."

"And you, Sarsfield, are warrant for him and his story, his proceedings and intentions?" The general assented.

"Then let him have no cause to repent his confidence in our humane feelings, which—though in the clash of unnatural politics we have seen them overlooked—still find place in our bosom."

Sarsfield knew he had dexterously touched the string that would vibrate in unison with his purpose, and was prepared for the allusion of the outraged and deserted father.

"It only appearing to us marvellous, and unnatural," resumed James, turning his glance on Evelyn, "that a gallant, who can so readily give us credit for humanity, and who chooses his lady love from amongst the daughters of our loyal subjects, should himself stand up a rebel against our crown and privilege."

Evelyn did not venture a reply. Sarsfield spoke for him.

"Touching that very point, my liege, Mr. Evelyn and I have held all honorable discourse. Credit me, while his prejudices seem but of a mild cast, whatever reasons he may bring to recommend them, he upholds to be grounded on strong conviction."

"Seldom has it chanced," continued James, "that we have been afforded the opportunity of demanding from an enemy, face to face, his reasons for hostility. Now would it please us to hear your friend speak his. Alas! we are reduced to the extremity of wishing to vindicate our blackened character to the meanest subject whom slander may have misled to rebel against us. Speak, sir; tell the reasons you suppose you have

to draw your sword against your Sovereign. Tell them, and he will, himself, condescend to answer you."

Evelyn, through mixed confusion, and the fear of a fate more serious than befell Gil Blas with the archbishop, continued silent.

"Speak out, man!" resumed James. "Saints and martyrs! have you fear that after the plighting our royal word for your safety, and after the commanding you, with our own lips, to tell the blunt truth, peril may attend your boldest speech?"

Denying any such apprehension, and thus compelled to say something, Evelyn at once resolved to answer, manfully and honorably, the strange claim made upon him; and accordingly said, that, while in the early stages of the late civil commotions, he but wavered in his opinion of a ground for just resistance, his Majesty's abdication had of itself seemed to release him from allegiance.

At this James was taking fire, when he caught the fixed, cold, and monitory eye of Father Petre. Checking himself, he turned round, a moment, as if fully to master his temper; and at length said:

"Abdication is giving up a right in possession, by one's own free act and will. I was driven from my throne by threat, positive violence, and the necessity of self-preservation. And when those who so drove me away, found me absent, they called the consequences of their own well-planned measures, my willing act and deed; their cruelty, my weakness; my extremity, my choice. Thus, from the first, their assertion of their right to my crown was a deliberate falsehood, for the circumstantial framing of which they had contrived, beforehand, a painstaking plot.

"Had I abdicated, I must have expressed upon some occasion, or to some person, my pleasure so to do. Whereas, I left behind me, at the very moment I was first compelled to leave London, my avowals of the necessitous circumstances that forced me into an absence; my protests against them; and my firm resolves to labour, under every change of fortune, for the restoration of my crown, and the happiness and satisfaction of my people. Witness my letter to the lords and others of the privy council; my letter to the Earl of Feversham, my general; and afterwards, various other letters, messages, and declarations, to different public bodies.

"Upon the sudden news of the landing of the Prince of Orange, I was deserted by all upon whom I could have placed reliance. The men who grew into greatness under my love and confidence—the children—but, pass we that. My very army I could not trust. Could I have done so, I would have had one good blow for it.

"In such a situation, what was to have been my course? Durst I, with any respect for the first instinct of nature, have awaited the approach of my bad son-in-law, with his bad advisers? The sense of the indignities put forth in his proclamation, and the just apprehension of further attempts on our person, by those who already endeavoured to murther our reputation by infamous calumnies (as if—" His graceful delivery, for which he was remarkable, here failed him; his words faltered, and his lip quivered—"as if we had been capable of supposing a Prince of Wales)—calumnies incomparably more injurious than the destroying our person itself; together with a serious reflection on a saying of our royal father, '*that there is little distance between the prisons and the graves of princes*'—these were some of our reasons for deeming it a duty to attend to the law of nature, and save life, at least, from the hands of a near relation, and for the benefit of our subjects.

"After my obstruction on the river," he went on, speaking now as if to himself, "where our royal person was rudely handled by some of the meanest of mankind, and after my return to Whitehall, I might have expected better usage from the Prince of Orange, in consequence of what I had writ to him by my Lord Feversham. But instead of an answer such as I might have hoped, what was I to expect, after the usage I received, by his making the said Earl a prisoner, against the practice and the law of nations? The sending his own foreign guards, at eleven o'clock at night, to take possession of the posts at Whitehall, without advertising me in the least manner of it? The sending me, at one of the clock, after midnight, when I was in bed, an order to be gone out of my own palace, before twelve that same morning? After all this, what could I hope from him, at whose hands a sovereign prince, and uncle, and a father, could meet with no better entertainment? How could I hope to be safe from him who had tried to paint me as black as hell to my own people and

the world, adopting in his declaration all the infamous charges against me? My English guards taken away, and a Dutch guard accompanying me to Rochester, whither I had desired to remove? Thus was the royal martyr, our father, encompassed about, until a proper time arrived for the taking his life as well as crown. Thus I would not brook to remain, when liberty offered. I was born free, and desired to remain so. Therefore the world need not be surprised at my withdrawing myself, a second time, from Rochester.

"And now, stripling, if you have truly stated your only or chief cause for rebellion, to arise from the abdicating, by us, the throne of our ancestors, return to those who helped you to such a reason, and tell them, that from the sovereign prince they have caused you to wrong, and disposed you to destroy, you have heard his own apology. Tell them that to yourself, an undistinguished subject, he has, in all the humility that becomes his humbled situation, and in all the earnestness that becomes an injured man and a Christian king, vouchsafed to vindicate himself, and the infant son who suffers with him, from their cruel slander. And so, farewell. And the happiest conscience that heaven is willing to allow, attend you on the day when you draw your young sword against us."

Motioning to Sarsfield, he turned away. The general led Evelyn from the closet; our friend, much surprised at the sudden command of temper with which James had made his statement, after the imperious bursts of spirit that had marked the opening of the interview.

They had scarcely passed the archway into the great hall, when the deposed King, attended by all who had followed him to his closet, trod in their footsteps, and advanced to where Lady Tyrconnel sat, surrounded by her beautiful maidens of honour; speaking, at each side, as he walked along:

"Look not so grave, lords and dames, gallants and gentle damsels; here has been nothing to disturb the joy of our meeting; nothing to turn the red rose white on fair maidens' cheeks, or cloud the brows of our zealous and loving nobles. The song, my lady of Tyrconnel! That quaint song which, upon an evening before, one of your beauties sang us to the wild music of your native harp. Flutters the gentle bird now at your side?"

After a befitting answer, there was some motion among the

crowd of beautiful attendants; and, in a few moments, the preluding tinkle of a harp was heard. Evelyn, his heart agitated even whilst James spoke the last words, now started at the sound, and, grasping Sarsfield's arm, looked towards the blooming group. But the performer was completely hidden from his view by the clustering around her of her sister maidens, and also by the closing in of all who were in that quarter of the room, in order to evince their interest in the pastime recommended by the praises of royalty.

But, as the song proceeded, as the clear and powerful, though wild voice rose to the roof of the spacious hall, fully conveying the words, and giving a soul to the enthusiasm of the native music, Evelyn could no longer doubt who was the songstress. It was one of Carolan's best airs, composed, at Eva's request, by the shores of Red Bay, set to words of Edmund's writing; and often had he heard it from Eva's lips. At this certainty, his heart swelled, and shrank again, his breath failed him, his eyes swam, his limbs shook; and uttering a hasty exclamation, he stepped forward towards the group, when Sarsfield checked him, saying:

"For God's sake, no—not now—compose yourself! Why, you are pale, and you tremble! Be a man!"

As amid a deep hush of its admiring hearers, the song continued to ring through the hall, one of its most thrilling notes was as if caught up by a trumpet in the courtyard of the Castle. Nearly at the same moment, a roll of kettledrums was heard, and guns were fired, far and near, as if from different points around the city. The voice of the songstress broke off; screams escaped many of the ladies, thus taken by surprise, during so profound a pause, and while their sensibilities were excited to the utmost. Some nobles and officers started, and laid their hands on their swords; and James walked rapidly up the hall, followed by his courtiers and generals, to meet, the next minute, the gentleman whose business it was to approach him with the intelligence.

"Well, sir, the news?" he asked, ere they had met.

"Captain Farlow, who hast just galloped in, waits to communicate it to your Majesty."

"Admit Captain Farlow, without ceremony." The messenger rapidly retired.

As the King, accompanied by the lordly and martial crowd

who clustered around him, had left Lady Tyrconnel and her female group, Evelyn's eyes again flew in quest of Eva; now she was at last visible to his view. Her affrighted companions, dividing and shrinking at either side, had left alone, still seated at the harp, the syren who had just formed the focus of their blooming circle. There, one arm flung over the instrument, another raised to catch the flowing hair on her neck, as, with a countenance full of energetic, but not terrified inquiry, she turned round to fix her glances on the far door of the hall—there, indeed, was Evelyn's long-lost, long sought Eva. During the momentary observation he was afforded, poor Evelyn felt that never before had he seen her in a change of character so novel, startling, and imposing. Her courtly dress, so much in contrast with her former simple and romantic attire, might, indeed, have assisted the impression. Her long hair was twisted up from her forehead, disposed into a succession of bows, and fell, in similar bunches, on her neck and shoulders; her loose robe of stiff white silk, hung off her neck; the ample sleeves, open at the front, did not reach past the elbows, and were fastened, at certain distances, by clasps of pearl. Clouds of point lace fell round the bosom, the shoulders, and the sleeves, while only an indication of waist was given, amid the luxury of Grecian folds and splendid negligence that marked the courtly costume of the day. Eva, thus seen, for the first time, by her bewildered and admiring husband, might, indeed, gain much from a dress like this; yet was her air, and the expression of her face and figure, as new and commanding as her guise; her features beamed with more elevated thought and sentiment. Her very proportions seemed to have acquired a line of fulness, of grace, and of importance, other than he had been accustomed to attribute to them. Altogether she seemed a lofty lady, born to move in courts, and tend on queens, rather than the simple, though enthusiastic Eva he had first seen in the valley of Glenarriff, and woed and won by the moonlight windings of Red Bay.

All this, which, unfortunately for narrators, has taken so long to describe, being seen and felt by Evelyn, at a glance, his thoughts reverted in consternation to the other late transformations of character he had attributed to Eva. He was following up the reverie, during the short pause since the

departure of the King's messenger from the hall, when her eye, suddenly flashing round, lighted on his. He started, and moved a step forward; she averted her regards, without recognition. Again he stepped on, in motion, to address her. Again Sarsfield held him back, with "On your life, no! Attend to this announcement." An officer walked rapidly, though with a jaded step, down the hall, his boots and skirts soiled with travel, his periwig and uniform covered wth dust, and intense anxiety exhibited in his pale, lank features.

"You have ridden hard of late, Captain Farlow?" James cried, as they met.

"From the Newry mountains, my liege, since late last night; where—" the rest was inaudible to the company.

"God's saints!" cried James, starting back, "say you so, man, and our advices so positive against it? Speak out the news, sir; we wish no secret of it now. Hear, nobles and noble officers;—fair dames and damsels—hear, and get you to your orisons for us;—hear all, and let the evening's pastime change into sterner bustle. Six days and nights have passed since the Prince of Orange touched Irish ground; and Captain Farlow, who brings the tidings, has been worsted, at the head of a detachment of two thousand men, by a part of the usurper's army. So, gentle ladies, good night! Lords, and others of the privy council, attend us. Hamilton, Sarsfield, join us. Our other zealous generals, to your posts, and prepare for the march by midnight; some one warn Luttrell to repair to the Castle for his militia orders. Holy saints! how have we been deceived by poor politicians, in this matter? But, come—counsel first, courage after—and at last one good blow for it!"

Followed by all whose duty it was to follow, James again sought his closet.

"Now, Mr. Evelyn, to horse, to horse!" cried Sarsfield, as, clasping his hand, he also turned to follow. "Take this pass—ride, ride—and get you beyond our lines as speedily as may be. Call at my quarters; I shall give you a few of my Lucan troopers, for the road. Farewell, sir—till we meet again!" Touching the hilt of his sword, as, looking askance over his shoulder, he smiled in high excitement, and strode away.

Evelyn stood a moment more than ever overwhelmed. The next, his eye once more sought Eva. He caught a

glimpse of her face and figure, retiring through the open archway, with Lady Tyrconnel, and her ruffled flock. He darted after them. Some obstruction arose from the bustling and broken groups of nobles, gentlemen, and officers, he met in his way. And when, at last, Evelyn reached into the inner chamber, it was empty,—a door, just in the action of being closed, showing him a skirt of female drapery, and thus indicating, that through it the fair crowd had withdrawn.

As he stood, baffled and confounded, some persons inquisitively, and rather hostilely, addressed him. This brought him to a sense of his strange, and, perhaps, perilous situation. An instant after, and he was hurrying out of the Castle, his ears filled with the renewed trumpet-blasts that breathed hate and death to his cause and him; his steps every moment crossed by armed foes, challenging and questioning him. Sarsfield's passport brought him, however, to Sarsfield's house; there he found the men he had been promised, mounted to accompany him; and he sprang to his saddle, and spurred northward, to carry to his friends intelligence of the roar of preparation that already was loud in his rear.

As he and his escort rode through Essex-gate, a horseman passed them, at a furious rate. Evelyn was struck with the general air of this person, and his soul sickened within him at the thought of whom it might be. A glare from the torches, carried by two of the troopers, just then caught the stranger's profile, and his worst forebodings became confirmed. He pulled up, and drew back with an involuntary shudder; the next instant he dashed spurs into his horse, and galloped after. But no one could be seen on the suburb road before him; and the receding clatter of a horse's hoofs down a cross-road to the right, seemed to intimate, that in that direction the rider had disappeared. Affrighted, almost terrified, and mad with impatience, Evelyn, after a short pause, gloomily continued his journey.

"My lords and gentlemen," James meanwhile said to his council, "you all know how unexpectedly this news has come upon us. Every advice from England, every opinion here, agreed in making us think that the Prince of Orange was held so busy by contests with his parliament at home, that he could not venture upon an Irish war in person. Yet,

during six days has he been amongst us, while we knew nothing of it. Your speedy counsel, now, as to what is to be done. Whatever we resolve, must be resolved promptly, and as promptly executed. Let us not acknowledge that we have been taken off our guard. Above all, let our actions show that we have not—

"None are ignorant that the diseases of Schomberg's camp, ta Dundalk, reached to our own camp, and that we suffered almost as much as he; that—"

He was here interrupted by the entrance of a person with a packet. He eagerly opened and read it.

"From France, my lords and gentlemen; from the Queen! Her Majesty writes on the very matter that now engages us; informed, as it appears, long before ourselves, of the expedition of the Prince of Orange. Let all our zealous friends peruse the paper; meantime we proceed in our council.

"It is well known, I say, that, together with disease and sickness, the native army, which so honorably closed the last campaign, has been much reduced by bad food, and sometimes the want of food of any kind, while no recruitings have since taken place for our service. Further it is known how earnestly and often I have meantime pressed the French cabinet to afford us the troops, and other helps, which his Most Christian Majesty ordered to be prepared for us. How our loving Queen storve, on the spot, in the same view. Yet, through the jealousy of the minister, offended because I refused his naming of a general, in favour of the gallant Lauzan, now by your side—how much we have been disappointed in our expectations of aid! Only six thousand Frenchmen at last sent to us; and while our faithful Irish lack arms and food clothes and shoes, little of the other assistance that was, perchance, more necessary. So that, my lords and gentlemen, between natives and allies, I doubt if our present army, badly appointed as it is, destitute of field-pieces and muskets, amounts to more than thirty thousand."

"To no more, my liege, including garrisons," said Sarsfield; "while the utmost force disposable for the field, is about twenty-five thousand."

"You have come possessed of the strength of the enemy, Captain Farlow?" resumed James.

"I have, sir. Thirty-six thousand, since William's meeting with Schomberg; all veteran troops, completely supplied and

appointed; and mostly foreigners, inured to war, fatigue, and victory."

"The odds are against us," said James, in a downcast and undecided tone.

"Not while heaven be with us," observed Father Petre.

"And our cause that of our King and holy Church," echoed Tyrconnel's reverend chaplain.

"Surely thus are we the host, and they a remnant," said old Tyrconnel, encouraged by the confidence of the clergymen.

"Speak, Count de Lauzan," resumed James, half offended at the intrusion of opinions, which he had not called for, even though they agreed with his own.

The count answered, in French, that, under the circumstances, and particularly, after having perused the Queen's letter, he would strongly recommend precaution in every shape; adding, that he was not long enough in Ireland to offer very particular opinions.

The French ambassador, D'Avoux, when called on, made similar vague observations.

"Now, Sarsfield," continued James.

"May it please your Majesty," said the general, "the visible odds, at the least," bowing to the ecclesiastics, "are, as your Majesty hath observed, against us. I incline, on the whole, to be governed by Count de Lauzan's opinion."

"For the first time in your life, then," whispered Hamilton, "A' God's name, don't pay him this flattery."

"Hamilton," said James, smiling, "we observe your zeal with Sarsfield's ear, and can read by your eye that you would willingly spoil a scarlet cloak for one good horse-charge at our son-in-law, on fair ground, and your troops about equal. But let Sarsfield say his say. Nor do I fear you or other noble Irish generals present are offended, that we have called on him, though less in rank than you and them, to render us a first answer. Sarsfield, speak on."

"The chances being so much against us, I turn to her Majesty's gracious letter, my liege. Here is King Louis's promise, that when the convoy which has brought William to Ireland shall join the English fleet, he will send a sufficient number of frigates and privateers to destroy his transports, still at sea, and coasting after him; and then pin him up, here, while the hitherto successful fleets of France shall once

more engage the English admiral, and, if again triumphant, make a landing in England. Therefore I think your Majesty might do well to await the issue of things at sea; and adding to the strength of your already formidable garrisons, retire from Ulster, across the Shannon, where the army may not only be kept up, but recruited, refreshed, and better disciplined. Should the views of his Most Christian Majesty but in a degree succeed, William's army might, as the autumn approaches, share the fate of Schomberg's, last year. Or else, England may be lost to him before he can return thither. Your Majesty might, meantime, continue in the south, prepared to take speedy advantage of any such turns of fortune."

The Duke of Berwick and Powis, the members of James's privy council, with the exception of Tyrconnel and Father Petre, the Lords Clare and Galway, and the majority of his other Irish officers present, seconded this prudent advice. James stooped down to whisper with the ancient ecclesiastic. There was a deep pause. At last he manned himself, and spoke.

"Much reason there is in the opinions offered. But should I now abandon Dublin, is it not likely that my friends in it will despair of my cause, capitulate without a blow, and make terms for themselves, away from my interests? And may not many other friends follow their example? For the sake of God and of gallantry, let us not run such a risk. A much more serious one than engaging in a good cause, with good consciences, and brave hearts, a somewhat superior enemy. Courage, gentlemen! And now, action and bustle, too! In the name of heaven and our countries, we march northward, to join our main army at Ardee, by the dawn. Should the enemy advance on us, the pass of the Boyne shall, at the least, be contested. Sir Patrick Trant," he continued, in a changed and melancholy tone, "hie thee to Waterford; and, in case of the worst, secure and prepare a vessel for our safe re-embarkation to France. My daughter's husband must not, even yet, make us a prisoner, at his mercy. Though I fear it not, gallant lords and gentlemen." (He again looked spiritedly around, through the tears that stood in his eyes.) "My cause the best, and you to prop it, I think but of success and victory. 'Tis the first time, during the wrong and suffering of years, *that I* have had promise of a fair battle for my crown. And

now, at last," repeating words he often used, "one good blow for it!"

"The Lord prompts our King to speak!" observed Father Petre.

"Long live King James!" cried Tyrconnel.

"He will play the hero too much," remarked Sarsfield, to many assenting Irish officers, about him.

"We will charge them, at all events," said Hamilton.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

DISTRACTED in his thoughts, agitated and irritated in his feelings, Evelyn held his northern course. Separating from his escort at the last outpost of the Irish lines, he gained, on the noon of the second day, William's camp at Loughbrickland. His leave of absence being that very day expired, he hastened to present himself to Schomberg, whom he found busy in assisting the other general officers to get the whole army into marching order.

Near to Schomberg's hut, he met Walker, accompanied by Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Meath, and a group of clergymen, waiting, under Schomberg's auspices, to present an address of congratulation to William, and somewhat chagrined that he had waited a long time.

"He shuns us," grumbled the Bishop of Derry, "as if he had no common cause with us, and only came to Ireland in the view I before mentioned to you, namely, to conquer it for his Dutch followers.

"Observe how his army is constituted. Distrusting English soldiers, he takes care that much more than half of it shall be foreigners. It contains ten thousand Danes, nine thousand Dutch, and four thousand French refugees. And the superiority in officers in still more remarkable. Then, he brings with him the Prince of Denmark, more from a fear of leaving him behind, and to lessen the odium of fighting against his father-in-law, by dividing that odium, than to do honour to the husband of James's second daughter, whom he did not even permit to travel in the coach with him. From a similar precaution, he fetches over a number of English nobility and

men of fashion, nominally as volunteers, but really as hostages, to insure the good conduct of their friends at home, touching the wide-spread plot that has been discovered, and the great French descent expected on the English coast."

While the bishop thus gave vent to his irritation, Evelyn gazed at the whole army drawn out in marching array, extending, to the right and to the left, farther than his eye could reach, and forming, in their perfect appointments and excellent condition, a magnificent and imposing spectacle.

At a great distance, a stir presently became visible, and Schomberg intimated that the King approached; galloping along the line, to bestow on it a parting inspection.

"Now," resumed Walker, "will you see him in the only character in which he is admirable. Since he has landed in Ireland, his whole conduct shows, indeed, gallant and heroic, and like a great captain. He accepts no better quarters than his soldiers have; he rides among them by day, stirring up their mettle; he sleeps with them on the field, by night. And once, when it was proposed to get wine for his use, 'No,' he said (in their hearing however), 'I will drink water with my soldiers.'"

While the dignitary spoke, William approached, at full sweep, distancing his aids-de-camp and other attendants, and appearing, indeed, so different a man from the William our friend had seen at Kensington Palace, that it was difficult to believe him the same person. He sat erect and motionless in the saddle, as if he were, indeed, part of the noble animal he bestrode. His usually languid eyes glared and flashed; excitement lent a high colour to his wasted cheeks; and every muscle of his body expressed energy, as, with a drawn sword occasionally moved round his head, he addressed, in his rapid transit along the line, brief, but spirit-stirring words of approbation and encouragement, to the officers and soldiers, who waved their hats and plumes and shouted as he passed.

His eye lighting on Schomberg, he suddenly pulled up and approached him.

"For Dundalk, so soon, my liege?" asked the old duke.

"Yes," answered William, "before the rains come on."

Schomberg, understanding the allusion, coloured, bowed, and drew back.

"Does your Majesty hold to be useless, any further

tarrying for information of the enemy?" inquired General Douglas.

"I have not come to Ireland to let the grass grow under my feet," was William's reply, as he motioned to turn off.

"May it please your excellent Majesty," said Walker, stepping forward, "to hear the address of which your grace has been advised, and which the Bishop of Meath, these reverend gentlemen, and myself, have been deputed to present."

"Aye," cried William, ungraciously, "if it be brief."

Upon which the Bishop of Derry began to read aloud a long-winded and elaborate composition, that had cost much care and study, thanking William for coming to Ireland, and God for allowing him to come, and ending with a statement of the former woes suffered by loyal Protestants from Irish Papists—their merits past and present—and humble hope that his Majesty would—

Here William, who had more than once winced under the infliction of so long a piece of rhetoric, interrupted the right reverend captain. Now that he was in his element and his glory, in the saddle and the field; speaking much more flowingly and energetically than was his wont, he said:

"I know the rest, Bishops of Derry and Meath! It contains matter on which I have often been urged in England. But as I have answered before, so I now answer. My creed does not teach me persecution; and I do not come to Ireland, no more than I came to England, to persecute Papists, but to assist Protestants. Our parliaments, here and there, may do as they like. I am not skilled in the way of parliaments. But by me, or by my command, Papists shall be treated as fair foes, and nought beyond. So, farewell, my lords and gentlemen. Sound the march!—march!" he screamed along the line. "For Dundalk, Duke Schomberg!" And dashing spurs into his willing charger, he was out of sight in a few minutes.

Between three and four days brought the army to Dundalk, now no longer formidable, in a fine season, and in the absence of an enemy. The King halted but a short time in the town, when, hearing that James had retired from Ardee, he hastened thither. Here, gaining further information that his father-in-law had re-crossed the Boyne at and near Drogheda, he still moved after him. The morning of

the 30th of June, saw William and his whole army within view of the Boyne Water, and of the Irish camp.

Turning to the left, off the road, attended by Schomberg, Prince George of Denmark, Major-General Scavenmore, the Bishop of Derry, Lords Sidney and Portland, Generals Kirke and Douglas, and their respective aids-de-camp, amongst whom was Evelyn, riding by Schomberg's side, the King ascended a hill, called Tully-Escar, which commanded, at cannon-shot distance, the town of Drogheda, and altogether afforded a good observation of the country and the hostile lines.

Evelyn was pleased and animated with the whole view from the top of this hill. To the left appeared the steeple and castle of Drogheda, peering over the gentle ascent of the middle distance. Running to the left, this eminence at last fell in broken lines to the sea, whose waters gleamed above it. A continuance of the same line ran to the right also of the town, overtopped, in its whole course, by hills more blue and remote. Owing to the high nature of the sweeps of ground between him and the Boyne, few or no glimpses of the river could be obtained. But on a memorable little hillock, forming part of the mass of the middle distance, clustered the Irish camp, obviously at the opposite side of the hidden water, and running in scattered patches towards Drogheda. Bodies of troops, horse and foot, looking insignificant, either from their real paucity of number, or the distance they were at, and the extent of ground over which they were strewn, appeared in motion, about the camp, as William ascended his point of observation. Some traces of a continued line could be noted as far to the left as the town.

William and his officers soon had their glasses out, and some pause ensued. At length, Evelyn heard him say:

"If they have no other advantage, their position seems a strong one. Their right rests on the town; their left on those broken heights; and their centre—who can tell us the nature of the ground between their centre and the river?"

The captain of the guides answered that it was mostly swampy ground along the whole line, from the bases of the heights to the edge of the Boyne.

"Better still for them; a river and a marsh between them *and us.* Is there not a bridge, at hand, on our right?"

"Only one," he was answered; "at the village of Slane, about seven miles up the river."

"Many fords?" he still questioned.

"But one known ford, about opposite the centre of the Irish army."

"Yes," resumed William, after another pause, "it is a strong and well-chosen position."

"But a poor appearance of an enemy, my liege," said Major-General Scavenmore.

"I do not know," replied William. "However, we shall soon become better acquainted with their numbers."

"Your Majesty can have no opinion, whatever may be their numbers, of a foe so despicable," observed Walker.

"I do not know that, either, Bishop of Derry. Did you find them, as you describe them, at Hillsborough and Long-causeway?"

"Your Majesty does not incline to force the river?" inquired Schomberg.

"I have assuredly no wish to make this a Dundalk campaign, if there be much choice left, Duke Schomberg. But come," he continued, as some confusion arose in part of the army who had ascended, and sat down upon an adjacent height, in view of the Irish camp, and thus provoked a few shots, while a ball struck the very hill occupied by William and his officers; "we have looked at them long enough at a distance, as they seem to think. Let us see them nearer; and at the same time, get our over-curious simpletons out of their range. Follow, gentlemen. Prince George, we have troubled you little in this council, out of tenderness to your inexperience in such matters; and doubtless you will thank us for any trouble we can save you. So, choose your steps, and descend. Tell the guide to lead over the cross road towards the water. Portland, hither."

Having gained the point from which he had deviated and ascended, and thus again sunk below all view of the Irish camp, William accordingly followed the guide over a wretched bridle-road, which, still at his late distance from the enemy, first ran, behind considerable heights, parallel to the river, and then took a diagonal sweep towards it. At one of its angles, he halted; and ascertaining that his whole army remained out of sight of the Irish, ordered them to halt, also, and make a morning meal. Upon a large stone,

flattened at the top, Portland, assisted by some persons in waiting, arranged William's own breakfast, which consisted only of the coarse bread, shared by his soldiers, and ample draughts from a huge, black, Dutch-looking bottle, that emitted a potent scent at a good distance. The King then took his meerschaum, and in profound silence applied himself to it. In a little time he called for water. None was to be had, and he rose and asked it, himself, at a miserable hovel, by the road-side, near to his primitive breakfast-table, which still stands, unmoved and immoveable, upon the spot where he found it; its fame equal to his own, and promising to be as durable in the simple neighbourhood.

Renewing his march, he continued, still out of view of James's camp, to approach the Boyne; and at last turned into a solitary little valley that led straight to it. The sides of the gentle slopings, at either hand, were intersected by natural trench works, within which, as well as over the bottom of the valley, he encamped, and halted his whole army. The place since retains the name of William's Glen.

About an hour after noon, attended by Schomberg, with Evelyn, Portland, Schomberg's son, General Douglas, and other officers, the King emerged from one of the little hollows described, and found himself on the brow of an eminence, that, with another sweep between it and the Boyne Water, suddenly gave him a full and near view of James's camp. Here, referring to his map, and using his glass, he sat in his saddle for some time. Then, ordering out a body of horse, he obliquely descended the heights, and rode first to within musket shot of the pass of Oldbridge, and next a good distance, to his right, up the river. During all these movements, William observed a profound silence, which none of his generals interrupted.

Retracing his steps, he again won the top of the second little eminence, whence he had made his first observations, and, dismounting, sat upon the grass. In this situation, he was about two miles from Drogheda, on which rested James's right; about a mile, in a diagonal direction, from Dunore-hill, which was near to his centre, and only some hundred yards from the ford of Oldbridge, which was marked by the neighbourhood of a gigantic and isolated rock, since chosen as the base of the Boyne monument. Between him and Dunore-hill, lay, beyond the river, one or two introductory

swells of land, with, at their bases, and stretching to the river's side, an extensive marsh, now no longer visible.

When William had descended to ride up the river, accompanied by his officers, and the body of horse, some stir appeared through the camp on Dunore-hill. By the time he came back, another body of Irish horse had been drawn out in a ploughed field, immediately opposite to the place on which he had coolly chosen to sit down. Schomberg ventured to point out the enemy, and hint a change of position. William, with much coldness, if not contempt of manner, said there was no more danger there than in any other place: such was the belief of his dark fatalism.

"Besides," he added, "they have no cannon. And surely a horseman's pop-gun cannot reach us."

But he miscalculated. At that very moment, James, standing beside two field-pieces, was observing him, unseen, from behind a wall of loose stones, and otherwise screened by the horse. A celebrated gunner in his service, named Burke, had levelled the cannon, and held a lighted match in his hand.

"I have him covered as dead as Julius Cæsar, your Majesty: and now a shot for the three crowns!"

"Hold!" cried James, irresolute in the very act he had planned, as he struck down the field-piece. "Knave! harm not my daughter's husband."

Burke, as if the command had come too late, fired, at random, the gun farthest from him, and almost instantly, that which James had borne down. The shot from the first killed one of William's aids-de-camp, and the horses of Count Schomberg and Evelyn; but the shot from the second, misdirected from Burke's level, only sent one ball across the water, which, striking against the edge of the lower bank, under William, glanced up and touched him on the shoulder.

William fell, however, from the effect of the ball. His officers crowded round him; the hostile party, at the other side of the river, thinking him dead, shouted loudly, galloped off to Dunore-hill, joined their main body, communicated the supposed event, and shouts of tenfold power rung through hill and valley, spreading towards Drogheda, until they were lost in the distance. While James, still inconsistant, glorying in the imaginary result that he had first proposed, and afterwards prevented, instantly sent despatches to Dublin and

Paris, announcing William's death; and illuminations, and other rejoicings, subsequently took place in both cities, in consequence of the news.

At the report of the shots, various bodies of William's army, and many pieces of artillery, appeared on the heights about him. Evelyn, though scarce recovered from the confusion of his own fall, while his horse went down, was the first to step towards the King, raise him, tear off his neckcloth, and bind it round his shoulder. In answer to this, William only said, repulsively, as he started to his feet—

"Pshaw, sir—naught; it should have come nearer. Every bullet has its billet."

But, observing the alarm and confusion of the troops who now appeared, he turned to them, with a surprising change of spirit and energy, and refusing the sling in which he was requested to rest his arm, took off with that very arm his hat and plume, waved it thrice round his head, and, exactly as he had done at Maestricht, in 1696, when, also slightly wounded, his troops became dispirited, thrice cheered aloud, until their cheers answered him, and sent the lie to the hostile shouts that rang along the opposite bank of the river.

Until towards evening, William continued, after this, to ride among his troops, showing himself to them, and in every way keeping up their spirits. Meantime, none of his generals knew anything of his intentions; whether or no he would attack James; or if so, in what manner. Schomberg, retiring with Evelyn to his tent, expressed much dissatisfaction at a reserve that, towards a man of his experience and rank—the descendant of a noble family, in his own country; the husband of a Dudley; Marshal of France, Grandee of Portugal, Generalissimo of Prussia, and Duke of England—was, at the least, uncourteous and humiliating. Evelyn could give him no comfort; and the venerable old soldier of fortune had recourse to his national consolation, and spent the evening in his tent, puffing much, and saying little, though often there

> ——————"broke
> A sigh thro' suffocating smoke."

Not until the late hour of nine o'clock was he roused by a message to attend the King at a council, and to bring with *him* the Enniskillen officer who had been one of the deputies

to England, and who had offered his Majesty some service that day. Accordingly, Evelyn attended him to a cabin which, in lieu of fitter accommodation, served for the royal quarters.

They found William surrounded by all his general officers, steadfastly regarding a map. Profound silence reigned in the council.

"Has the Irish officer yet arrived?" was the King's first question.

Evelyn advanced and bowed.

"Hearken, sir," continued William. "Behind Dunore-hill, at the distance of some miles, we have here marked a village called Duleek, a pass between us and Dublin. Know you the nature of the ground lying towards it from Slane-bridge, some miles up the river?"

Evelyn answered in the affirmative, and described the ground to be, at first, marshy and uneven, but afterwards not difficult. William again paused; but suddenly broke the renewed silence.

"To-morrow morning, my lords and gentlemen, we shall cross this river."

Schomberg ventured to dissent, saying, that the enemy's position was so formidable, more time and observation were required to consider an attack.

"Perhaps," William observed, "that was the way at Dundalk, and might do as well, here. Nevertheless, we shall try them to-morrow morning."

The old general, curbing his chagrin, took the map, and again recommended, since his Majesty was determined on battle, to send a strong detachment, that night, up to Slane-bridge, with the view of getting between James and Duleek, and so taking some certain step towards a victory.

"Leaving the detachment to fare, as it may, before we can cross in the morning? Silly, my lord duke!" said William. "Heaven send we do not sometimes outlive our talents and ourselves."

Without trusting his tongue to an answer, Schomberg took his hat, bowed, and left the hovel.

"Dotage," muttered William. "Attend, my lords and gentlemen. The river shall be crossed early to-morrow morning, in three places. Our right shall first move on Slane,

push over the bridge, take the enemy's left, in flank, and get between them and Duleek. Soon after, our centre, and main force, shall cross the ford opposite this village of Oldbridge, and engage the enemy's main force, also. Our left, composed of all the horse remaining after this disposition, shall await the result of the two first attempts, and then, crossing at a pass I have myself discovered, within a mile of Drogheda, rout their right. And so, good night, and good repose till day-break. The officers destined to command the different divisions shall receive notice of their appointments by bedtime; also, a notice of the particular troops who are to form our right, left, and centre. To your tents, my lords and gentlemen. A word, sir," to Evelyn, as he withdrew with the rest; "we lost an aid-de-camp to-day; see that you take his place to-morrow morning. We may require your knowledge of the ground. Bear this paper to Duke Schomberg, this to his son and General Douglas, this to La Caillemotte; but deliver none for an hour to come. Then return to us. And hark—as we have been told that the enemy choose to distinguish themselves to-morrow by white favours in their hats, convey our pleasure to our generals that they, and every soldier of the army, do assume green for their colour; a green bough, or the like—so, speed you. What a trick, dear Bentinck," he continued, turning to his prime favourite, after Evelyn had departed to execute this command, well-known to have really been issued by William—"what a farce is this fashion of choosing a colour to cut each other's throats under! Yet, as it has been used on the other side of the river, we must needs adopt it. And, gramercy for their wisdom, I suppose whatever way the battle may go, James will be recollected by his white badge, and I by my green badge, to the third and fourth generations of our gracious partizans, better than by any particular knowledge of our real differences, our motives, or our principles. Oh, yes! In this land of Ireland, especially, which, since my good Englishers first possessed it, has been kept down only by allowing its quarrelsome people to gore each other;—here I warrant you, long after the result of to-morrow's struggle, the childrens' children of the Irish among our troops, will be more ready to crack a Papist's crown, in honour of the colour their ancestors

now happen to wear in their caps, than anxious to understand the cause of our policy in fighting at their head. 'William and the green for ever!' 'Huzzah for the loyal and Protestant green!' will cause, from time to time, more petty warfare, than, perhaps, the amount of this coming battle of the Boyne Water.'

His Majesty, though a Prince of considerable foresight, has, however, been strangely unprophetic in part of these remarks, giving the two parties credit for much more recollection of facts, than, cynical as he might be, they afterwards proved themselves entitled to. For—explain it who can—James's defeated adherents bequeathed, as an honorable colour for their children to fight for, the very green under which they were prostrated, while his own sensible and grateful friends afterwards attacked it as a vile colour, although it had led them to victory. Attacked it wherever it appeared, except when met in trees and fields; and mounted a sweeter colour of their own, to entitle them to say to the heroes of the much slandered green, "Take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile!"

"I am sick of their conceits," continued William; "of their catching me up, here and everywhere, in England and in Ireland, as their little demigod of a faction or of a sect; as their Jack-the-giant-queller of Whig against Tory, Tory against Whig, or Episcopalian against Papist. Fools! let them look at the effort of my life—of my very boyhood, and at last understand me. Let them see why, step after step, I won back the poor birthright of which my father had been plundered. Why I courted all the Kings of Europe into a league against one. Why I wedded English Mary, in my own good time, after refusing her proffered hand by that English lord, Arlington, who took me for a child, to be pleased with whipt-cream and fine speeches. Why I came to England. Why I am in Ireland. Why I look to fight a battle to-morrow. Fools! I cry again, they will not think that about this very day, Louis may have defeated my best ally, Prince Waldeck. Light me a meerschaum, dear Bentinck, and open the cabinet."

The Duke of Portland, complying with these orders, duly presented the meerschaum, and then unlocked a little portable case, that would now be called a *garde-de-vin*, out of which

he took the self-same black, Dutch-built bottle we have already seen in requisition, and filling from it some bumper glasses, presented them, in rapid succession, to William.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

EVELYN punctually obeyed the King's orders to wait an hour before he delivered the sealed papers to the different officers named by him. Remaining in General Douglas's tent, as he deemed it his duty to know if any reply was to be conveyed to William, he heard that officer intimate to young Count Schomberg, who was present, that by virtue of the instructions received, they were appointed to move, with the ten thousand Danes, on Slane-bridge, at six o'clock in the morning. When Evelyn handed old Schomberg his despatch—

"Aye," grumbled he, "'tis as I had expectations—one written orders to tell me my own business. Very well; it is the first I am ever sent."

Admiring the self-dependence and energy of William, who, at the very time he summoned a council of war, had already determined on every step to be taken, Evelyn repaired to the royal hut to give an account of his mission. He was as coldly received and listened to, as if he and his business were objects of the utmost indifference, nay, disgust. He was about to retire in equal disgust, when William commanded his attendance. The King smoked many pipes in profound silence, while Evelyn continued to stand. At last he rose up, about midnight, ordered out a troop of horse, and, accompanied by them and Portland, rode through his whole encampment, seeing that everything was as it should be, in readiness for the dawn. Then he dismissed Evelyn, coldly warning him to be stirring early.

Had his young aid-de-camp felt peace at heart, he would, doubtless, have sought, during this release, the refreshing sleep necessary to fit him for a vigorous observance of the King's last intimation. But, in the midst even of the great scene

around him, private sorrows seized upon his heart. Scarce conscious of his own movements, he walked out from the valley of the camp, gained the river's side, and sauntered with its current.

One or two circumstances served a little to rouse and divert him. Approaching, unseen, a picquet formed of his own native troop, he heard them in loud and furious conversation, across the narrow river, with a patrol of the enemy, composed of Irish and French soldiers. The Frenchmen had begun the colloquy by wishing their foes a blithe good night; the Irish had chimed in by inquring if they found themselves as comfortable as on the banks of the Finn, and amid the bogs of Dundalk; adding, that if such was not the case, they, the Irish, would do their best, early in the morning, to make them so. Both spoke in their different kinds of broken English, which, though only half intelligible to the Northerns, was sufficiently comprehended to irritate their recollections. They answered the premature gasconade by vituperation and threat, that showed a nature and a mood incapable of trifling, and sullenly averse to any communion with their hated foes, otherwise than what the sword might permit. The French and Irish laughed loudly at their wrath, and separately wishing them "bon soir," and "bannacth lath," moved up the heights.

Passing the Enniskilleners, Evelyn walked further down the river, and arrived at a point where, from the opposite banks, two vedettes of the different armies almost confronted each other. These men, an English and an Irish soldier, both good specimens of their country, were also in conversation.

"Good night, goodman Teague," began the Englishman, heartily.

"Musha, good night to hur, kindly, a-vich," answered the other, jeeringly.

"What dost un, there," continued Johnny.

"The likes hur does, there, I'm thinkin'," replied Paddy.

"Why, I be watching thee, belike."

"Well, aroon; one good turn desarves another."

"Be'st un not of the woild Irish folk?"

"Avoch—aye, God look down on us!"

"Hast un supped, to-night?"

"A thrifle, accordin' to manners."

"Hast un drank enough?"

"Lashings an' lavins."

"Well, I only thought to offer thee some'at, if thee hadst been athirst, mon."

"Oh, for the matther o' that, I could be dhry any time."

"Look out, then;" and he flung a leather bottle across the river.

"Musha, sweet war hur fist, an' good look to hur," answered Pat, from the opposite bank, as he stopped to pick it up. "An' wait—thry a taste o' this," hurling across his own ample horn.

"Health, goodman Teague; it be proper brandy," resumed John, duly availing himself of the invitation.

"An' here's tow'ds hur good health, too," cried the other.

And Evelyn walked on, pleased with the manly communion of the soldier foes, which, he perceived, could happen between fair enemies of the two countries, while between the mongrel factions of one, mean though deadly rancour forbid its occurrence.

These incidents, together with the balm of the summer night-breeze, and the growing interest of the scene around, soothed, as much as was possible, the agonized thoughts of Evelyn. He turned from the river, and ascending the little eminence to his left, walked back towards the ford of Oldbridge, until he found himself about the spot where, during the day, William had been slightly wounded. And now, the observation of eye and of mind, which his situation compelled him to take, almost wholly abstracted him, for a time, from his individual griefs and interests.

It was nearly an hour past midnight. The moon had set, the sky was overcast by an unbroken mass of low, black, sultry clouds, and the darkest night that the turn of the summer solstice can bring, brooded under them. A glance downward, at his right, showed him William's encampment. He had but to turn his eye, and look across the river, to get a view of almost the whole present disposition of the enemy.

The bosom of the little valley, so close to him, and the ravines in its sides, were numerously strewn with tents, and, here and there, with a light and temporary hut, or rather summer bower, made of boughs, leaves, rushes, and sods. But, owing to the closeness of the midsummer night, few of the troops, either officers or men, remained under cover of any kind; choosing rather to stretch themselves in clusters, on

the soft sward, while their piles of brilliant arms were scattered through them, flashing in the flicker of the numerous watch-fires, of which the united blaze almost vividly illuminated the valley. Some, who could not or would not sleep, stood over their supine brethren in solitary groups, or sat upon the most mossy knolls of the valley, whispering, if, indeed, they spoke at all, their hopes, fears, or sensations. While hundreds of the horses, left free to graze, or lie down, shared their watchfulness and inaction, and, with a touching instinct of companionship, either gathered round, as if they could listen to the midnight comments of their masters, or with drooping heads and necks, bent over those who were sleeping.

The open picture on the opposite bank of the Boyne, was a relief to this close scene. To the right and to the left, as far as Evelyn could see, appeared the enemy's fires, still more numerous than those of his friends, occupying height after height, from the river, until partial illuminations in the murky sky alone told that they continued, out of view, over the country beyond the encampment. Around them, now in unshaped blackness, now touched with red flame, moved the few waking soldiers of James's army; dark masses that predominated over the sombre green of the hills, indicating different portions of his main force, sunk in sleep, or else closely keeping a position. The tents round Dunore-hill confusedly gleamed, like white stones, or flocks of sheep, in darkness and distance. The windows of a little village, half way, in a diagonal direction, between Evelyn and the camp, glimmered, while partially seen, with interior lights. Old houses, immediately opposite to him, and very near the water's edge, also gave out a strong light. From a church, on the pinnacle of Dunore-hill, came the most vivid glow of all; seeming to intimate that within its walls James had taken up his quarters.

But whatever might be their different appearances, both hosts were wrapped in the same awful silence and inaction. No sound came on Evelyn's ear, save the footsteps of a sentinel near at hand, the distant tramp of a horse patrol, or the murmurs of the gentle river, as it rippled over the shallows of Oldbridge ford, and wound on its course, black under the clouds of midnight. The contrast between the simple and sylvan scenery at either hand, and the armed h who now occupied it, strongly occurred to Evelyn—th

quiet, inviting peace; the others come to fill it with war and horror. Between their own present repose, and the purposes that filled their bosoms, and the fierce action into which they would start by morning, a still stronger contrast arose. And then, Evelyn could not avoid feeling deepest awe as he found himself waking and watching amid the sleep of so many hostile thousands, over whom, as in contempt of their petty differences, nature asserted the common dominion that proclaimed them her common children.

Nor, ere he bade farewell to the scene, could Evelyn refrain from considering the importance of the circumstances that had brought it before him, and of the results that, one way or another, must flow from its change into the morning battle. He looked upon the armies of two rival kings, headed by the rivals in person, and about to strike a blow for the crown of three kingdoms. The political position of millions hung upon that blow; the extinction or perpetuation of a line of kings; above all, the great question of the legitimacy, and the divine right of kings. Nay, differently connected as William and James were with the hostile politics of the Continent, the termination of to-morrow's sanguinary struggle must have a strong influence on the whole state of affairs throughout Europe—throughout the world. The misery or happiness of the greater portion of mankind was connected with the "coming event," and thus the calculations upon it swelled into tremendous interest. Overpowered by them, Evelyn descended the eminence, and retired to his hut.

He thought it was impossible he could sleep, under the pressure of the mixed interests, private and public, that bore upon him. Yet he was beguiled into a slumber, from which the sound of a drum aroused him; and starting up, he hastened to William's quarters. As he moved through the camp, all was stern hum and bustle. While the echoes of the opposite bank repeated the brisk summons of the English drum, other drums rolled their answering signals through James's lines. It was broad daylight.

Fearful of having overslept himself, Evelyn stood before the King in some misgiving. A severe, though careless, rebuke he did encounter; but William was too busy to pay him much attention. All his officers of division stood around him, armed and braced—some pale with intense expectation. But he sat in the midst, as unmoved almost as a statue. His

last orders to Douglas and young Schomberg seemed to have been just completed, for they bowed, as Evelyn entered, and soon withdrew from the cabin.

"With them, Bentinck and Auverkirke," he said, after a short pause; and the two persons named also quickly departed.

"Stand to your arms where you are, Duke Schomberg," he continued, "until we know how they speed up the river; then let Caillemotte, first, cross at Oldbridge; and do you follow, when 'tis necessary. The Dutch and Enniskillen horse, with a reserve of the Danes, and the few English, shall move, under ourself, down towards Drogheda. Farewell, and speed ye."

He was left alone with Evelyn and two other aids-de-camp. He took a turn, slowly, through the cabin; then moved to the door, snatched the reins of his charger from the soldier who waited with it, bounded into the saddle, and in a few seconds stood, with his aids-de-camp, on the brow of the second eminence, which gave a full view of the enemy's ground.

A soul-stirring scene presented itself to Evelyn. To his right, along the banks of the river, the ten thousand Danes, under young Schomberg and Douglas, already appeared moving on Slane. They were excellent troops, handsomely appointed; and their long and bristling line of bayonets, winding along the Boyne, and flashing in the fresh sunshine of the now unclouded morning, advanced in fine order. Upon the opposite bank, large bodies of Irish infantry were rapidly taking possession of breastworks, thrown up at the ford of Oldbridge; of ruined houses, some distance behind, and of ditches still behind the houses; their motley uniform, their rusty half-pikes, supported with but few firelocks, their naked legs, and altogether their wild appearance, forming a strange contrast to the soldier-like lines of their enemies. James had wished to post his only regular troops, the French infantry, at this important point; but the Irish, offended, and devoted, though uncalculating, furiously opposed the order; claimed, as their right, the post of danger; and ran to take possession of it, threatening to fire on whomsoever should oppose them. During their hasty movements, much bustle could be noticed at the camp of Dunore. Presently squadrons of horse, and a line of French foot, suc

parted from it, and keeping almost at the top of the continued swells, up the river, passed Oldbridge, obviously detached to oppose Douglas and young Schomberg. At the same time, another considerable body of horse descended, obliquely, one or two eminences that swept from Dunore towards the river, and, as if to support the Irish infantry posted in the breastworks, houses, and ditches, hovered, some time, about the heights, and at last settled, like a storm-swayed cloud, immediately over them.

As soon as Douglas and Schomberg saw the counteracting motions of the lines sent against them, their trumpets sounded, their drums beat, their raven standards fluttered quicker in the breeze; and Evelyn could observe, though the vast line was now at a good distance, that all the horse stationed behind passed the infantry with great speed, joined their brethren in front, and pushed on with them, in a separate body, leaving the foot-soldiers to follow as they could. At the same moment, their observant enemies, on the other side, made a similar manœuvre; their horse straining along the high ground at a gallop, in order to pull up the advantage, in distance, possessed by the Danes; while the light French infantry tracked them, in double quick time, both horses and men occasionally falling and scrambling over the difficult ground, and every nerve strained to recover from such disasters, and answer the chiding and imperious calls of their drums and trumpets, in advance. Thus, before a blow was struck, the preluding contest between those two divisions of the hostile armies, had powerful interest in the mind of Evelyn. He panted with anxiety as, changing his glance from one side of the river to the other, he saw how, step by step, the different parties gained or lost an advantage; until, owing to an abrupt elbow formed by the river, both at last disappeared, to meet about five miles higher up, and there bring to a clash their fierce rivalry.

As soon as they had retired out of view, some field-pieces, from Dunore-hill, and the midheights above Oldbridge, began to play on such small detachments, or reconnoitring parties of the English force, as were to be seen. William, who, all along, had watched the progress of the Danes with obvious satisfaction, now sent an aid-de-camp to get into motion the left wing, of about five thousand horse, which awaited his command to move down the river, between the two camps and

Drogheda. In a few minutes they were ready. Forming them out of shot and sight of the enemy, behind the eminences on which he had hitherto stood, and placing himself at their head, he immediately led them towards their position, still endeavouring, by every possible change of ground, to gain it without observation from Dunore-hill.

Advancing very slowly and cautiously, he was able, after the lapse of about an hour, to accomplish his object. Under cover of the last descent between him and the Boyne, and immediately opposite to the ford which, at the proper moment, he intended to pass, William at last halted his five thousand horse. In this situation, Dunore-hill, previously to his left, was at his right; Drogheda down the river; his centre, about two English miles up from him; and Slane, as has been said, about five from it; so that his entire line now extended over a distance of about seven English miles.

In profound silence did he halt his people; without word or motion did he sit in his saddle, at their head. Not a whisper was breathed amongst them, as they stood motionless as himself. Even his dragged features underwent no change. But, in this, few of his soldiers were able to imitate him. Their colour waned and came from time to time, as expectation, suspense, or anxiety, chequered their thoughts. And while the fitful cannonading which they had left behind, about the centre of the line, visited them in their distant and lonely place, eye turned to eye for a solution of the cause or result of its continuance. Evelyn most acutely felt the inactive and painful pause. His solicitude to learn something of the attempt on Slane was excessive. He listened, to catch, if possible, the remote noise of small arms, which, as the light breeze blew fair down the river, he hoped might be conveyed along the gentle water, and so proclaim, at the least, that the hostile divisions had met.

Near another hour elapsed ere he heard something like the sounds he so earnestly expected. At the same moment, William slightly moved in his saddle; his eyebrows were elevated, and a faint flush came to his cheek. The distant reports of musketry continued, but he grew perfectly calm again; only drawing out his massive watch, as if to mark the time at which he might expect intelligence of a certain

Within the second hour after his arrival on t
William once more showed signs of animation, quickly

his head to the right. Evelyn heard the gallop of a single horseman, coming nearer every moment. Cannon and musketry shots echoed, simultaneously, from the contiguous bank of the river, opposite to William, seeming to intimate that the rider was their mark. In a few minutes the express, pale and agitated, swept into the dell; spurred towards William, who now anxiously turned to hear his news; took off his hat; extended his arm, and moved his lips, as if making a convulsive effort to speak. At the next bound of his horse, he dropped lifeless from the saddle.

"Fool!" said William, bitterly rather than impatiently, "could he not have shunned their shot? Ride, sir, ride," to one of his aids-de-camp, a fine young man—"ride to the centre, and bring me their tidings; and now, as time is precious, take the shortest way by the bank of the river."

With first a pale, and then a high-coloured cheek, the gallant youth spurred off. Again some near shots were heard from the opposite bank, followed by the shout of a few voices. William frowned, vexatiously, and—

"Follow him, sir," he said to Evelyn, who, in another instant, was sweeping along the river's edge, completely exposed to the fire of some concealed foes, at the other side. He had sped but a short distance, when his horse swerved at the sight of the young aid-de-camp, lying motionless on the sward.

"Can I aid you, sir?" asked Evelyn. No answer came; and, as he spoke, his own steed fell dead under him.

"Let me bear you aside," he continued, extricating himself, unhurt, from the animal. But at another glance he saw that the youth was completely lifeless. A shot had reached him in the very heart; and the blood now burst through his mouth.

Seizing his horse, which stood near its dead master, Evelyn sprang into the saddle; pursued his course at fiery speed; gained the glen of the camp; spoke briefly with Schomberg; and returned with his tidings to the King; choosing, however, a less dangerous route than that by which he had left him.

"The pass at Slane has been, at first, easily carried, my liege; the enemy's horse pursued by Count Schomberg, round a great bog, towards Duleek; and their infantry, by Douglas, through the bog itself, they not having been up in time to show any force, or form in a body. But strong reinforcements have since reached them from Dunore. They have rallied, and

gained their lost ground. Douglas has sent to the centre for reinforcements, also; and Duke Schomberg waits the result."

"And has he not himself yet moved on Oldbridge?"

"Not yet, my liege; considering that—"

"Back, sir," interrupted William. "Let him now try them there, however it may go at Slane. The different regiments, in turn, as I have notified. Await you the trial, and again come back to report it."

A brief space brought Evelyn, a second time, to the side of his old commander. Schomberg heard with displeasure the orders to cross the ford of Oldbridge. It was not time, he said. But, conformably to previous arrangement, he noticed his early and long-tried friend, the brave Caillemotte, to lead over the advance of the centre; himself still remaining near the gorge of the glen, surrounded by a strong reserve, all infantry.

Old Caillemotte readily put himself at the head of the Dutch Guards, and his own French Protestants, and led them, shouting from the glen, whence a few moments brought them, by a turn to the left, straight upon the ford. The Brandenbergians, emulative of glory, could not be restrained from following them; and about ten thousand foot plunged at once into the river. Evelyn, his intense interest stronger than his personal fears, galloped to the bank, and there stood to witness the event.

So sudden an obstruction to the stream of the river caused it to swell, and many of the soldiers waded across, hip high, under a scanty and ill-directed fire from the Irish, who possessed the breastworks and old houses. Rapidly forming, as they gained the hostile bank, the brave foreigners instantly attacked their foes. Before the whole advance had crossed, the Irish abandoned, first, the breastworks, and then the houses, leaving the enemy in easy possession of the ground they had been too anxious to occupy. But, at this moment, Evelyn saw a movement among the dense body of horse, over them. In a few seconds, down swept the formidable reserve, as if impelled by ungovernable fury and indignation at the retreat of their brethren. They came upon the Dutch and French regiments like a tornado; charged them, with frantic shouts, and broke through them in all directions. Their commander singled out Caillemotte, upon the verge of the b[illegible] Evelyn recognised young Hamilton. After a few

Caillemotte fell; and treble confusion now seized the French and Dutch troops, who were cut down at every side, and forced back across the ford. The Brandenbergians, the last who had attempted it, turned and fled precipitately through the water, by the place where Evelyn stood; the French followed them. Some of the Irish horse pursued the Dutch at the opposite side; and Hamilton, heading the rest, galloped through the river after the fugitives.

Ere he gained the English bank, Evelyn flew to Schomberg. At the news of Caillemotte's fall, the aged general flushed red with anger; not waiting to put on his corslet or helmet, gave the word to his reserve to follow, and rushed towards the ford. Hamilton did not appear, being, unknown to Schomberg, lower down on the bank. Evelyn instinctively asserted his place at the old marshal's side. They met in their way the Brandenbergians, and the broken French regiments; rallied them; and Schomberg, placing himself at the head of the latter, led them a second time across. In the middle of the water he was stopped by two or three soldiers, bearing the dying Caillemotte.

"My old and faithful friend!" cried Schomberg, clasping his hand.

"To glory, my lads, to glory!" shouted Caillemotte, and died.

"Gentlemen, behold your persecutors!" Schomberg instantly exclaimed, turning to the French soldiers, and splashing onward.

The reserve he had ordered to follow him advanced but slowly. Only about a thousand of its number had as yet entered the river, and this was a foot regiment of Enniskilleners, headed by George Walker. As Schomberg, with the French, Brandenbergians, and the native allies, again showed a formidable front on the Irish bank, the galloping of horse sounded behind, and Hamilton, accompanied by his troop, dashed back across the ford, passed the Enniskilleners, a second time broke through the French, regained his own side, surrounded and hurried Schomberg and Evelyn along, and, at some distance from the river, turned upon the old general, and called on him to surrender.

The answer was a thrust of Schomberg's sword, which, with some difficulty, he parried, and they engaged furiously, while *Evelyn* was held prisoner by two soldiers. After some enraged

efforts on Schomberg's part, impetuosity and the weakness of old age exhausted him. Hamilton observed this, and reining back his horse, said—

"Surrender, brave old man. Let some younger colleague —let your son, whom to-day I long to meet, fight out this matter with me."

"Boy!" cried the insulted, not soothed old soldier, "content you with what his father can do!" And he spurred to his antagonist, again strong in vengeance. The approaching tramp of infantry was heard; immediately their fire flew among the Irish troop; and a shot from one of his own soldiers brought Schomberg to the ground, quite dead.

"Wretches!" roared Hamilton, fiercely facing them, while his troop fell back, leaving Evelyn free. "What slave among you fired that shot?"

"'Twas I!" answered the foremost soldier of the Enniskilleners, yet ignorant of its real effect, as he covered Hamilton with his musket.

"Then be it your last!" And ere the man could pull a trigger, his skull was cleft to his eyes.

"Charge!" he continued, as almost his entire body of horse gathered round him, and, at the same time, some regiments of French infantry, rising from the near heights, where none had expected to see them, threatened the right of the English centre, who were still crossing the ford, while the Irish foot also rallied, returned to some of their posts, and showed a determined face. By this time, too, the news of Schomberg's death spread, like a blight, among his soldiers; the whole centre of the English force shook under the announcement; and at Hamilton's renewed charge, the Irish side of the river became wholly cleared of its foes. The French Protestants, the Brandenbergians, the surviving Dutch, the English regiments, and, notwithstanding the superhuman bravery of George Walker, the Enniskilleners all fell back in confusion to their own bank.

Evelyn found himself irresistibly involved in the retreat, mixed up with the Enniskilleners, and very near the Bishop of Derry. One small body of horse, the wildest-looking of the wild force, furiously and rashly pressed them through the water, and even pushed on, unsupported, after the whole English centre. Evelyn recognised in the mad leader of these madmen his old acquaintance, Friar O'Haggerty. Nor was

Walker slow in discovering him. As soon as the friar had reached the hostile bank, the bishop adroitly wheeled round him, and cut him off from retreat, with a few of his troop.

"Well met at last, brother," he said, confronting him. "Time settles all accounts. 'Tis some long years since you promised to meet me here, and make a certain story good."

"It is," answered the friar; "but, with the Lord's help, now I hold my promise, if you like the ground."

"There needs not better," resumed Walker, "with God to judge between us. Keep your stand."

He drew a pistol from his belt, and fired at O'Haggerty, who instantly returned the shot. Their swords flew out, and clashed around their heads. They closed, seized each other's weapons, and dragged each other from their saddles. The fall loosed the hold of both; they started to their feet, and renewed the contest in a silence only broken by the toilsome breathing for life or death; their teeth clenched; their features set and stiffened, as if the muscles had been changed to iron; and their eyes shooting forth, with basilisk intensity, the deadly hate that filled them. The strife was short; O'Haggerty reeled and fell beneath a dreadful blow, and, as he went down, the bishop's point twice pierced his throat. Walker stood over him an instant, his stern regards changing to a grim smile as he contemplated his victory. The friar stirred, and he drew and cocked a pistol, to make all certain. While his glances were, for a second, thus diverted, the dying man slowly opened his eyes, fixed them on Walker, stealthily placed his hand on a long skein under his cloak, again closed his eyes, and, as the blood gurgled in his throat, seemed resigned to the last agony.

"Friar," in his usual slow and steady tone, began the bishop, when, with a sudden and unexpected effort, the prostrate man sprang up, seized his conqueror by the breast, whose pistol was instantly discharged, with the muzzle to his head, but not before he had buried his hideous weapon, to the hilt, in Walker's abdomen. Then, falling lifeless, he dragged upon his own body, with the gripe of a bull-dog, his mortally wounded foe.

This scene, occurring in much shorter time than it has taken to describe, obviously excited the horror of the very soldiers whose trade was carnage. But of none of the spectators so much as Evelyn, who, acquainted with the long

nurtured hatred between the two ecclesiastics, and recollecting that to them was mankind partly indebted for the civil war that now desolated his country, witnessed such a consummation of their mutual bigotry, on the very field they had fomented, with a sickening of heart against the whole cause, and a feeling that degraded the chivalry of a well-fought day into a cruel and sanguinary conflict between petty passions and sordid interests, and a blasphemous outrage upon the name and the charities of God.

Disgusted and dispirited, he put his horse in motion to return to William; leaving the whole centre of the army content to form, as well as they could, at their own side of the Boyne. Hamilton was content to stand opposite to them, now supported by the French and Irish infantry, as if awaiting the answer of some expresses he had sent to Dunore, probably for reinforcements; his force being still much inferior to his antagonists, particularly since they had all rallied and got firmly together.

"S'death, sir!" cried William, the moment Evelyn approached him in his lonely defile, where, like a kite in a cage, he had for some time been impatiently snuffing his quarry afar off, until at last his appetite grew wild with provocation. "S'death, sir, what a loitering knave art thou! Here has been one of my people to the river's brink, half an hour since, and returned with news that it ran from Oldbridge foul with mud, and some redder stains, perchance. How fares the centre?"

"Repulsed, my liege."

"Slaves!" dashing spurs into his charger—but suddenly reigning him up—"and the right?"

"No news from them, since, sir, and—"

"Forward!" roared William, again furiously urging his horse, as he turned to his men, and down to the river's edge he instantly dashed, they and Evelyn following. The bank where he gained it was high; but in he plunged without a second's pause, and in a few moments gained, with his left wing, the opposite side.

"Forward!" still he cried, here pausing an instant, as, disengaging his wounded arm from the sling he had been prevailed upon, over-night, to rest it in, he drew his sword, and waved it round his head. "Forward, gentlemen, to win, alone, this blundering day, and teach yon saucy kerne their

distance! On their flank! their flank! wherever they appear! Courage, my friends, and victory! Huzza!"

They cheered loud, and galloped after him. Small bodies of Irish horse were instantly seen flying from their reconnoitring points, along the river, and making for Dunore-hill, or passing it, as if to approach the Irish centre at Oldbridge. Evelyn spurred amain to keep by William's side.

"Caillemotte is down, my liege," he exclaimed, during the furious ride.

"Then I have lost a brave officer," said the King.

"And old Schomberg, too, sir."

"Is he? He should have died sooner." Spurring hard.

"And Bishop Walker," continued Evelyn.

"The fool! what did he there?"* asked William.

They soon passed Dunore-hill, under a dropping fire of field-pieces and small-arms, that did little execution, and came in sight of a considerable body of French and Irish horse and foot, that, seemingly detached, in part from Oldbridge, and in part from Dunore, were hastily forming on the slope of a spacious ascent, the second between Oldbridge and the other point mentioned. A little village, called Sheephouse, approached by a winding lane—of which almost all vestiges are now gone—was behind them. As soon as William's falcon eye caught sight of the foe, he pointed them out to his people, again waved his sword, cheered, and led the way, still in a furious gallop, against the swelling ground.

At the distance of about fifty yards, he was saluted by a destructive volley of musketry. Numbers of his soldiers dropped, and horses and men went rolling down the slope. Another volley had equal effect. Still William pressed on. Now the smoke of their own firing completely hid his enemies. Evelyn, as in terrible excitement, and some confusion, he kept at the King's side, could see nothing but a grey and dense cloud, out of which issued the quick and faint flashes that sent death among his comrades. But suddenly, at the command of a rising breeze, it parted—rolled off—and he beheld, within a few plunges of his steed, the close ranks of French and Irish foot, brindling, in front, with bayonets and rude pikes, and wildly contrasted in uniform and equipment. At their left, a strong body of horse were just prancing into a charge.

* Dalrymple, p. 40, b. 2, vol.

The charge, a mutual one, was given; breast to breast the hostile steeds met. In the tremendous shock, their rival masters broke through each other's ranks, and all was confused strife, clash, groan, cheer, and execration. Evelyn's horse fell twice. Scarce sensible of his movement, he at last found himself hurried down the slope, along with the whole of the left wing. Some Irish pikemen had taken them in flank, and produced utter disorder.

The enemy, horse and foot, retired to their position. William, with soul-stirring words, rallied his men; reformed them; and prepared to make a second charge. At this moment additional squadrons of horse joined the Irish, from the direction of Oldbridge. Portions of Dutch, French, and English infantry also appeared advancing, at some distance, along the river's side to the King. While the loud report of musketry and shouting, behind them, intimated that, at the important ford, the contest between the centres of the two armies had been renewed. That part, at least, of the English force had recrossed, now seemed evident in the approach of the foot to William.

Inspired by their sight, although not waiting for them, William a second time led his horse up the eminence. The enemy retired through the lane into the village, and disappeared. Now, confident of success, he galloped through it, after them. But the manœuvre proved only a feint to seduce him into more peril. Their horse charged furiously upon him; their foot appeared, at favourable points, over its hedges, and from some cabins at either side. Again William was repulsed. Leaving the Enniskilleners, whom he had at first headed, to meet the shock, he wheeled round to bring up the Dutch. But the Enniskilleners wheeled after him. While, for the time, he vainly cried, "What, my friends! what, Irish, is not your King at your head, and will you do nothing for him?" All again became confusion.

While the main force fell back, Evelyn was assailed by half-a-dozen Irish horse, and cut off from his comrades. Not cool enough to calculate his situation, he struck madly, at every side, prodigal of life.

"No quarter, if he strike another blow!" cried a shrill voice, advancing. But this only made him furious; and he continued to defend himself well, until the same voice resumed—

"To the traitor's heart, then!" and as one of the wild-looking

men half-stunned him with a baffled cut, the features of Eva M'Donnell swam before his eyes, and, in the foreign costume he knew so well, Evelyn deemed that her sword was raised to shed his blood.

His brain reeled, and he fell from his horse. There was the gallop of other horsemen towards him, and another face, of power to call up even more wondrous and confounding associations, seemed to flit, as in a dream, past him. Ere many seconds had elapsed, an Irish officer dashed up, flung himself from his horse, ran to Evelyn, and struck aside the blade that was now descending—

"Quarter, quarter!" cried the well-known tones of Sarsfield. "This is my prisoner. Ha! Mr. Evelyn?—then we have met again."

Evelyn could not answer him.

"To horse, sir," Sarsfield continued; "and come out of further danger with me."

Assisting him to mount as he spoke, he took Evelyn's bridle, and led him, through the village, and the thick of the Irish troops posted in it, to the last eminence between them and Dunore-hill. Here Sarsfield paused, and turning his face to the battle, said—

"Let us note the end of the affair, in this point, ere I return with the bad tidings, to collect which I have alone been permitted to place my foot on the field, this day."

Evelyn, now restored fully to his senses, found himself in a situation that afforded almost an entire view of the battle from Oldbridge to the village of Sheephouse. Bodies of foot still pressed over the ford, and were still charged by the Irish pikemen and horse left at that point. William had been joined by the detachment of foot, and stood nearly under Evelyn, prepared for a renewed attack on the enemy that had twice foiled him. Other scattered portions of infantry escaped, as they landed, towards their King; often interrupted by flying troops of Irish horse. The whole Irish force at Oldbridge attacked the last and main body of their enemies. At the same moment, William charged up to Sheephouse, so that, over a great expanse of ground, all was now struggle, uproar, and dreadful interest.

"That's Hamilton still at their head, yonder," said Sarsfield, looking towards the ford. "Great as is the distance, I know him in his saddle among thousands. They meet!" he exclaimed,

grasping his sword, "and we are again successful. But see, Hamilton has ventured too far; he is cut off, and taken prisoner."

Even while he spoke, William once more charged up the ascent, to Sheephouse, and once more was driven through the lane, down towards the river. Sarsfield cheered.

"Sheldon, well done! well done!" he cried.

But, at this very moment, the tide of battle turned. The Irish horse, rushing precipitously onward, lost sight of, and left behind them, two English regiments of dragoons, commanded by Sir Albert Cunningham and Captain Levison, who, taking advantage of their absence, flung themselves from their saddles, jumped behind the now unoccupied hedges of the lane, there waited the return of the hitherto triumphant enemy; fired on them, with deadly effect, as they galloped up to the village, and threw them into disorder. Then, cheering on a near troop, headed by the afterwards celebrated Ginkle, the Irish were taken in rear, pressed up the lane, and so kept employed until the whole of William's right wing, including its late reinforcements from Oldbridge, had time to rally, and a fourth time charge them at a disadvantage.

"By Heaven and St. Patrick!" exclaimed Sarsfield, as he witnessed these accidents, "we are beaten at every point if William wins the village before our last little reserve at Dunore gets down to Sheldon—And does it yet move?" turning his eyes to the hill, over him. "No! not a yard! Ride with me, Mr. Evelyn! Oh, there is no time, now, to send him help! But hold—our weakened centre, at the ford, appears retiring on Sheephouse in a body—that may do! they may be up, in season, to take William in flank! Ride, sir, ride!"

They wheeled up Dunore-hill, and found James standing in a churchyard, on its summit, surrounded by some officers, and a considerable body of horse. His distended eyes were rolling over the plains and slopes below—he gaped—he gasped—and perspiration teemed from his forehead, as, with arms crossed over his breast, he desperately griped, in both hands, a naked but idle sword. Let justice still be done to one of the most unfortunate of mankind. Let not a shade of cowardice be attributed to him whose gallantry, until this day, friends and foes, and the brave and distinguished of

different nations, concurred in asserting, and whose unparalleled afflictions, whose outraged and torn heart, may well supply an apology for the mingled extravagance and weakness that, since the usurpation of a daughter, characterized his conduct, and that now, on Dunore-hill, made him shudder at the unnatural chance of falling into the hands of that daughter's husband. The betrayed friend and deserted father had broken down; but James could not have been a coward.

"My liege, my liege!" cried Sarsfield, the moment he came up, "now, at the least, send down my Lucan men and their comrades, or all is lost!"

"How—where—whither!" asked James, his presence of mind quite gone. "What news from Lauzan, and the left wing at Slane? That was your mission, General Sarsfield—speed it!"

"Lauzan has withdrawn the whole left towards Duleek, fearing young Schomberg's movement to cut him off. But these horse, my liege—these horse! Shall I lead them down to Sheldon?"

"Has the enemy much force at Oldbridge? I deemed their main body had marched on Slane—"

"You did, my liege, but it was in error. At Oldbridge their strength remained; and while their left now tugs with our handful at Sheephouse, at Oldbridge they have crossed—"

"Reinforce our centre from our right!" cried James, wildly.

"Your Majesty should recollect that there is no right. That after weakening the centre by detachments to the left, when your Majesty deemed William's main force had moved on Slane, Tyrconnel brought up his right to Oldbridge. But it matters not—one good charge, again successful, at Sheephouse, where, as your Majesty may see, our whole present strength has concentrated. One good charge, I say—let Sheldon be well seconded, and—"

"Lauzan! Lauzan! where is Lauzan?" interrupted James, heedless of what was said, and showing, in every look and word, the utter abandonment of an effort he had never manfully depended on, although obstinately and boyishly he had stood alone as its prompter. "Where is our dear Lauzan, I ask, whose advice, alone, can now help us to a conclusion? You had our orders, sir, to send him a summons hither—"

"And obeyed the orders, my liege," said Sarsfield, in cool indignation. "He is here as a witness."

Lauzan galloped, indeed, at the instant, into the churchyard. James rushed towards him—would almost have embraced him.

"Let your Majesty guard your sacred person!" exclaimed the French commander-in-chief. "Let your Majesty ride with me to join our left on the Duleek road. For Dublin, sire! For France!"

"Stir not, my liege!" cried Sarsfield, "the day still wavers—look! William is still kept in check at Sheephouse; the remnant of our centre has just joined Sheldon, there—order me to head my Lucan horse and join him, too—order Count Lauzan to march back his left—"

"Haste, sire, haste!" interrupted Lauzan, "or the enemy cuts you off from Dublin. Your best friends are down or scattered—Sir Neale O'Neal at Slane; my Lords of Dungan and Carlingford, the Marquis of Hoquincourt, Arundel, Ashford, Fitzgerald, most of the exempts, and many other officers, in the centre. Of Parker's two squadrons of horse, but thirty men have come off. Haste, sire—for safety—for life!"

"Is all then lost?" asked James, faintly. "Sarsfield"—he clasped his hand, and met his eyes—"good friend, farewell;" and he was turning off with Lauzan.

"God's mercy, sire! do you leave us, without a cause? Will your Majesty, whose courage the world has seen and praised, show your back to the battle while it yet roars beneath your feet? All is *not* lost, my liege—believe not the interested report of a dainty Frenchman. Look round you—over the field—on this hill—and see your sacred person still protected. Command me down, I say! Or, mount, my gracious prince, mount your own good horse, and let me but spur at your side. Head us, sire—head your own devoted people on a last charge—strike with your own sword one blow—for your triple crown, my liege—for your exiled Queen—for your infant son—cry courage! for God, for St. George, and St. Patrick!—and that will be the blow to end it!"

"There is not a moment to be lost," whispered Lauzan. James, his nerves completely shattered, moved like an automaton from the churchyard.

"Gone!" resumed Sarsfield, standing overwhelmed with

shame and rage. "Accursed be the tongue that prompts him! Accursed the rashness that brought us to this, and now too soon abandons us! Accursed be this day for us and for Ireland! And see, already comes the teeming of the curse—Sheldon, unsupported, at last gives way, and wheels towards us—our shattered centre also retreat, round the rise, towards the Duleek pass—the cheers of our enemies shake the hills and skies. The battle is lost!" he continued, grinding, rather than stamping, his iron heel into the ground. "Come, Mr. Evelyn, I have now but one duty to perform; my horse must follow to guard this poor King"—large bodies of Irish troops here passed towards the Duleek road in good order—"Tyrconnel, Sheldon, and the rest, will manage a retreat for the centre."

An officer of dragoons, covered with soil and blood, dashed by the churchyard.

"Where is the King?" he asked of Sarsfield.

"Gone, Sheldon, gone!" answered his brother officer.

"*Cead mille* curses!" cried the brave man, fiercely spurring off.

Crowds of soldiers, horse and foot, stopped to look over the enclosure in front, obviously astonished, and muttering their remarks to each other. One, amid a group of very wild-looking fellows, said, in the simpering tones of the Whisperer:

"Mostha, aye; Shamus-a——," using a vulgar, cruel, and unmerited Irish expletive, recollected to this day, but rather unsuited to our pages. "Shamus-a—— is gone, sure enough."

"Come, Mr. Evelyn," resumed Sarsfield; "my prisoner, although you have witnessed our shame."

"Your shame I have not witnessed, General Sarsfield," said Evelyn, wishing to soothe the agonies of a brave man's spirit. "It was a well-fought day."

"Sir," cried Sarsfield, grasping his hands, and echoing a sentiment expressed by some of his brother officers, "change generals with us, and we'll fight it over again."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

WITH a stumbling step, amid graves and headstones, James turned with Lauzan from the churchyard of Dunore. Gaining his horse, he rode in speed and profound silence towards the left wing of his army, already, as has been said, in advance on Dublin, while the voice of the undecided battle yet sent its mingled roar after him. His road was a wild one, lying through a waste and flat country. The evening began, prematurely, to fall, for gathering clouds and tempest obscured the summer light. Thus, after about an hour's journeying, everything, on his way, around him and above him, looked bleak and desolate as his fortunes.

At what was then called the Pass of Duleek, Sarsfield, accompanied by his prisoner, joined the fallen King. It became there arranged that Lauzan should stay behind to assist the other general officers in arranging the retreat of the whole army, while James proceeded southward to Dublin, escorted by Sarsfield's horse alone.

The melancholy journey continued in unbroken silence. At about eight o'clock, James entered, for the last time, his Irish metropolis. As he and his escort passed some outposts of militia, and, afterwards, the whispering groups of citizens in the streets, no question was asked of the couriers from the battle. Men only looked on *his* brow, and then turned to each other to discuss the tidings they read but too plainly there.

Passing into the castle-yard, some hundreds of Scottish noblemen and gentlemen, the last unsubdued remnant of those gallant soldiers, who, under the gallant Dundee, had just escaped from the failure of James's cause in the Highlands, appeared drawn up, awaiting his arrival, to make a tender of their services, as a guard for his person, willing to follow his fortunes over the world.

"Alas! brave men," answered James, "I can now give you no appointments suited to your rank. I am poor, as well as powerless."

The officers said, that not wishing to be a burden on their

royal master, and only anxious to share whatever fortune was his, they begged permission to form themselves into a regiment of private soldiers for his service. He bowed, in agitated silence, and entered the Castle.

"Let the council be sent for," he muttered to Sarsfield, as they ascended the stairs. The general obeyed his orders.

"If it be proper or possible," whispered Evelyn to his companion, "I should request leave to follow you: you know my motive."

Sarsfield hesitated; but James, himself, just then stopped on the stairs, and desired that the Enniskillen officer might attend him. Accordingly, Sarsfield and Evelyn followed in his steps.

"Wilson!" cried James, the moment he gained the great hall, speaking to a gentleman who bowed to him—"from France?"

"With letters from the Queen, my liege."

Trembling in every joint, the deposed monarch tore open the packet.

"My God!" he cried, after reading it, "how doth fortune sport with me! Here be tidings that a death-blow is struck in our favour on the Continent, Sarsfield; that Waldeck has been totally routed by Louis at Fleurus! Would to Heaven, Sarsfield, I had listened to—but that is past. Welcome, lords and gentlemen," addressing his two Chancellors, Secretary Neagle, the Duke of Powis, the Marquis of Abbeville, the Chief Baron, and others of his council, who then entered. "We have commands for your ear—and welcome, too, my lady of Tyrconnel," who also appeared through the archway at the remote end of the hall, accompanied by her maidens of honour. "Your lord is well, fair lady, and will greet you to-morrow."

"For that, and for your Majesty's safety, grace to God," replied his hostess. "Choose you to sup, my liege?"

"Madam," answered James, "did you know the breakfast I have had, you would not deem I held much stomach for supper."

The lady and her attendants drew back. Evelyn's eye became fixed on them.

"We have lost the day, my lords and gentlemen," he continued, "and I prepare to take my leave of you. God has gone over from us to the Prince of Orange. We stand before you a deposed and defeated King; whose worst crime—as the

God who abandons him shall judge him!—whose worst crime was an effort to grant civil and religious freedom to all sects of his subjects. On that point I wish first to address you. Note it well. Note the awful declaration in which it is made. And let one of our enemies, now present, note both, and remember them.

"With a desire and a plan to overturn the established religion of these realms, we have been charged. It is false. I here make no farther assertion, but the rather show ye proof. Look at these papers. One is our testament; the other an advice to our son, penned in the spirit of a similar advice of our martyred father, to our brother Charles; and both prepared to meet the chance of the battle that has this day gone against us. As the solemn and true words of a man going to meet his last account, it must be regarded by you and by posterity. For, die when I may, it shall pass to my son unaltered from its present shape and tenor." (As James now read it, the document stands, indeed, at the present day, well-authenticated under the gracious auspices of the reigning sovereign.) "Our leading injunction to the Prince of Wales is, as you shall hear," resumed James, reading—

"'Endeavour to settle liberty of conscience by a law.' 'Be not persuaded to depart from that. Our blessed Saviour whipped people out of the temple; but I never heard He commanded any should be forced into it.' ''Tis by gentleness and instruction, and good example, people are to be gained, and not by terror.'

"So much," continued James, speaking, "for our true sentiments on religious toleration. Now hearken to some particular proofs of our wish—so contrary to the foul charge pretended against us—to maintain, in place and ascendancy, even while we allowed equal privileges to Catholics, the established faith of our realms. In recommending our son to have five commissioners of the treasury, we desire him to choose three Church of England men, one Catholic, and one Dissenter. In recommending two secretaries of state, we mention one Protestant, one Catholic. We advise him to have his war secretary Catholic, and the secretary of his navy —the great, though now shamed bulwark of Britain—Protestant.

"My lords and gentlemen, enough. When the fury of those

whose hands are against me shall have passed away, men will rescue me, even by this evidence, from the charge of having plotted to overturn the Protestant religion. When I am ashes, my cruel enemies will be confounded.

"That, only in the view of granting to all my subjects freedom of conscience, my kingly privilege was asserted, I deny not—I wish not to deny. And what advice mainly prompted me to do so? It is said I have been misguided by bad advisers. Some, perchance, there be, who attempted unsafe counsel with me: but who, I ask, was, in this matter, my counsellor? The royal martyr, our murdered father. From his written advice to our brother Charles, I became thus instructed.

"'Your prerogative is best showed and exercised in remitting, rather than exacting, the rigour of the laws, there being nothing worse than legal tyranny.'

"But, my lords and gentlemen, while I believed this maxim to be true, and lawfully strove to act upon it, I have been taught the truth of another, also contained in that advice of our royal father:

"'I have observed,' says the martyr of bigotry, 'that the Devil of Rebellion doth commonly turn himself into the Angel of Reformation; and the old serpent can pretend new lights. When some men's consciences accuse them for sedition and faction, they must stop its mouth with the name and noise of religion; when piety pleads for peace, they cry out zeal.'

"And so, my lords and gentlemen, turn we to present matters," James continued. "The pass of the Boyne is forced by the Prince of Orange, and Dublin must immediately be evacuated. I am for France. Do not fire the city, nor in any way injure it. Hold it for the conqueror, and try to get his mercy for yourselves. Perchance he will prove kinder to you than ever he did to his wife's father. Farewell, my faithful servants. Faithful ye have been, yet now I part ye without the power of offering any recompense save my words—and tears," the wretched King added, as he turned aside, and those near him could, amid his groans and sobs, hear him name his daughters.

"What is to be done? I know not yet," he went on, composedly, after a pause, "whether we can still have a blow for it, or yield at once—"

"Aye, a score hard blows for it, my liege," interrupted Sarsfield.

"I hope little from my subjects in Ireland, if you mean that, Sarsfield. Often was I warned against them. And though they have not, like my English subjects, wholly forsaken me, yet am I assured by Lauzan that but for the cowardice of our Irish foot at Oldbridge, we need not this day. have fled from the field."

"Believe not Lauzan, my liege; he lies in his throat," cried Sarsfield, warmly. James turned with—

"How, sir! this bold language to our face?" when he encountered a sharper rebuke from another quarter.

A hasty motion took place among the group of maidens who surrounded Lady Tyrconnel at the far archway. While Evelyn started as if it had been her spectre, Eva M'Donnell quickly walked from amongst them towards where the King stood, saying passionately, as she came up—

"If flying from the field be the question, my liege, who gave the lesson?"

"God's saints!" cried James, "and by whom are we asked this insulting question?"

"By one, sire," continued Eva, "who is a victim—and a willing one—to your cause and you. Who staked all upon it—and lost all. Whose affections have been blighted; whose father and brother have been sacrificed; and who stands alone and friendless, to-night, only because she and they loved their King too well. By an Irishwoman, my liege! who has in her veins the kindred blood already lavished to do you service—the blood that still throbs to flow, maiden as she is, in your righteous cause. But that, while it is loyal to you, is loyal to her country, also; and now rises, honestly and indignantly, to denounce the ingratitude, even of a King, which dares prompt him to slander the very bravery he feared to see out in his own cause. Do your pleasure with me, sire, for my boldness." She turned to a near seat, and averting her face, covered it with her hands.

"Now, indeed, farewell, my lords and gentlemen," said James; "the example of rude insult which General Sarsfield has set, seems to be too soon followed, and this roof no longer protects us. Farewell! some more dutiful escort awaits us abroad, perchance. My daughters!" he exclaimed, clasping

his hands, as he rushed through the door, "this, too, ye have doomed me to hear."

"Gracious Prince!" cried Sarsfield, starting across, dropping on his knee, and touching his skirt, while Eva also knelt at the general's side.

"My King and master, pardon! and part not in anger from your devoted and loving servant."

"Pardon, pardon, sire," echoed Eva; "I am wild with many griefs, and knew not what I said."

"Sarsfield," answered James, extending one hand to him, and the other to poor Eva, "you are forgiven from my heart. Nay, nay," as the general kissed his hand, "this is too much —why, man, I feel your tears on my hand. What! a soldier, and weep?" wretchedly smiling through his own bitter tears— "rise. Farewell, and bless you. And you, poor young maiden." He raised her and kissed her upturned forehead. "Pardon us, rather, the sorrow we have brought on you and yours, and fare you well too—farewell to all. Ah! my Lady Tyrconnel," as a loud lament arose down the hall, "will you not advance to make us an adieu? So, fare you well—commend me to your lord. And now, once more, Sarsfield—"

"My gracious liege, I go with you to Waterford."

"No, Sarsfield, no. Other officers can be better spared; remain with the army. Agree with Lauzan as you can, and do the best, between you. On your life, no stirring hence!" he continued, as they both passed through the door.

In the yard, James found, added to the escort in waiting on him, a newly-come regiment. He inquired who they were, and was told he saw, now hastily clad in the uniform of private soldiers, the Scottish noblemen and gentlemen he had met on his arrival. He started, and seemed overwhelmed. He walked up to them, and, one by one, asked their names, and wrote them in his tablets. He thanked them, one by one, in a suppressed voice, for the honour they had done him. Then, removing to their front, he bowed, with his hat off; walked towards his horse; stopped, returned, bowed again, and burst into tears. The body knelt, bent their heads and eyes steadfastly on the ground; arose, and gave him the usual honours.

James mounted his horse. His escort, headed by many of his chief officers, got into motion. Sarsfield a second time bent his knee, and took his master's hand. All present remained uncovered, in the big drops of rain that announced a coming

storm. "My daughters, Sarsfield!" whispered this real Lear, as he pressed his general's hand, and spurred upon his night journey towards Waterford. And, well, indeed, might he have applied to himself the well-known lines—

> "Spit, fire! spout, rain!
> Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters!
> I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness—
> I never gave you kingdom, called you children—
> You owe me subscription; why then, let fall
> Your horrible pleasure!"

As James retired from the hall, Eva stood near Evelyn. She could not but have recognised him, yet she showed no token that she had done so. Amid the confusion and distress that reigned around, he easily approached her.

"Eva! adored Eva! do you live?—are you safe?—do you stand by my side?—and will you not turn to me to give happiness and accept protection?" he said, passionately.

She walked away, with a strange mixture of coldness, loftiness, and deepest sorrow in her face and manner; but spoke not a word.

"Unjust, ungenerous Eva!" he continued, following her step—"fickle, cruèl, and inexplicable Eva! why am I treated thus? Oh, my heart bursts with questions, and aches and breaks for your confidence! Have I done aught to warrant its withdrawing from me? only answer that!"

She bent on him an eye of dignified and deep reproach, and walked hastily towards her companions. Still he followed. But ere he could again come up with her, they, advancing as she moved, gathered round her; and all were about to leave the hall.

"I entreat—I demand the explanation!" Evelyn continued, speaking vehemently, and still walking on, when an officer of the household stopped him. At the same moment, Sarsfield re-entered, his step heavy, and his face clouded with sorrow, took his arm, and led him back towards the public entrance to the hall.

"Pardon, me, sir," cried Evelyn—"pardon the introduction of my private concerns at such a moment; but here have I met again my affianced—my wedded lady—she who addressed the King. I appeal to you to procure me freedom and opportunity to approach and discourse with her."

"It cannot now be," answered Sarsfield. "The departure of Lady Tyrconnel for the south must first be thought of, and admits not the interruption of a moment. But as your lady will accompany her, ye shall meet, some other day, and soon. I charge myself with remembering it. For the present, Mr. Evelyn, bustle, bustle. We all leave Dublin to-night. And though James be gone, and William over the Boyne, there is yet one good blow left us on the banks of the Shannon."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

EVELYN, accompanying the scarcely diminished Irish army that fought at the Boyne, arrived in Limerick. William did not pursue them, nor interrupt their motions. The news of the battle of Fleurus reached him on the field, and tamed his former ardour into prudence. Soon after, worse tidings came to hand; namely, another victory of the French admiral off Beachy-head, over the combined fleets of Holland and England; on which occasion, according to a Dutch writer, "France had all the glory, Holland all the loss, and England all the shame." And after this there was not left a ship to protect the whole coast of old England; while the triumphant enemy chased Torrington into the very mouth of the Thames, and set fire to an English village.

William well knew that his nominal and hardly-earned victory of the Boyne was much more than counterbalanced by these great failures elsewhere—by the last, in particular, unparalleled in the history of Great Britain. That James, and the partizans of James, were, notwithstanding their retreat southward, now placed on higher ground than they had ever before occupied. And while advice also arrived of the consternation of his friends, and the plottings of his enemies, in England, he prudently declined an immediate renewal of the contest with his Irish foes, against whom, after the effort they had made, and in their present rallied spirits, he could not be very certain of renewed success. At the same time that one advantage gained by them over him, would most probably cost him the crown of his three kingdoms.

Contenting himself, therefore, with almost full dominion

in Ulster, and as much as he could, without fighting, secure of Leinster and Munster, he took Dublin, Carlow, Kilkenny, and Waterford, with their dependencies; advancing very slowly and cautiously, and shunning all contact with the Irish army.

"The only trial he has ventured with us," said John Grace, a representative of one of the oldest English settlers in Ireland, and aid-de-camp to Sarsfield, as, in Evelyn's presence, he and his commanding-officer discussed these matters, "was to detach Douglas, after the Boyne affair, to Athlone, garrisoned by our friends lately posted in the north, and having my old grand-dad Dick for a governor."

"And, there, he got no unkind welcome, John," said Sarsfield.

"It so appeareth," replied the gallant and gay-hearted aid-de-camp. "That is my answer," quoth grand-dad Dick, blazing a pistol at the summoner. "And you may tell your master I will hold out, until I eat my old boots."

"And well did he keep his word. Douglas, at the head of his reduced ten thousand, has been gallantly repulsed, and forced to raise the siege," resumed Sarsfield; "so there is little comfort, still, for the bad tidings from France and England.

"Heavens!" he continued, bitterly, though enthusiastically, "had James but considered the counsel we offered him—did he now stand by our side on the banks of the Shannon, without having, at mad odds, risked a battle—without the recollection of a repulse to thwart him or console William—what a blow, in the very thick of some of the opportunities we foretold, might be made for our country!"

He took Evelyn aside.

"Mr. Evelyn, I come, this morning, at last to bring you an answer, but such a one as I grieve to impart. After much mystery and reserve among the noble maidens attending here upon her Grace of Tyrconnel, I am credibly informed your lady left Dublin, for some part wide of Limerick, at the very moment we evacuated the former city."

No further explanation could Evelyn obtain. He assured himself that so much was correct, but none knew Eva's destination. That he remained thrice wretched must be believed. But it would be impossible, as well as tedious, to attempt a continued portraiture of his feelings. Let us rather proceed with events that gradually brought them to a certainty.

The Irish remained in Limerick, governed by Monsieur Boisseleau, and principally officered by the prudent English Duke of Berwick, and the mad Irish Duke of Tyrconnel. Sarsfield had little influence, being equally disagreeable to his French and to his native commander, for his notice of the hauteur of the one, and rash and weak conduct of the other. Lauzan had withdrawn himself and his French allies to Galway, ostensibly with a view of garrisoning that town, but really in disgust of a cause that, since his landing, he regarded as hopeless, and sought to embarrass into a speedy termination. From his present position, he sent over to Louis the most dispiriting statements, joined to earnest requests for transports, and a convoy to re-embark his army. Thus, then, Limerick was held by Irish soldiers alone; and, in the confidence of native, though undisciplined, strength, awaited the approach of William at the head of his veteran foreigners of different countries.

About six weeks after the battle of the Boyne, William at last deemed he might lay siege to Limerick: though it should not be forgotten that, ere he came to the resolution, he had re-advanced near to Dublin on his way to England, content to leave unsubdued, in the heart of their own country, the foe he had arrived to exterminate. In the beginning of August he appeared before the town, approaching it in an easterly direction. His besieging army was twenty thousand strong. Turning round the walls, he occupied, with his encampment, some high ground called Singlands. After the Irish, still engaged on their unfinished outworks, had retired under shelter of their own guns, he planted his first cannon on an eminence, in advance of the camp, and within shot of the city; a position previously held during the siege by Cromwell's army. Having sent in a summons, and received, signed by the French Governor, a very polite, technical, but point-blank refusal, he commenced his first cannonading against the citadel, a square building, at the extremity of the Irish town, nearest to his camp, defended, in front, by two well-mounted bastions, and in flank, along the contiguous wall, by four massive towers. The citadel is yet standing, converted, with some alterations and additions, into a purpose very different from that for which it was first erected; it is at present an hospital. Its bastions are in tolerable preservation, and the towers along the adjacent wall, one of which is

the ruin of the Black Battery, show, even in their crumbled fragments—the joint effects of devastating war, and equally devastating time—a formidable appearance. The curious observer will not fail to note, upon and about the citadel, the marks of William's balls, during this first cannonade. They are easily distinguishable from the slow and noiseless breaches made by the lapse of almost two centuries; the abruptly-splintered coigne, or the nearly circular concavity, still showing how the hard stone was shattered or reduced to powder by each sharp concussion with the baffled shot.

Thus Evelyn once more saw himself exposed to the chances of a siege. Yet he was surprised also to observe, that though the cannonading gave partial annoyance, it was by no means of the formidable kind calculated to make a breach, or seriously to awe an obstinate city. But his surprise was soon to meet a solution.

Limerick was then composed of the English town and the Irish town, the former situated in an island, formed by two embracing arms of the Shannon; divided from the Irish town by the lesser arm, and by the greater from the county of Clare, formerly Thomond.

Against the remote side of the Irish town William had sat down. Thomond-bridge, the only communication between the English town and the county of Clare, was well guarded and fortified. At its Limerick end was a gate, with portcullis. At the opposite end, the footing over two arches drew up, and warders, occupying turrets at either side, constantly had care of it. Beyond, entered from the very steep approach at the country side, stood King John's Castle; two massive and imposing round towers, connected by a front only the breadth of a wide archway. Which castle, with the perfectly level and well-built old bridge of Thomond, was the sole benefit King John or his insolent visit ever conferred on Ireland. At this time, double-gated, walled-in, and fortified by bastions, the castle chiefly served to increase the security of the bridge. In it also were the quarters of some distinguished officers; and of Sarsfield in particular.

Upon an evening, the second or third after the commencement of the siege, he, his favourite aid-de-camp, and Evelyn, stood upon one of its bastions, that afforded a view of the abrupt descent falling down to the drawbridge. All were silent. Occupied by their own thoughts, they seemed to

watch the effect of the long, slanting beams of the sun, streaming over the top of the rugged steep from the open country. Suddenly, those beams flashed fiercely from the helm and breastpiece of a single horseman, who, at a rapid, yet methodical gallop, gained the edge of the acclivity. Sarsfield started; marvelling, doubtless, at the rider's appearance from a quarter whence no friend was expected, and whence it was impossible a foe could thus singly approach. Evelyn also became interested, from a certain misgiving. He kept his glance fixed. As the horseman, evidently careless of the peril of his rough and steep road, swept towards the drawbridge, and he and his dull-black steed swelling to giant-size, Evelyn could not doubt his man—Galloping Hogan.

Advanced to within a civil distance of the guard at the county of Clare end of the drawbridge, the Rapparee drew up, and, as they challenged him, saluted them in a courteous, soldier-like manner. They parleyed together. Then a man walked from the group towards an entrance to King John's Castle; demanded to speak with General Sarsfield; and was answered, from the bastion, by Sarsfield himself. The general asked from whom Hogan came. The soldier did not know. "Let him advance to where you stand;" and Hogan accordingly gave the rein to his willing steed, who, in a few stretches of his colossal limbs, brought his master to the spot required. Here the Rapparee gave another salute up to the bastion, and composed himself to answer questions.

"If you seek General Sarsfield, he is before you—say your errand, sir."

"With all duty and courtesy, gineral, to your private ear," answered Hogan.

"From whom come you?"

"An' I'll tell that, too, if you let me—in my own way, gineral."

"From friends or foes?"

"Friends, afther a manner."

"I should suppose," said Sarsfield to Grace, "only for the unusual likeness to a soldier, in the fellow's furniture and manner, as, also, indeed, the utter stupidity of his vacant, staring features, that he was a Rapparee."

"Doubt him not for those reasons," observed Evelyn.

"The man is truly what you suspect; I know him sufficiently well."

"Then I will speak with him, at the safe side of the wall though. For while they usually affect to be our friends, these rascals have ever their own interests in whatever they do. You, sir—fall back on the guard."

Hogan, again saluting, obeyed. Sarsfield descended to the gate. In a few minutes Evelyn saw him joined by the Rapparee, now on foot, and they walked up and down, engaged in earnest conversation; Sarsfield, though a good-sized man, looking like a boy, beside his gigantic companion.

The information Hogan conveyed seemed much to interest the general. He stopped; frowned earnestly at the Rapparee, as if at once to doubt and probe his story; then spoke quickly, as if cross-examining him; paused again; waved Hogan, after a few additional words, towards the guard-house; and returned, much excited, into the fortification.

The moment he joined his friends on the bastion, he drew John Grace aside, and gave him some instructions, which roused into an energy equal to his own the features of that young officer. As they parted, Evelyn heard these words:

"Closeness and prudence, John. Five hundred of my own horse, at the least, to meet me here by half an hour past nine. The harvest night will then have fully fallen. Ask no more to be of our party. I trust none other with my purpose, and therefore no other can I leave behind to tend the signal-fire from Mary's steeple. So to business, John. And remember the signal. If they make no stir at William's camp, let it burn evenly, till midnight. If they do—and see that our spies look close, and bring you tidings good and quick—then three times let it blaze high, and three times go out. And so, till the morning, farewell."

His aid-de-camp retired, and he turned to Evelyn.

"Mr. Evelyn, you are concerned in this. I have often heard you wish to get free discourse, under a safeguard, from the Rapparee captain called Yamen-ac-knuck. Come with me when the night sets in, and, as I can hear, we shall see him before morning."

"Thanks, sir. I will willingly ride with you, always assured that I am not exposed to join in any attempt against King William's arms."

"Content you, sir. I speak but for your private advantage." Evelyn had no more to say.

Sarsfield remained near him—sometimes standing motionless, his face turned to the right up the river; sometimes striding impatiently along the contiguous wall; and sometimes turning his flushed brow to the tardy west, as if impatient of the dull red glow that was so long fading into the blank of night. The short, quick sighs that will flit at intervals from a breast filled with a great purpose, served more particularly to denote his mood.

At last the moonless night fell down. The hour was come. Five hundred Lucan horse awaited his pleasure at the gate; and in a few seconds he and they, Evelyn by his side, dashed up the steep ascent leading to the country. They met Hogan, ready-mounted, on the summit of the elevation; and, without a moment's pause, the Rapparee, placed at Sarsfield's left hand, and well-looked after by dragoons, before and behind, led the way, soon turning to the right, along the road to Killaloe, a considerable village about ten miles up the river.

During the commencement of the hard ride, Evelyn could perceive that the route gave occasional glimpses, to his right, of the broad and curving Shannon, drearily visible under the shadows of night. To his left, and before him, ran, almost at a parallel with the road, the remote county Clare hills, relieved, in their intense blackness, against the dim sky, at the nearest commencement of their range, but mingling and massing with the general gloom as they receded in the distance.

Some little time after leaving the city, and getting into this line—where, obliquely and from a good distance, a gun detached from the hostile battery might possibly be brought to bear on them from William's side—Hogan pulled up.

"Fair an' asy here," he said. "The night an' the wather together are the divil entirely for sharpenin' people's ears. An' though it's a crooked shot they'd have to make, betther let the horses' hoofs go as quiet over this rocky road as a body can. I believe you are of my mind, General Sarsfield?"

"I am. Though we should little regard their shot, yet their observation we do not want."

"That's the thruth, general. Though, upon my honour, a shot or two might not be amiss now, at laste. Howsomever,

it was thrown away on a single man and horse, like myself, this evening."

"What! They saw you coming, then?"

"Troth an' they did, an' had the impidence to bring a flying gun to bear on me too. But that's what I call wilful waste, general. For, supposin' they done their work never so well, no single man an' horse—the best-sized on the face of the earth—ever pays the waste of shot and powther, barrin' from a firelock, carbine, or petronel."

"You say true," answered Sarsfield, smiling at the matter-of-fact, and certainly disinterested, calculations of his guide, "and you must have seen service, I reckon?"

"That," replied Hogan, "is visible, I believe, to any soldier who notes my appearance, which I studiously attend to even among the poor cratures it is now my lot to call comrades. I was with ould Schomberg at Maestricht, when he prevailed on little Willy to raise the siege, before they grew cronies, in the long run."

"Why did you leave regular service?"

"A thrick I had of not likin' to stay long in the same place, or doin' the same thing. I began the world with a light heart an' nothing in my pocket, an', faith, maybe no pocket to put it in if I had. My father had eleven of us, all as big as himself; all able to ate and drink as much—God bless the mark!—and very little to give us, for that same purpose, afther the estate grew into a thriffle o' debt, an' the husbands o' seven o' my sisters come down on it for marriage portions. So we had to cut out our own loaf with our own hands. One went east, another west; one south, an' another north; one this way, an' another that; an' my ownself went over to their high mightinesses. I liked them well enough for a time. Their atin', an' drikin', an' smokin', an' fightin'-work, an' all. But there was a bother about somethin' or other they thought to lay to my charge; a little misunderstanding on the head of a weighty valise belonging to an officer of our own corps; to say nothin' of the hole in his crown, that they supposed he never got from the enemy. So, this, an' more o' their glum an' gosther about the measure of Hollands I allowed myself—as if a man of my inches could live on what sarved, well enough, a bit of a stumpy Dutchman—why, upon the whole, I say, I got tired, and left them."

"And then came home, I warrant ?"

"Just so, general," answered Hogan; "in the saison."

"To command an independent army of your own ?" continued Sarsfield.

"That same, for some time, till I met a betther man than myself, and afther a fair thrial between us, allowed him the upper hand. All in honour, you see, general. Natural talents and gifts ever gain their own, the world over. And a man, howsomever great, is bound to sarve a greater as loyally as ever he took care of himself, when onct they come together, and the struggle for who shall is past."

"I respect your reasoning," said Sarsfield, half serious, indeed, in his admiration of the honour amongst rogues thus illustrated. "How soon was this after your capture of Mr. Evelyn's house, in the north ?" For Evelyn had told Sarsfield the story.

"Long afther, general. I see the fame of that clever little affair has reached you. Long afther our retreat from Derry, even, where I was commander-in-chief of the independent Irish brigade, until it increased to such numbers as to require to be fairly halved between myself and another. Then I marched for the south, about here, with my own half; my colleague, that, at the time, I never saw, stopping in the north; and, under the convenient thravelling name of Yamen-ac-knuck, doing such wondhers as made nothing of my fame in my own district. So that I got jealous of him—I mane in the way that brave men get jealous of ach other—and longed to meet him face to face, and, as I said, have a thrial for it. And there's the end o' my story. Yamen-ac-knuck, and no other, is the man that got me undher."

"What !" cried Evelyn, "a person so young, and so insignificant in bodily prowess ? I take it for granted the trial was a personal rencounter. And, as I know, or some years since did know, the lad you speak of, his victory over such a man as you, General Hogan, much surprises me."

"Captain Hogan, if you plase, masther. The title of gineral does not fairly belong to me, since that same day we're spakin' of. And don't be so much surprised, masther (I have not the honour of recollecting your name, though the voice is somewhat familiar to me); the few years you mention may have done a good dale towards adding to the size of General Yaman's four bones, and putting good muscle

on 'em. And I promise you, masther, that when I met him, only a few months ago, he was what you'd call a tall fellow; that is, if he stood alone, and out of view of a man of rare stature. And, perchance, making up, in activity, and, most of all, in a knowledge of his limbs and weapons, what he wanted in weight and inches."

"It may be," answered Evelyn; "but where, and in what manner, did ye meet?"

"On a northern road, and in the manner following. Not able to hould myself quiet, with the noise of his great doings, I took it into my head to gallop a bit, alone, to the north, and have one look at this Yamen-ac-knuck. Well, masther; as I was one day galloping along a bye-road, I met a man, alone, like myself, coming hot against me. Says I to him, 'Do you know anything of one Yamen-ac-knuck?' 'A little,' says he. 'Maybe you're looking for him?' 'I am,' says I; 'and I come many a mile to see him.' 'Any special business?" says he. 'Why, yes,' says I; 'I'd like just to get him afore me, and, after all his mighty great doings, have one bout to thry which shall.' 'Would you?' says he; 'then you needn't thravel much farther. I'm Yamen-ac-knuck.' 'You!' says I, looking at him. 'Aye, my own self,' says he. 'Very well, again,' says I. 'And do you know who I am?' 'No,' says he; 'maybe you'd tell.' 'Maybe I would,' says I; 'I'm Galloping Hogan.' 'Are you?' says he, reining back his horse, to take a good view o' me, while I done the same by him; and so, we shook hands, and, after chatting a bit, went to our work, like two brothers.

"The first thrial was at the wrastling. We sthripped to the buffs, and took hoult of ach other. He threw me, two falls out o' three. Aye, well may ye cry out; but it's the blessed thruth I'm telling. 'You're the man, so far,' says I; 'will you thry a long shot with the carbine, now?' 'Never say it again,' says he. With that, we stepped thirty steps from one another, and fired, at a word. His first ball took me in the flish of the back; his second, in the flish of the cheek; his third—but before he fired that—'now, just to touch your hip,' says he; and before the saying was out, I felt it in the hip, sure enough. 'I know you're not hurt,' he then called out, 'with any o' the three shots, as I made the proper allowances. But they all grazed you; and as none o' yours came nearer than an inch, or so, I suppose this will do, too.'

"I agreed in the same; and we stepped up, face to face, again. 'Put on your pott, and your back-and-breast,' Yamen-ac-knuck went on, 'and draw your soord.' 'Never say it again,' says I, cock-sure of the matther, now, at laste. So, we helped ach other to our defences and weapons; picked out a handy bit o' ground; crossed our soords; and began our last work with two hearts as light as any feather.

"As I expected, this came to my hand nater than the wrastling or the shooting; and, afther a good half hour, he wasn't able to scratch me. 'Let us rest,' says he, 'and go to the brook for a sup o' water; the day is hot.' 'Let us,' says I; and we went; sat down, a bit, afther dhrinking; come back to our ground, and tackled to for the second bout. In a little time I drew a taste o' blood from his showlder; and when he felt it and saw it, Yamen-ac-knuck lost all Christhen temper, and his face grew so angry, and so grand, along with it, that it was frightful. I never saw, afore, a mortial man able to stir me with a look, or able to make me feel he was my masther; not among all the great men, generals, and kings, that came under my eyes, did I ever see his likes, in regard o' that. 'Your sword—your sword, fellow!' he cried out, closing me. My heart gave it up before my hand; and it was no cowardice, but the masthery he had over me by coorse of nature, I think. He got it, and bid me beg my life. 'No,' says I; 'but if you give it, I'll sarve you loyally, while my life lasts.' 'Well,' says he, getting mighty quiet in a moment, 'that will do as well; betther, maybe; you're a tall, stout chap; and I believe I may depend on you.' With that, General Sarsfield, we sthruck a bargain. I marched up my men from the south, to put 'em, undher him, at the Boyne, where we worked together, our two brigades helping ach other. And from that day to this, I'm Yamen's captain; and, by the same token, his courier to you, this holy and blessed night."

The Rapparee's story brought them past the point at which they could have continued exposed to any observation. Of this he gave notice, himself; and urging the propriety of their renewing their "bit of a gallop," all set off, under his guidance, at full speed.

The road over which the party journeyed, was not the same now usually taken from Limerick to Killaloe. Our predecessors seem to have been possessed with a stubborn

idea of going forward in the straightest line possible, and were not to be deterred from this resolve by any except insurmountable obstructions. Accordingly, their route from Limerick to Killaloe, at the time of our story, ran boldly forward over hills so steep as to give the panting horse an appearance as if he went on his hinder legs, and then, of course, down precipitate declivities, that, *vice versa*, seemed to throw his heels into the air. When rocky barriers or high banks opposed, no effort had been made to remove them; so that the way often became narrowed almost to the breadth indispensable for a single horseman. Huge stones sometimes choked up even such passes, leaving the Lucan troopers to struggle on as they might. For the greater part of the route, a thick wood of old oak spread at either hand, nearly excluding the feeble starlight. More than once they had to dismount, to bring their eyes in close acquaintance with the difficulties to be surmounted.

A road, very nearly in the same line, may, at this day, be travelled. But our present taste, or our more effeminate attention to convenience, has suggested the propriety of wheeling round the bases of the hills, instead of clambering over them. Rocks that would have defied Old Time till doomsday, have disappeared before the ephemeral cunning of those whom Time has outlived. Altogether, the way has been freed of the impediments Sarsfield's men had to contend with; so that, with all our veneration for antiquity, we are reduced to admit, that if we have lost much of the Herculean prowess of our ancestors, in surmounting toilsome difficulties, we have providentially acquired a better method of avoiding them.

From the summits of the different heights, as he went along, Sarsfield turned in his saddle to fix his eye on the beacon-light that flared on Mary's steeple. Ever it met his glance burning brightly and steadily, without a variation, save that caused by gradually increasing distance. But another sudden flame, bursting out upon an eminence, over the road, now startled him, and caused him to question Hogan.

"That's a token that friends are near at hand, general, to greet you, and pass you on. The signal appears from the ould Castle of Aherina, built by the red-haired Danes, I hear say, in the times gone by. To tell God's thruth, the thiefs

were no great hand at the architecture. It's on the highest knock,* about here, though many more knocks surround us, not to be seen by raison of the darkness. The lads wait your challenge."

"Then will I follow you. Stand, men, and expect me here; a few only with us. Are you curious to mount to this Rapparee fastness, Master Evelyn?"

Evelyn accompanied him, Hogan, and a few dragoons up the little hill. They were challenged by some persons who stood inside a rude trench that, at a short distance, surrounded the old building, and whose half-naked figures and wild features were in part lit up by the glaring light from the top of one of the rudest of those square castles, formerly abounding in Ireland, and of which the ruins of many, and of this among the number, are yet to be seen. Hogan answered their challenge. They returned a shout of recognition; and while some hastened to remove a barrier of sods, bushes, and large stones, that filled a gap in the enclosure, others entered the building by a rude Gothic archway, so low as to require them to bend almost double. They shortly returned, attending a person who, from his steel cap and breastpiece, in which the flame bickered brightly, seemed to be their commander. As he rushed out to greet Sarsfield, in a manner at once ardent and wild, Evelyn recognised Con M'Donnell.

And the recognition was mutual. Suddenly checking himself in his hurried advance to Sarsfield, the dumb man's eye fixed on Evelyn. Emitting a fearful scream, he snatched a piece of flaming wood from one of the men—ran with it towards our astonished friend—held it up to his face—screamed again—drew back—looked very angry and agitated—drew his sword—and made signs to the surrounding Rapparees to take into custody the object of his wrath.

There was a movement to obey his commands; but Sarsfield first, and Hogan next interfered—the latter conversing with Con M'Donnell in his own language, often pointing to the road, as if to warn him of the proximity of five hundred of the celebrated Lucan horse. At last it seemed that the expostulation proved successful. The dumb man paused a moment, glared his fiery eyes on the ground, took a sudden thought, seized a horse near him, led the way down the

* Hill.

eminence; and in a few moments the whole Limerick party were in renewed motion, after him, at a furious rate. Hogan, as if from a proper care of the character that had gained him his surname, resolved not to be outgalloped by any man, keeping close by Con M'Donnell's side.

The night seemed trebly darker than before, on account of their sudden removal from the strong, flaring lights at Aherina Castle. Straining against a steep hill, they continued a route, that, at almost every step, presented a difficulty. The night-wind moaned over a black moor below them, and agitated with a hollow noise the myriad branches of the great wood that stretched across to the mountains. Then they descended, and got a view of the twinkling lights of the little village of Bridgetown under them—itself partly on a height, though thus commanded by a greater one. Fast went the dragoons down the steep, scaring the few inhabitants of the lonely group of cabins, and doing their best to keep in sight Hogan and his dumb companion. Splash they went over a rough stream, that crossed the road at the bottom. Up they strained, passing the little village like a whirlwind, against an ascent, at its other side. Round they wheeled to the left, now approaching the forms of vast hills that had hitherto only vaguely overshadowed the blank waste to their left and before them, but that now cowered round in some shape and meaning. Onward, still onward, until they were shut up amid amphitheatrical curvings of hills on every side. Round, round again; and down and up, and down again, until the horses' hoofs rang hollow over the little bridge of Ballycorney, that with one rude arch crossed a considerable mountain-torrent, rushing from the hills to their left, through a deep-wooded dell at either side. Here Sarsfield gave the word to halt, while he inquired who would undertake to guide him and his men across the Shannon, three miles up at Killaloe.

The only person present acquainted with the ford was Captain Hogan. But with much propriety he stated, that having only crossed it once or twice, and on both occasions in the daytime, he could not take upon himself the responsibility of guiding over it, in the darkness of night, so large a body of men. He added, however, that on his way to Limerick he had made it his business to inquire, in the neighbourhood, who was most likely to afford, at a pinch, such a good service. "And yonder, general," continued Hogan, pointing to a

respectable looking house on the steep road-side—"yonder lives the man, Masther Cecil, I hear, son of the owner of the house." In a few minutes half a dozen carbines thundered at the door; and in a short time the young man was, without a choice between refusal and assent, mounted behind a trooper, Sarsfield's cocked pistol at one ear, Galloping Hogan's at the other, and both, he was given to understand, ready to be used in case of treachery, or even want of zeal, with indifferent good effect. So that, although a staunch Williamite, Master Cecil found himself compelled to guide the Lucan horse towards Killaloe ford, on James's service.

Up from Ballycorney-bridge, the five hundred Lucan horse again clattered, just as a waning moon began to rise, and faintly show a somewhat more open and expansive view than had hitherto been afforded. It showed the river curving through valleys and plains; the near mountains coming out, as they half caught the weak light, into greater varieties of form; crossing and intersecting each other; above all, the bold summit of the Crag-hill. While to the right, over the river, Sarsfield and Evelyn, directed by Hogan, beheld the gloomy range of mountains, situated in the county of Tipperary, towards which they were in motion, and which, at earlier periods of their forced march, could have been seen, were it daylight, or, as was now beginning to be the case, even moonlight.

"And there they are," said Hogan, "Llieve Iellum, that is, the mountains of Iellum, an ancient Prince of the district. Improperly, and as my worthy instructor often told me when I was a boy at my book, imgrammatically called Slieve Bloom, Slieve being the singular. Also fitly termed, *Dho knock-dhee-og*, or the twelve hills, their being that number remarkable above the rest, by reason of natural size and importance."

Scarcely attending to the Rapparee's half-heard topography, Sarsfield watchfully followed in the steps of his new guide, often urging him to increase his speed. Again, the wild and wayward road, after precipitously descending to Ballyheige brook, made many turns and sweeps, each alternately showing, like the sudden changes of a panorama, close and stupendously-open scenes. Until, at last, Killaloe appeared in sight, partly on an eminence before them. Not more than a hundred yards farther on to the left, was a broad spread of the Shannon, called Lough Diergart, shining in the more

matured moonlight, and encompassed by numerous curving hills, of which some of the bases dipped into the placid water, particularly that of the bold and barren Crag. While a dark clump of trees, just at the shore, marked the spot where, it is said, Brian Bourhoidhe had his patrimonial castle.

Swiftly came the formidable party into the little town of Killaloe, frightening to their doors or windows, and then back again to their beds or hiding-places, the startled and marvelling inhabitants. Evelyn scarce had time to cast his eye over the venerable, though by no means splendid cathedral, which he had heard was built, in 1165, by Donald O'Brien, King of Lumneach (Limerick), or to notice, near to it, a curious old structure, with a slanting stone roof, of which he had also heard, and which an English-Irish antiquary has since pronounced to be a specimen of the earliest Christian temples constructed in Ireland. Sarsfield, not allowing a moment's pause, obliged young Master Cecil to lead the way over the Shannon, at a ford, some yards above the present bridge of Killaloe, and then commanded by a fort and battery. Half an hour before midnight, all his people had safely crossed into the county of Tipperary. And still, without breathing, the wild sortie was continued, over hill and hollow, dwarfishly wooded, or boggy and barren, the Llieve Iellum hills now very near, with their black and massive despot, the Keeper, frowning prominently amid all.

About two miles might have been passed, after crossing the Shannon, when the party had to dash over an angry mountain-brook, that ran through a deep-wooded hollow, receding, blackly and mysteriously, to their right and left. Ere Hogan and Con M'Donnell led the way, they hastily pulled up at the stream's edge; and while the dumb man gesticulated violently, the Rapparee Captain gave a shrill whistle. Sarsfield could scarce demand the cause of a signal that somewhat startled him, when it was caught up and repeated again and again, all through the recesses of the hollow; and more than a hundred men were seen breaking through the wood, on every side, or running up and down the chafing brook, in motion towards Hogan. Aware of the occasional treachery of the Rapparees to friends, as well as foes, Sarsfield looked close, half suspecting an ambush of the regular enemy. But a moment's observation told him he was approached by

the same kind of half-naked, though fully-armed people, who had garrisoned Aherina Castle. And when they had all gathered round, he was further relieved by noticing their inferiority in number to his own troop.

"It's only an outpost, general," remarked Hogan, perhaps in reply to Sarsfield's looks. "For howsomever safe we may be among these hills, betther sure than sorry is our word. Is all right at the camp?" to the young fellow who seemed to command the wild party.

"All's right," answered the lad; "we expected you. Tak'a score of my men to lead ye on—they ken the road best."

Hogan assented. With "bannacth-lath," and "gude night till ye," the two Rapparee officers parted.

"Stop!" cried Evelyn; "surely I know that voice. Here is the good fellow, General Sarsfield, I have come to see—"

"No stoppin', if you plase, masther," answered Hogan, increasing his gallop, to cross the defile which, since their days, goes by the name of *Labba-dhy-ah*, or bed of thieves.

"Perhaps you are not aware, sir," continued Evelyn, "that you have just seen the conqueror of the doughty Galloping Hogan—Yamen-ac-knuck."

"Indeed! that slight boy?" asked Sarsfield, incredulously.

"Take care you know what you're saying, masther," observed Hogan, in reply to Evelyn.

"Why, you spoke of Yamen-ac-knuck. And that lad I know to be he."

"Onct upon a time, maybe so, masther. But it's a name that sarves many's the one, now-a days."

"What!" cried Evelyn, quickly associating some former incidents, and passing suspicions, "is Yamen-ac-knuck another person then?"—

"Wait, a-bit," answered Hogan. "I thank my God I have something dacenter to show for the story I tould, than sich a scratch-cat as that."

"But tell me," resumed Evelyn, much excited, "what is the real name of your general?"

"It's hard to tell what a body doesn't know, masther."

"Well, only another word, did he fight at the Boyne?"

"I tould you so, afore, masther."

"Supporting Sheldon's horse?"

"Thrue for you, I'm thinking."

"Then I have, indeed, seen him!" thought Evelyn; "and

every way that lying girl has deceived me! Thank God!" Not clearly knowing why he felt such joy, at all events in reference to his connexion with Eva, Evelyn rode on in high spirits, and in earnest and agitating expectations.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"From Limerick, that day, bould Sarsfield dashed away,
Until he came to Cullen, where their artillery lay;
The Lord cleared up the firmament, the moon and stars shone bright,
And for the Battle of the Boyne he had revenge that night."
*Irish Ballad.*

STILL (as since they crossed the Shannon they had done) pressing over small hills, diving into hollows, and splashing through brooks, the road now seeming to wind off from a forward course, now coming upon it again, the party, after midnight, saw a partial illumination in the atmosphere, and presently arrived at the place of their temporary destination.

From a considerable eminence, they descended into a flat of black, boggy ground, encircled by a chain of low hills, thickly wooded, and overtopped by the sombre and shadowy forms of distant mountains. A round, stagnant lough, spreading over about three acres, was in the middle of the bottom thus hemmed in and embowered: again the lough inclosed a little round island, of about a quarter of an acre. By the verge of the water, Evelyn indistinctly saw groups of rude huts. Similar edifices seemed huddled together on the island, one of superior size rising over the rest. Other dark masses, stationary, or in slow and wavering motion, gave indication of the human occupants of this solitary and dreary scene. Indeed, at his first glance, everything was but vaguely distinguished by Evelyn. Lurid gleams from the huts, or, here and there, an expiring fire, alone relieved the surrounding objects, animate or inanimate, for the rising moon was almost wholly excluded. From the middle of the island, solely, spread the somewhat superior blaze that, faintly reflected in the atmosphere, had, at a little distance, intimated his approach to the grand head-quarters of the Rapparees. The changes wrought by time have since dried up the little lough; but its site is well known among the hills.

Any traveller as adventurous as Sarsfield, or ourselves, may still find the place we describe pointed out to him as, in former days, the freebooter's haunt.

From the swampy nature of the ground, horses could not approach the lough. All, accordingly, dismounted; and while Hogan engaged that the greater number of the dragoons should, under his eye, be well looked after, Sarsfield and Evelyn, led by Con M'Donnell, and accompanied but by a few of their own men, stealthily paced onward. The living masses now began to thicken around: cautious whisperings and low talking came from persons they could not see. But when, at the edge of the water, Con M'Donnell uttered a wild cry, as if giving a signal to the island, they were instantly surrounded by hordes of shock-headed Rapparees, now more discernible in the chief light that shone across the lough. Some of them wore portions of the uniform of almost every regiment, on both sides, in Ireland; some, the rags of the common coat, vest, and breeches, generally adopted by the peasantry of the south; and some, nothing but a profusion of coarse grey cloth, ludicrously emulative of the cut of a topcoat, but which hung in easy folds around their naked limbs, its arms never used, dangling before or behind, as we see to be the case with some of the costume at present in esteem amongst a portion of His Majesty's horse-soldiers. Of those whose appearance was most *en militaire*, a steel cap, with a projection about the ears and back of the wearer, something like a London dustman's hat of our day, was worn by a fellow who, except his flowing great coat, appeared otherwise naked. The breastpiece of a dragoon adorned another, upon whose head was no covering of any kind. A high conical grenadier's cap was sported by a third, joined to a horseman's buff jacket, or else a fine fringed and embroidered French vest. Or, haply, a fragile hat and plume, that once graced the brows of gentle maiden or matron, now unfitly, and with some hideous intimation of the way in which it had been obtained, flapped and waved over the harsh and grimacing features of a fourth. The legs and feet of all had, indeed, one common uniform—Adam's, when he was innocent. The wild people grinning graciously and ducking low to Sarsfield, shaking hands with his few attending dragoons, or capering and prancing round them, broke towards our party from the dark groups hitherto

seen around; or sprang up, in knots, from the ground; or galloped out of their low huts, hastily and inartificially constructed with stakes of bogwood, branches of trees, turf, and rushes. Their attentions grew disagreeable, if not startling, until the signal being answered by hoisting something like a flag over the principal edifice on the island, the strangers were approached by a rude raft, made first of a kind of wickerwork, on a large scale, and then covered with sods and leaves. At a glance, Evelyn knew Rory-na-chopple to be the pilot of this singular machine. Nor was Rory slow in discerning him, and in manifesting his recognition, at the same time that he did his devoirs to Sarsfield. Con M'Donnell stood, until the raft touched the mainland, regarding this civility with manifest displeasure and impatience; when Rory was within reach of his signs, he seemed to reprehend, severely and authoritatively, all show of welcome to Evelyn. A few seconds brought them with their dragoons over the lough. Here, the dumb man took Sarsfield's arm, as politely as he knew how, but very abruptly; hurried him towards the middle of the island, motioning Rory to take Evelyn in charge. Onward both pressed, followed by the dragoons, towards the larger hut, crowds of Rapparees still dividing to let them pass, or following them with clamorous greetings. Evelyn at last found himself in a spacious kind of bower, constructed more carefully and daintily than the other huts, but occupied only by some of the higher class of Rapparees, whose faces he had before seen in his own house, and affording him no view of the person his heart had been panting to look upon.

One part of the sylvan walls which surrounded him was covered, to the height of a man, with a rude tapestry of otter and fox skins, attached together, and as, at its sides, some vivid and steady light came through, Evelyn supposed it led into another apartment. Nor was he mistaken. When Con M'Donnell had graciously forced Sarsfield to a seat, and bent upon Evelyn another dangerous scowl, he rapidly strode across the floor, flung aside the arras of skins, which, catching upon the woven wall, remained apart, after his rough motion, thus allowing a view of the interior. Then he approached a man, who, seated sideways at a small rough table, Evelyn at once recognised.

At once, although a new and extraordinary change had

come over face and bearing. Of the round-cheeked, fresh-coloured, ingenuous boy he had appeared when Evelyn first saw him in his father's thatched house, in Glenarriff, not a trace, alas! remained: that character, however, Evelyn could not expect to see. But the manly and soldierly dash of Edmund during their after-rencounter, in Little Deer-park, had also vanished. Yet this, too, the friend recollected, seemed long ago to have as fully yielded to the almost savage sternness that followed the death of Esther, and the degradation of poor M'Donnell from his place in Lord Antrim's regiment. And at length Evelyn only wondered to behold the very latest change he had witnessed now occupied by another, as novel as it was deeply interesting and imposing. Edmund M'Donnell, before his attention was roused by the near approach of his uncle, had sat calm and quiescent at the little table, every limb and feature composed. His cheek, no longer red and full in boyhood, nor yet pale and worn with sorrow and despair, had a brown, healthy colour; no wrinkles of passion or grief furrowed his fair and ample forehead. His eye, which Evelyn first knew a quick and flashing eye, and afterwards a deep and glaring one, was at rest; his mouth, that used to breathe with quick thought, or curl out, open and haughtily, was gently shut, its lips forming, in profile, the graceful curves that statuaries love to copy. In a word, all was quietness about him; he looked a calm, unruffled, reflective man. And, unless such calmness itself give a kind of sternness, Edmund M'Donnell, though with the alias of a formidable freebooter to his name, was no longer stern.

When he perceived his uncle's near approach, he extended his hands, and the dumb man fell on his nephew's neck. In a few minutes, they made signs to each other, and Edmund seemed first interested, and then slightly agitated. He pointed to the rude arras, looking towards some person hitherto unseen within. A light foot approached the opening; a small hand grasped the arras. Evelyn's heart swelled to his throat—he *was* satisfied. The features that rapidly peered into the outer room could not be mistaken; one only glance he had; the arras fell, and he was left in torture.

A considerable pause ensued. At last, Con M'Donnell reappeared through the opening, not now leaving it apart, however, and beckoned Sarsfield, while, in an ill-humour of a different kind from that he had before manifested, he once

more frowned on Evelyn. The general arose at his bidding; both disappeared into the interior of the hut; and Evelyn was left to the attentions, anecdotes, and characteristic humour of Rory-na-choppel and his fellows. Two well-armed body-guards taking up their posts at either side of the opening.

After another long pause, Sarsfield came out to Evelyn, and took him aside.

"Here is a singular discovery;" he said "this doughty freebooter proves to be an old friend, in whom we are both interested."

"I know it, sir," replied Evelyn, with a groan. "I have seen him."

"Something seems to have happened between ye that causes him to wish you should not come in his way. His dumb relative even urged worse measures towards you, and is angry at their being declined. I seek not to learn your private affairs; but if you dislike to rest in this hut for the remainder of the night, I shall get you sent across the lough to the care of my dragoons—what say you?"

"I fear it not, sir; I will rest where I am; but I thank you. As to M'Donnell's whim—"

"Hush!" interrupted Sarsfield—"all mention of a name, which he seems anxious to have forgotten, is, in your present situation, dangerous."

"I care not, sir. I was about to say, that whatever may be the supposed ground of his hostility to me, I am ignorant of it, and also assured of its cruelty and injustice."

"Well, well; to-morrow may give you more explanation. Good night. I rest, by invitation, in the interior of this wild house—good night."

In a few moments after Sarsfield had finally withdrawn, a number of women, old and young, entered the hut, bearing in their arms bundles of heath and rushes, and proceeded to arrange couches round the sides of the outer apartment. Two of them, muffled in the deep-hooded, old Irish mantle, officiated as Evelyn's chambermaids. For some time he saw nothing of the features of either; but towards the conclusion of their hasty work, the hood of one fell back, and shewed him a visage he had cause to know well—that of Moya Laherty. He started, and almost cried out. Moya quickly

pulled up her hood, and flew out of the hut. The other woman cautiously glancing round, came close and he knew Onagh. With more meaning and quietness of manner than he had ever seen her evince, she pressed her finger on her lip and whispering—"Be prudent, and you have a friend," followed her companion.

It was now day-dawn. The Rapparees and the dragoons around him settled themselves to take a few hours' sleep. Evelyn also lay on his fresh heather, but not for repose. Of the present fate of Eva he at last felt certain. Even supposing Moya Laherty's story of her having been carried off by Kirke from Glenarriff, as wholly untrue—(and after the proofs he had got of the girl's wilful falsehoods in other respects, little credit could be attached to her in this)—still was Eva so degraded by her former and present associations, and acts, that she could no longer be thought of with any feeling but one of pity and sorrowful regret. The mystery of her sudden departure, alone and unprotected, from Dublin, on the night of its evacuation by the Irish, was now explained. Her rapid and alarming change of character, upon the first occasion he had seen her in Dublin Castle, from the fascinating maiden of honour, into the disguised rider who had passed him at Essex-gate, also seemed fully accounted for. Upon the news of the landing of William, she had hastened to join her Rapparee brother at the Boyne; and Evelyn could not doubt that her attendance upon the Lady Lieutenant was artfully contrived by Edmund and herself in furtherance of some private views. Then, the warmth with which she had chidden James for deserting the field of battle, seemed naturally to spring from a person who had been an actual spectator of the struggle, and who had arrived from the ground, perhaps at the same moment with himself, agitated by fresh and glowing recollections, and by all the indignant sentiments they would call up in such a bosom as Eva's. In a word, it was now made certain to Evelyn, that, from the moment their house had been burnt, and their father murdered, M'Donnell and his impetuous sister had abandoned themselves to a desperate course of arbitrary revenge.

As to the hostility manifested by Edmund towards him, he regarded it as nothing more than affectation, adopted for the purpose of keeping up, between them and him,

an eternal separation, which they had at first wantonly caused, and for which their hearts told them there was now an insuperable necessity.

Bodily fatigue beguiled him from distressing reflections into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until roused by Sarsfield, at rather an advanced hour in the morning. Starting up, he saw the hut deserted by the Rapparees, while a loud noise of bustle reached him from abroad.

"If you are willing to try your chance for a further satisfaction of your own affairs, by following me in my route, arise, break your fast, and prepare to start into the mountains," said the general.

Evelyn thanked him; not presuming to ask a word concerning Sarsfield's expedition, although, so far as he was able to consider anything apart from his private concerns, it deeply interested him. They partook of some coarse food together; and, accompanied by Hogan and Rory-na-choppel, crossed the lough to join the main body of dragoons.

Arrived amongst them, they found a great uproar. The men stated that their horses had been allowed to stray away overnight, and were now not at hand.

"Is that all?" asked Hogan; "here's one to remedy the evil. To work, Rory."

"Musha, yes, then, wid the little ganious God ga' me;" and off he rapidly shuffled, disappearing over some near eminences.

In a few moments the Whisperer was seen coming back, leading by their bridles or halters, a crowd of the dragoons' horses, while more followed in the rere, without any compulsion.

"An' ye can thry wid them for a start, till we go a bit farther aff," he said, giving up his prisoners, and again disappearing, only again to return with more. Until, after repeated sallies, every dragoon again possessed his steed, and, with Sarsfield at their head, and still guided by Hogan, all were ready to move forward.

"Your general certainly follows with his force?" asked Sarsfield of Hogan, as they got into motion.

"As sure as Keeper-hill, that you now see before you,

General, so remarkable in size and consideration, over the surrounding hills. Somewhat like a man of great natural stature at the head of a crowd of less favoured comrades."

After about a mile's journeying, the objects Hogan had, with some self-complacency, in his illustration, been describing, more fully confronted Evelyn. The party had ascended and descended over many successive eminences, and deviating from their last available strip of road, now really approached the mountains. To their left rose, indeed, the great Keeper-hill, aptly called, whether through chance or design, the giant of his range; black, barren, and desolate. A vast mass, showing rather bold roundness, than picturesque grandeur of form; with no white or grey rocks, or patches of green, breaking the sombre monotony of his heathery mantle; and altogether filling and oppressing the mind with an idea of terrible loneliness. Opposite to him was his sole near rival—a rival in contrasted shape only—Glancoolla mountain, with steep, craggy sides, its outline sharp and varied, while that of Keeper was round and full. But although a more beautiful object, and, withal, a stupendous one, yielding in imposing effect to its uncouth and frowning opponent.

Behind Keeper rose the black heads of other hills of the receding range; hill after hill, at different distances. Between him and Glancoolla, sweeping to the left of the party, was the desolate valley through which they were to pursue their course.

Although somewhat acquainted with mountain scenery, perhaps on a larger scale than even what now lay before him, Evelyn's first impression on glancing along those bleak and inhospitable hill sides, and on seeing peak after peak rise up in the only direction he had to go, was one of instinctive shrinking, if not of terror. And the faces of the dragoons around seemed to sympathize with him. But he was allowed little time to combat such vain feelings. The galloping Rapparee plunged boldly from the last road-track to be found in this uninhabited district, upon the soft and pathless sward, that henceforth was to be their only footing. Onward the numerous party moved, slowly, and in silence as deep as that of the desert they explored.

Immediate despatch did not seem the object of Sarsfield. On the contrary, from what Evelyn could casually collect, the general rather appeared to linger on the way, so as not to reach a certain point until evening. Tardily, therefore, notwithstanding the expostulations of Hogan, was the wild way pursued, until, after getting imperceptibly at the other side of Keeper-hill, Hogan, turning in his saddle, pointed out to Sarsfield the Rapparees, headed by Edmund M'Donnell, following at a distance in their track. Evelyn, also turning, saw, upon the side of a mighty hill, a small, dark mass, scarcely in observable motion, and looking rather like a flock of birds, than a body of men. Yet, on Hogan's assurances, he beheld a body not inferior in number to Sarsfield's dragoons.

On he winded, with his companions, through valleys, black, barren, and silent, into one of which, particularized by Hogan, it was asserted that the stars or moon scarce ever sent a ray to break the utter blackness of night in its pent-up recesses. On, over mountain-stream and river, sometimes crossing, twice or thrice, different wild windings of the same foamy water. On, over rugged defiles, and torn gullies; now along the bottom of a glen, where not a breath of air was felt, and now by the ridge of a hill where the wind was high and gusty. Some hours after noon they halted, and sat down in the shadow of their solitude, to eat food with which the Rapparees had supplied them, and to slake their thirst at the mountain stream. To horse, again. And again through a continuation, little varied, of the same kind of scenery. Until, towards evening, when beginning to descend to their left, in order to ford a considerable stream, they at last got, through a vista in the mountains, a cheery, though distant glimpse of the open country, bathed in the rich evening sun-light that could scarce steal one blessed ray into the wilds they had been travelling, and which still partially encompassed them.

"We are near upon a halt, General," said Hogan, at this point. "Under us winds the Belbow river; which we have twice crossed to-day. And on the top of the ascent, at its other side, is the gap that will lead you down into the flat country, and so on to Ballyneedy. More betoken, you can get a good observation across to that point, from the gap, if,

as I take to be the case, you have come provided with your glass."

The river was soon crossed. At the bottom of the acclivity which Hogan described as rising from it to the gap, Sarsfield ordered his people to halt.

"Let every man dismount," he said, "and ease the bit and the saddle of his horse, and get him such provender as the hill-side affords, with all other possible refreshment, for some hours. After the night-fall there will be work in hand. But now, Captain Rapparee," taking him aside, "where is the messenger you promised from the Cashel road?"

"He ought to have met us here, General; and had we sent one of our own reglars, doubtless there could not be a disappointment, even for a moment. But, as I informed you, the enemy has of late grown so wary of us, and so possessed of our feints and subtle practices, that we feared to despatch any but a poor wandering blind man, whose simplicity none might suspect, but who is still a real friend of our gineral."

"A blind man to look out, sir!" said Sarsfield.

"Marvel not, sir," replied Hogan, "he has a leader that will help him—an own son of Quarter-Master Rory-na-choppel. And, though rather behind-hand, here they come, together."

Evelyn, quickly turning his eyes up to the top of the ascent, saw, just issuing over its line, his old friend, Carolan, led by the imp whom we have first beheld trotting after the heels of the Whisperer, upon the memorable morning, when Edmund M'Donnell purchased his own colt from one of the agents of that respectable dealer.

"Let us meet him on the rise," continued Sarsfield. Then turning to his people: "No man shall mount this hill, after us, nor in any way expose himself to observation from the open country. Come, Captain Hogan. Choose you to enjoy a pleasing prospect, Mr. Evelyn?"

Very anxious to have speech of the harper, Evelyn readily assented. Sarsfield, Hogan, and he, met Carolan a little under the the top of the gap.

"God save ye," cried the blind man, as they came up.

"God save you, kindly," answered Hogan.

"That will do," resumed Carolan, "I know you."

"Well, any tidings from the road?"

"Yes; approaching them for food and alms, I spoke with them, last night, on their way to Cullen. They will halt, as we suspected, over against you, at Ballyneedy, this night."

"How many of 'em?"

"A good number of horse. But, have a care. Though they have no wind of your intentions, I will not say as much for some in the camp at Limerick. If the great Sarsfield is here, tell him so."

"Say you so?" asked the person alluded to.

"I do, sir; and my humble duty to you, noble general," answered the harper, his face glowing.

Sarsfield paused a moment, then resumed:

"Well; think you they will soon come up, good Carolan? 'Tis now past six of the clock, and, on such a service, they should be near their halt for the night."

"They cannot be far off, sir."

"Let us look out for them, then. Come, Mr. Evelyn."

As they left him, Carolan sat down on the shelving hill; his guide creeping down to the dragoons.

"We should be cautious here, gentlemen," continued Sarsfield, ere they had quite gained the opening into the distant country. "I pray you do as I do; the slanting sun shines brightly, and his beams flashing from steel-cap or breast-piece, may be caught and interpreted, by experienced eyes, at a fair distance." He doffed the warlike articles of which he had made mention; hid them in the heather, and, advancing up the ascent in a bent posture, lay on his breast, as soon as his eyes came on a level with the line of the gap; Evelyn and Hogan, as they had been commanded, imitating his actions.

They had scarce cast their eyes abroad, when Sarsfield muttered, "The harper is right; I see them."

It was the last brilliant half-hour of a rich August evening. They looked westward, over a gradually falling country, bounded by the distant Galteigh mountains, at whose back the sun was about to set, amid a glorious confusion of gold and scarlet clouds, so that every picturesque peak and curve of the imposing group, cut sharply against so vivid a background. Almost immediately opposite to the Galteighs, and

rather to the left of our friends, ran the nearer Llieve Iellum hills, rising and receding, one above another, the Keeper still prominent at the western extremity of his line, and a hill next to him in magnitude, and called *Maugher-na-Llayd*, or the "Mother of the Mountains," rising about the middle of the range. Thence, towards the west, the land gradually fell, broken by little inequalities, and relieved by some near hills. Directly facing the gap (which has been called from Sarsfield's coming exploit, *Lacken-na-choppel*, or "the hill of the horses,") stood, upon an abrupt eminence, at about the distance of five miles in a straight line, the ruined castle of Ballyneedy, backed by the Galteighs. Towards this castle, regardless of every other feature of the scene, the general's anxious glances were directed.

"I see them," he repeated, "even with the naked eye. Mark how plainly their caps and swords gleam in the sunshine (proving our precaution here a good one), as they wind over yonder ascent, towards the castle."

"That ascent is called the Hill of Cullen," observed Hogan, "lying between Cullen village and Ballyneedy. Now for a closer observation," taking out, as Sarsfield also used his glass, a telescope that Evelyn recognised as having once been his own property. "Aye, there they are; some troops of Villier's horse, sure enough, their gun-carriages, ammunition waggons, and provision carts, covering the whole height, and going off behind it. They halt now. To encamp. No. It's only the rear has halted to post a sentinel, I think. Yes, now the man is left alone, and they move down the hill to Ballyneedy."

"There will be another sentinel at the ford of Ballyvsenouge, outside Cullen," continued Hogan, after a pause, "and another, if not a regular picquet, in the village itself."

A considerable silence ensued, Sarsfield not uttering a word; but—his brows knitted into an earnest frown—keeping the distant foe covered with his glass, measuring and dwelling on them, as the wild beast might glare, unseen, upon the prey he devotes to destruction.

At length, without removing his glass, "Aye," he said, abruptly, as if only speaking to himself, "Yonder are the guns with which William reckons to batter down the old

walls of Limerick about our ears. But stone of Limerick wall they shall never splinter."

Another long pause, which Hogan broke, "they now wind along the side of Ballyneedy-hill, I believe, General," he said, "yes, and now they collect their heavy train, some little distance under the castle, and, like a prudent escort, settle themselves round it. While a few—their officers, I reckon—walk up to rest, for the night, in the ould ruin."

"Aye, for the night and the day, too, good Captain Rapparee," coolly muttered Sarsfield, still only thinking out, although he seemed to address himself to Hogan. "But my glass serves no longer. The sun is down behind Galteigh-More; and it darkens rather much for an observation of five miles across. And yet not dark enough to be doing. Hark! this bustle below announces, I suppose, the coming up of your commander.

Hogan assented, and went down the steep to greet his general. Sarsfield sat up, where he had hitherto lain prostrate, and still kept his eyes fixed on Ballyneedy. Evelyn could see him sometimes frown with impatience, sometimes smile sternly, as, doubtless, the picture of anticipated triumph rose vividly to his imagination.

"How tediously the night comes on," he said, "we wanted not so dainty an evening. Tempest-clouds that would, before his hour, have blotted out the gaudy sun, were better for our purpose."

Just then, the little encampment on Ballyneedy began to light their watch-fires. And as, one by one, the red beams twinkled over the bosom of the distant ascent, and at the base of the old castle—fixing, by contrast, the character of night around them—Sarsfield seemed more content.

Soon, and he started to his feet. Hogan re-approached him. He called to the Rapparee for his cap and breast-piece. He donned them rapidly. Evelyn could see him pale with the anxiety and depth of his purpose.

"Lead up my dragoons," he cried. They surrounded him in a few minutes; ready mounted. He vaulted into his own saddle.

"I rely on your general to move down, and cover my retreat, at the proper signal," he continued.

"He faithfully promises," answered Hogan.

"Well, you guide us, still."

"Himself, an' another, that's handy, accordin' to the little ganious the Lord gave him," answered the Whisperer, advancing, most awkwardly seated on a tall garron, to Hogan's side.

"Lead on then;" the two Rapparees rode out of the gap.

"Lucan men, forward! Forward, to an action of some pith. Prove me your mettle, now, and Ireland shall speak of us! Ride—For our king and our country!—but, hush—no shouting yet—follow me, in silence."

He led them through the gap towards the open country, and Evelyn was left alone on the top of the ascent. After some time, a man approached him, slowly and cautiously. In the almost matured shadows of night, Evelyn could only distinguish a human figure. It laboured up the ascent, pausing at every step. Arrived at the gap, it stood erect and still; and then a well-known voice spoke.

"Aye, they are gone to their work. How lonesome the silence is; ah," sighing deeply, "eyes would be the greatest of God's blessings, now, to see the terrible ending of it. Is there any one here, with me?"—

"Carolan—dear Carolan!" cried Evelyn, approaching.

"Sir! Sir!"—exclaimed the blind man, in mingled surprise and coldness—"I did not think to hear *you* answer; and now, the sooner we part, the better."

"Why?"—asked Evelyn—"how have I lost your friendship?

"Shame upon the question, sir—ask your heart."

"Heavens!—what can be the import of all this? You, at least, Carolan, are not whimsical, and, without a reason, cruel—answer me, then! In what way do you suppose I have been unworthy?"—

"Oh, Mr. Evelyn, can I believe my ears to hear you speak these words, that only make you guilty, over and over, of a double treachery!"—

"Man!"—cried Evelyn, "have a care what you say—yet no—you must be sincere in whatever you say. Forgive my warmeth—and only answer, in pity and mercy, the question I have put. Tell me, in a word, how have I fallen in your good opinion?"—

"Oh, sir, how, but by leaving to sorrow and ruin the friends of my heart—by bringing down the last desolation on her

who—" he clapsed his hands, and his eyes turned upward—"who is the best angel out of Heaven's house, this night."

"Monstrous!"—retorted Evelyn—"explain this, Carolan—here is some mistake inconceivable to me—what! *I* injure—I distress her!—Carolan, hearken to me. It is *they* have wronged *me*, and plunged themselves into ruin. It is they have made me the most sorrowful and desolate man that walks the earth. Dear Carolan, I am belied and abused together!"

"Master Evelyn, do not say it—for you cannot impose it on me—I have heard the proof—"

"Of what?—what proof?—speak out!"

"And mean you, indeed, to deny, sir," continued Carolan, someting affected by Evelyn's impetuosity—"mean you to deny—"

"Peace, Carolan," interrupted Edmund M'Donnell, who, for some time, had listened, unseen, to the conversation. The tones of his voice were deep but tranquil, mild though commanding—"I learned you were near Master Evelyn—I feared you might meet him, and that your soft nature would condescend to an explanation, one word, one breath of which, were wreng and insult to me. Therefore I am here to request your further silence. Nay, your company down the hill—take my arm.'

"M'Donnell!"—Evelyn cried, as they moved; Edmund slightly started; but, recovering himself, continued to walk away. A second time his old friend pronounced the name he had been warned not to sound; still no notice was taken; a third time—"M'Donnell, M'Donnell!" he repeated loudly. At last Edmund stopped; parted from Carolan; again faced towards the gap; and advancing on Evelyn with a heavy step—

"Sir," he began, in a low, measured voice that half hissed through his teeth—"I come back, not in answer to the name you call me by, but the rather to warn you what I will believe you do not know. That its utterence, among these hills—the utterance of a name now lost—taken from me by—no matter by what—is—death, sir!" and he again turned his back on Evelyn.

"I fear not your threat—I fear the threat of none—I fear nothing," resumed his friend. "And I still call upon you to explain your ungenerous—your cruel, unjust conduct—I call on you—"

"Master Evelyn," interrupted M'Donnell, a second time checking his steps, "let us part in peace. Offer no further insult to me. I cannot resent it now, or in future, no more than I could your former outrage. There is a cause; you know there is a cause;" and his voice half faltered.

"By my hopes of heaven, Edmund—by the soul and memory of her, to whom your allusion points—"

"Peace, sir; we have witnessed this before."

"You shall hear me, Edmund; and, if you are a man, answer. Let me try to shape properly the questions that must lead to the whole clearing up of this black mystery—one moment, I entreat your pause—only one moment. How did you escape from Kirke, at Glenarriff?"

M'Donnell sneeringly laughed, "and do you begin by asking that, Master Evelyn?" he demanded.

"Why should I not? Was there a reinforcement of your friends, after Kirke's came up, and—"

"Pshaw, sir, for what a fool do you take me? know you not, as well as I, there was? Tush, tush, to what a man am I talking?"

"Then Eva fell not, indeed, into his—"

"His hands!" interrupted Edmund, surprised, in a degree, out of his calm sternness, "the tainted villian! Not while a brother, at the least, stood by to hinder it His hands! I tore her from the blasted wretch upon the threshold; for, when in a few minutes I was enabled to return with a good force, he had not left my father's roof. My point pressed him beyond the threshold; he fled from me down the glen, after his scattered plunderers. I had no horse at hand, but I followed him on foot and alone, to the turn on the shore, and thrice was my highland blade within a thrust of his heart, until I slipped, and—But shame upon me, I say, to forget the very caution I would have taught yon poor blind man—shame upon my truant tongue and my fickle spirit—I am again dishonoured."

Evelyn deeming it better to pursue his purpose than turn aside from it to challenge words like these, resumed, in an agitated and impressive manner, "then Edmund, I have for your present humour, but one further question. However you wrongfully regard me, whatever may be the cause of your error, tell me, in the name of old times, and old recollections, what you propose for Eva?"

M'Donnell again started; again checked himself; and a third time turned away.

"Tell me, I conjure you," continued Evelyn, "how soon and in what manner—"

"And dare you," still interrupted M'Donnell, speaking slowly, "dare you now make one inquiry concerning *her*—one allusion? Do you not, especially in your present situation, dread to do so? Has she not long ceased to be aught to you, man?"

"Alas! why will you force me to admit it? She has, Edmund—and yet, is it not my place and duty to urge my former question? When, oh! when, M'Donnell, will you separate her from the present courses—snatch her from the fate that ought, indeed, to afflict—shame us all?"

"Tempt me not too far, Master Evelyn. Still I try to recollect that my hand should not be against you; but press me not so hard. Traitor and false knave, you have been enough—"

"False knave! beware, M'Donnell, how, in my despair and affliction, you cause *me* to forget—the words you give me are falser than I—"

"That is too presumptuous—the echoing of that name, and all—" replied Edmund, still rather in determination than impatience, "begone, knave and liar!—off—or I must strike you to my feet!"

He drew his sword. Evelyn, following his example, instantly closed on him. As their weapons clashed, a figure that, for some minutes, had been watching them, came forward and separated the unhappy youths. Carolan, also, drew near.

"What! by you, wretched creature?" cried M'Donnell.

"By me," replied Onagh, still evincing, to Evelyn, the same composed manner she had shown in the island hut; "by me, who have brought sorrow enough on you both, to make me now try to keep off more, that ye would madly bring on yourselves. For mad ye are. As mad as I have been; tho' now that curse is taken away, and I am free and able to befriend those it was my doom to cross with early affliction. Hearken to me!" she cried, as Edmund hastened to interrupt her.

"You have not seen me since we met in the black north; but I have long followed you, with your wild women, to

make amends for that day. I knew you were imposed on by a false friend; not by him that stands before you, and who never deserved the name, but by one who brought you the stories that made you think he did. Aye, look at me—but 'tis truth. Knowing this, I came in her way, made her think well of me, tell me, with her own lips, her plottings, and her lies to you both—"

"Both! *her!*" cried Evelyn! "it was a woman, then? and that woman—Moya Laherty?"

"It was," answered Onagh.

"Pshaw!" said M'Donnell, "I want not to hear this. But you, woman, hither; and speak with me."

"And I am on the right ground to tell you the story you want to know," answered Onagh, getting agitated. "For this country, Edmund M'Donnell, is my own country; these hills, my hills; and it was here that, in early maidenhood, I met your brother, Donald."

M'Donnell drew back and stared upon her.

"Look on," she resumed. "And it was here you lost him. Look on, I say, and look closer; and then you may know me better."

"Woman," cried Edmund, disturbed. "I know you not, but for the mad wretch I ever knew you."

"You saw me, then, once, and more than once, when you used to come, a growing boy, to shoot the hill-birds, here, with him that's gone. Did you never hear him tell of Grace—"

"Grace Nowlan!" interrupted M'Donnell, slowly advancing on her—"stand woman!—Master Evelyn, forget our quarrel but a moment, and help me to secure this unhappy creature—the murderess of my elder brother!"

"Grace Nowlan, but no murderess!" she exclaimed, rushing, in spite of their efforts, through the gap, and again relapsing into her real or affected insanity of manner—"but we can settle that another time—it and your own affairs together—I will see ye again;" plunging from the gap. "Now, ye have other things to mind!" clapping her hands. "See that! hear that!"

A sudden glare of fiercest light that seemed to set the firmament in a blaze, burst all over the distant country; and, in a few seconds, was followed by an explosion so tremendous, that Evelyn thought the mountain upon which he stood, quivered to its shock.

"She speaks true, by Heaven!" exclaimed M'Donnell, "the good deed is done, and I must to my duty." He blew his horn; his wild troop, long in expectation of a summons, and previously roused by the shock, were in a few minutes around him.

"Bear the harper down, and keep him from all speech with the stranger!" he only waited to say, to some few who were to remain, when he headed the Rapparees through the gap. Onward they rushed after him, like a whirlwind, to the plain; leaving Evelyn once more alone, struck to the soul, from various causes, with utter consternation.

The incidents that produced some portion of his feeling, are to be accounted for.

Continuing for some time, rather parallel with the range of the Llieve Iellum mountains, at his left, when he first swept through Lacken-na-choppel, Sarsfield then wheeled to his right, turning his back on them, and his face to the Galteighs. Held on, for some miles, over partly high and partly low ground; again wheeled to his right, to approach the village of Cullen; gained a view of the little ford of Ballyvse-nougue; there observed the sentinel Hogan had foretold; and paused to consider how he should prudently overcome this obstacle.

"Let Rory go ax him for the word—that's the way to manage it," observed Hogan. Rory smiled hideously.

"Will you venture, good fellow?" inquired Sarsfield.

"Musha, yes, wid the Lord's help, Gineral, honey."

"Away, then."

"Avoch, aye, afther a fashion of our own, an' accordin' to the little ganious God gives us."

He dismounted; drew a nail from his pocket; deliberately drove it, with a large stone, into his garron's hoof—Sarsfield turning away his face—walked him, a step or two, to see if he was lame enough; patted him, and said that would do; pricked his own arm, and stained himself with the blood; and then limped on, with his horse, towards the ford, adding. "There, now. Sure wer'e jest a poor loyal man an' horse, sarved this way by the Rapparees, bad end to' em."

He disappeared. There was a pause. All listened for a dying groan—none reached them; but Rory quickly came running back, rubbing his hands, and simpering exceedingly. He whispered Sarsfield.

"My own name?" asked the general—"they need not have chosen one more ominous—forward!"

All passed the ford. The sentinel lay lifeless at its edge. Rory-na-chopple seemed to have whispered the poor fellow to death, so silent had been his horrid process, whatever it was. They cleared the village of Cullen, without suspicion, giving the word of the night, thus gained, and reporting themselves a detachment from the camp at Limerick. They swept up an ascent from it; found, on the top (called Longstone, because the road there ran over a rock), another sentinel—the same Sarsfield had seen posted from the gap. Him, too, they passed without hindrance. Soon they came in sight of the little square castle of Ballyneedy, perched on a barren level of a few yards, upon the height that gave it its name, while all over the road that ran half-way along the side of the hill, lay the train of guns, waggons, and carriages of various kinds, surrounded by their numerous escort, now—for it was near midnight—sleeping away the fatigues of a long march: their watch-fires flickering out, and few to attend to their replenishing.

When his prey appeared so near, Sarsfield rode his last half-mile, with some caution, and a mustering of breath and purpose. Scarce any but the sentinel, at hand, heard his approach. As he came up, the first of his party, the soldier challenged him in alarm—"The word?"

"SARSFIELD IS THE WORD, AND SARSFIELD IS THE MAN!" he was answered. And upon the unprepared escort, Sarsfield and his Lucan horse instantly plunged, with defeaning shouts. In a few moments, they had not an enemy to contend with; those who attempted resistance, or who would not yield themselves prisoners, were cut to pieces. So much done, Sarsfield, not pausing an instant, caused to be filled with powder to the brim, the whole of the battering cannon; then stuck them in the earth, muzzle downward; surrounded them with the remainder of two or three hundred barrels of powder; heaped over and around them their carriages, the baggage, and provision carts, and, without knowing it, several chests of treasure; laid a train, to a convenient distance; retired, with his people and prisoners; fired the train; and blew the whole, in fragments, into the air.

This was the explosion, that, five miles off, in a direct line, reached Evelyn, and seemed to shake the solid mass beneath

his feet. The Llieve Iellum hills glared in the reflected flash, and reverberated the roar through their deepest recesses. Even their *Foil-dhuiv* (black glen) was, for once, illuminated, at midnight. The Galteighs, remotely opposite, seemed to start at the blaze. The wild-deer, in the glen of Aharla, at their feet, bounded from their dewy heather-beds, deeming nought less than that the noon-day sun had burst through the noon at night. The old castle of Ballyneedy toppled from its foundation-stone, and rolled in fragments down the slope. And what is, perhaps, of more importance, Sir John Lanier, on his way, at the head of five hundred horse, to join the escort (after tidings of Sarsfield's sortie had, too late, reached William), was still far distant when he felt the ground quiver to the explosion, and saw the red glare in the sky. Nay, it is asserted, that William himself, seated in his Limerick camp, some thirteen miles off, heard and understood the earthquake shot.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

FOR more than an hour, Evelyn stood, confounded and alone, on the gap of *Lacken-na-chopple*. After the terrific, and, to him, unexplained commotion and glare, he heard, for some time, the receding gallop of M'Donnell's wild troop into the low country. Then, all was silence. He looked towards Ballyneedy: the blank of deepest night alone met his view. The explosion had scattered and put out every glimmer of the watch-fires around it. Scarce master of his thoughts and feelings, Evelyn was not aware of the considerable time he thus spent in solitude, when the distant rushing of horsemen again caught his ear from the plain below. The sound increased; it approached him. Finally, Sarsfield galloped up, followed by his people, and calling out, "Master Evelyn!"

Evelyn answered. "We have done it, sir!" continued Sarsfield; "you saw it—did you not? But now, to horse, and with us! Home, sir, by the road we came—no other lies open. We are set upon, or will be; but once again in the heart of the black hills, and a fair good night to them!"

Evelyn, gaining his horse, accompanied him about a mile, into the first recesses of the mountains. The whole party, together with their Rapparee guides, here bivouacked in a narrow glen, unapproachable at such an hour, by any, save those well acquainted with its dangerous passes. After some sleep, they proceeded, in the morning light, to the island camp; and refreshments and a longer rest were now afforded to men and horses. Again, all got into motion.

As Evelyn was about to mount, a man laid his hand on his shoulder; it was Carolan.

"Step aside, sir," he whispered; "I believe, after all, you are wronged. Your words to me, and to your old friend, and the sayings of that poor woman, force me to think so. But hold a good heart. Believing this, it becomes my duty—the greatest duty of my life—to see you righted—to see you happy—to make you so. And why? Because"—his voice trembled—"because, Mr. Evelyn, the happiness of her, whose humblest servant I am, is to be promoted along with yours. Say nothing now," as Evelyn offered to speak; "we have no time; but, depend on me, I will seek out poor Onagh, and the other woman she told of; I will get the truth from both, and—"

"Carolan!" interrupted an imperious and shrill voice. Evelyn turned, and saw, approaching with Sarsfield, from the edge of the little lough, the apparition that, for months, had scared away his peace, wherever he moved. But, as the harper stepped back, pressing his hand, and as this individual hastily drew nearer, what were his sensations to believe, for the first time, in the now full view he was afforded, that he did not look upon Eva M'Donnell? Astonishment, confusion, but, most of all, joy attended the discovery.

"Great God! who are you?" he cried, as the young person confronted him, still looking very like Eva, yet still showing, at a close observation, minute details of feature that proclaimed not only a distinct identity, but a different sex.

"*That* you should know, sir, and that you shall know," answered the youth, angrily. "My brother, Edmund, may imagine causes for his forbearance, but—"

"Your brother!" interrupted Evelyn, calling to mind the younger brother, of whom Eva had often spoken, as

residing in Spain, but, during their last allusions to him, at the Grey Man's Path, whom she had reported dead.

"He," continued James M'Donnell, "may, if he like, spare you the questioning he owes you, but you shall stand it from me. It is but lately I was allowed the information that gives me a right to address myself to you thus, Master Evelyn —it is but since last night I know even your person. Now, however—"

As he advanced very close, Carolan broke in with some words that exhorted him to be cautious. While many scowling Rapparees, left along with the stripling, to occupy the island, gathered around, Sarsfield also spoke, effectually putting an end to the matter.

"Mount, Mr. Evelyn, and ride with me! Men!" to his own troop, "guard your prisoner! Excuse us, Master James M'Donnell; but the King's service allows no such delay as your private business would propose—forward!"

The Lucan horse surrounded Evelyn, and, with Sarsfield, all moved for the banks of the Shannon.

"We speak again, sir!" shouted the youth, in a rage, as Evelyn was thus ravished from him.

"When you wish," replied Evelyn: "would that we could now speak it out! You will find me in Limerick—farewell!"

Had James M'Donnell held at his disposal the force with which his brother was absent, covering Sarsfield's retreat, King James's soldiers would scarce have baffled him. But, as it was, he durst offer no resistance. Unobstructed, therefore, and now not requiring a Rapparee guide, Sarsfield soon repassed the Shannon. Precisely by the same road he had come, he regained, in a few hours, the walls of Limerick, where joyous shouts, well understood in the hostile camp, greeted the tidings of his brilliant adventure.

But William was not to be turned from his purpose even by a loss and a disappointment so considerable as that which Sarsfield's adventure entailed upon him. To the surprise and alarm of the famishing garrison, he still kept his encampment on Singlands; received, in a short time, a second battering train from Waterford; and planted it on a height called Penny-well. While the soldiers and citizens of Limerick sparingly shared their raw beans—the only food they had—it seemed that a formidable breach would soon be made in the bulwarks of Ireland's strongest citadel.

Whilst, day after day, the battering at this one point continued, the garrison made a desperate midnight sortie upon the besiegers. Taken by surprise; thrown them into such confusion as to be unable to discern friend from foe, they attacked each other; and (the Irish having retreated unperceived) so continued, until the morning light showed them their mistake, and the shocking havoc that resulted from it.

At last, from the Penny-well battery, a breach about twenty feet wide was indeed made. Evelyn, standing along with Sarsfield upon the walls, almost over it, saw all the grenadiers in William's army form in a dense and threatening mass on the side of the descent from Cromwell's fort, evidently preparing to storm the city. The whole Danish force, and some English, moved to support them, at the left: an equal number of Dutch, Brandenbergians, and other English regiments, slowly, and with the soldier's regular movement, took their right, or appeared as a reserve. The bellowing of the cannon at Penny-well ceased:—there was a moment's pause. As Evelyn stood, Penny-well faced him, at about the distance of half a mile, and William's camp, with Cromwell's fort in front, lay to his right.

There was a moment's pause, during which Evelyn glanced along the walls, and behind him, into the city, to note the preparations made for the welcoming of this formidable array. To his astonishment, no soldiers manned the breach; although at either side of it, ranks of horse and foot pressed close, in silence and in action. Immediately facing the yawn in the wall, some guns had been mounted, on a hastily-constructed battery of stones, woolsacks, earth, and timber. Beyond this battery, in the street that turned towards Ball's-bridge, was a crowd of citizens, men and women, some rudely armed, some defenceless; but all determined, and, like the soldiers, all silent. Sarsfield, alone, seemed the waking genius of the scene. Evelyn saw him pacing, from point to point, earnestly impressing his commands. He would stop, and sometimes rest his sword across his arm, sometimes move it round his head, as if triumph had already resulted from his measures. Ever and anon, he sprang to the wall, took a view of the approaching enemy, and then hastened down to complete his arrangements. Such were the only visible dispositions to receive the assault, within the city.

Without, bodies of men filled the trenches between the counterscarp and the breach, mostly invisible to the enemy.

As Evelyn's eye recurred to the scene abroad, he saw that the grenadiers had advanced to the last angle of their own trenches, supported on the right and on the left, and by a reserve, as before described. Three field-pieces were discharged at Cromwell's fort: this was the signal they awaited. They leaped their trenches, and ran on cheering gallantly to the counterscarp; their right, left, and reserve, keeping up with them. Ere they reached the counterscarp, a tremendous fire of great and small shôt was poured upon them, from the curtain of wall, at either side of Evelyn, and hundreds fell: the cannon making lanes through the dense bodies of grenadiers. But all this range of battery, being in a direct line with Cromwell's fort, was instantly enfiladed from it: such showers of balls swept along the top of the wall, as soon promised to clear it of its garrison. For some time, however, the Irish returned on the enemy under them, the salutes received from their right. And while the united roar of the hostile cannons rent the sunny autumn sky, the walls were encumbered, and the approach to the breach strewed with the dead and the dying.

The mighty interest of the contest had, till this moment, kept Evelyn insensible to the peril of his situation. With his eye fixed on the approaching grenadiers, as, each moment, the cloud from which death was belched, wafted aside and left them visible; with his ears dinned, and his senses confused by the near bellowing of the guns; with his young and ardent spirit mixing, too, in the conflict; he had not time to reflect that, standing where he did, he was only a spectator. But a group of those who worked the battery, close by him, were now tumbled from the walls into the ditch below, and he awoke to a sense of his danger. At the same moment, the voice of Sarsfield sounded through the uproar:

"Give them the walls, comrades, give them the walls! Descend, and follow me where we can fairly meet them!"

Doubly warned, Evelyn hastened down, along with the men thus exhorted, whom Sarsfield instantly added to the crouching force already stationed at either side of the breach. All grew silent on the walls. William simultaneously suspended his enfilading from Cromwell's fort. Even abroad,

before the breach, and among the trenches, there ensued, a silence which seemed to argue that the assailants had paused to muster breath for a second effort, now unmolested by shot from the city. The dead and voiceless inaction grew horrible. The clouds of smoke that the double cannonading had congregated over the town, rolled from it towards a hill some miles off. An unblotted and scorching sky once more expanded above the scene of havoc.

"*Mostha musha, thaun galore*" (full time) "for honest bodies to have a guard o' themsefs. One o' them balls has no more regard for a poor simple boy, sich as me, nor for a roarin' mad sodger," said a voice close by Evelyn. He turned, and knew the Whisperer; the words were, indeed, addressed to him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Rory continued: "though I'm no great things to brag of, makin' a noise wid your guns, or shkiverin' wid your soords, aften's the time we can do a sarvice, afther a manner of our own, an' accordin' to the little ganius God gave us. Keep an eye upon poor Rory, a-vich; an' if he doesn't show you some *spuddoch**—" simpering with his usual graciousness, till a score of cunning wrinkles diverged from the corners of his eyes downward, and met as many branching upwards, from the corners of his spacious mouth; "if he doesn't show you a flock of Sassenachs nearer to Heavin's gate nor they think we wish to send 'em, you may jest call me *muddhaun more*†, 'till the tongue swells in your cheek." And he shuffled off, among the crowd behind the masked battery, rubbing his hands, in ecstacy, over his embryo project, and hanging his head more than usual towards the side to which it curved.

Renewed cheers broke from the assaulters; the explosions of their hand-grenades were heard; and then the dropping fire from the Irish who lay in the trenches, answered by volleys from William's right. Field-pieces, at some distance to the left of the town, also joined the roar; and Evelyn heard Sarsfield say to Grace, as they stood close by the breach, mustering, along with their men, full effort for a planned purpose: "Our little battery, from King's Island, plays merrily on their right, John."

Shouts, groans, trampling, the discharge of musketry, and the explosion of hand-grenades, all formed a confused din

* Sport. † Big fool.

without, but Evelyn could see nothing of what passed until the Irish foot, posted in the trenches, jumped, covered with blood, in confusion upon the breach—

"Where now, cowards?" asked Sarsfield, in a vehement whisper.

"The counterscarp is carried," answered one, who seemed an officer; "half our men killed in the trenches, and—"

"In then, in!" continued Sarsfield. The defeated trenchmen jumped into the street of the town, and looked round, in panic, to continue their retreat. The pikes and bayonets at either side of the breach opposed them; while opposite, the groans and revilings of men and women kept them stationary. Under Sarsfield's command, they rallied, and joined their seemingly inactive brethren. While in the very act of doing so, the shouts of the brave English grenadiers burst just outside. In came a shower of their hand-grenades; and, almost simultaneously they themselves sprang into the breach. A murderous volley of grape instantly saluted them from the masked battery, inside the walls. Another; and those who did not fall dead or wounded, jumped back. Still Sarsfield and his reserve remained quiet.

Evelyn stood to the right of the breach, in the rear of the portion of the reserve there posted, a crowd of citizens around him. More than once, while the contest raged without, the Whisperer passed and re-passed him, adroitly piercing through the throng; looking the very fiend of the strife; chuckling over his intended mischief; and ever saying, in a low bland tone, as he came near his old friend:

"You'll soon see the *spuddoch*, a-chorra machree; you'll soon see the *spuddoch*." In his latest transits he was followed by a female in a flowing mantle, who seemed a confidant in his plans, whatever they might be. Evelyn once heard him whisper her, as he clapped her on the shoulder: "Have a care upon you, a-lanna. Don't let sich a fine *spurt* as God is sendin' us, be for little good. Let 'em be perched as thick as swarmin' bees, afore you beckon." Immediately upon the repulse of the grenadiers, he again passed to some distance, with a lighted match, and seemed to make certain preparation, of which Evelyn could not discern the meaning, or even the process. Once more, as he sidled through the crowd, in increasing glee—"The *spuddoch* 'ill soon be now, a-vich," he

said; "mind the *pechauns** that 'ill come getherin' in the shky, afther a while."

There was another short pause in the conflict. Then, another reinforced assault from the grenadiers; another discharge from the battery into their faces; and though many again fell, none flinched. Down from the breach they scrambled and jumped, in hundreds, into the town. Ran on, seized, and silenced the masked battery—cheered in the reserve. But, now, their fate, and the fate of Limerick, drew near.

"Charge! for Limerick! for Ireland!" roared Sarsfield. The ambushed soldiers, at either side, instantly filled the breach. They met the reserve, with the shock of torrent against torrent. Madly shouting, half their force repelled them beyond the trenches, abroad, half turned upon the foe cut off in the streets of the town. Extermination of these gallant fellows followed. To a man, they refused to give or take quarter—to a man, they were slain. Assailed by the soldiers in front, and by the people in rear, their destruction was the work of but a few minutes. Even the women of Limerick mixed in the deadly struggle. Many a beautiful girl and staid matron rolled among the dead; others seized the arms of the slaughtered grenadiers, or, supplied with sharp stones from the breach, or with whatever missile chance afforded, set an example of desperate courage to their brothers, lovers, or husbands. And while a furious sortie, headed by Sarsfield, and supported by a gallant Scotsman, Wauhup, was made after the assailants, the crowd of women scrambled to the breach, their attire rent and blood-stained, their hair flowing, and there brandishing their chance weapons, sent a frantic scream of triumph and defiance after their discomfited foe.

In the midst of this scene of uproar, slaughter, and horror, Evelyn's eye was attracted by a woman in the window of a house next to him. His regards fixed on her face; for he thought he recognised Onagh of Red Bay. She held in her hand a stick, to which was attached a torn fragment of a red handkerchief; her look was fastened on a certain part of the walls. Evelyn glanced in the same direction. He saw a regiment, which he knew, by the uniform, to be Brandenbergians, gallantly scaling the Black battery, one of the defences

* Crows.

near the breach. At this instant, Sarsfield, his face and person stained with blood and dust, sprang back into the town, crying out—

"Limerick is safe! they fly at every point! To the walls, Irishmen, and give them a farewell greeting. But, hah! there be some saucy fellows before us," his eyes catching the Brandenbergians.

"Lave *them* to me, gineral honey," said the Whisperer, from the rather remote station where he had previously been making some arrangements. "An' stop a bit, just where you are, for your own darlin' sake. Gossip," elevating his voice to Onagh, who still held her place in the window, "is it time to fly my flock, yet, I wondher?"

There was a cry from Onagh—she dropped her flag—the whole regiment had now ascended the Black battery. Rory touched the ground near him, with a lighted match. A train fizzed towards the wall, under and along it, till it reached the tower of the battery, which was full of gunpowder, and, with a horrid explosion, up went the tower in fragments, and with it the fragments of hundreds of men. And this Evelyn now comprehended to be the "*spuddoch*" which Master Rory-na-chopple had promised him.

Amid deafening shouts, the walls were again manned. With the roar of triumph, volleys of grape, still destructive, reached the flying army. Dalrymple authorizes the statement that William lost, this day, two thousand of the flower of his soldiers. It may be added that, under all the circumstances, unequal in numbers, undisciplined, unsupported by regular allies, starving, and against the terror of the name of a great general—Limerick made a struggle, and accomplished a triumph, not unlike or inferior to the struggle and triumph which has since immortalized the walls of Saragossa.

"And now, sirs," said King William, who, like James at the Boyne, and a greater man than either, at Waterloo, had watched the chances of the day from the height of Cromwell's fort, and who, immediately after the defeat, collected around him his drooping generals and followers. "Now, sirs, I am for England; perhaps for the Low Countries. Affairs go on as ill there as here. I leave you, Solmes, in full command of my Irish army; Ginkle to succeed you, whenever it may be needful; with my commands to both to finish this Irish war on any terms."

"My liege!" cried many voices, amongst which were those of Colonel Lloyd, of the Enniskilleners, and Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Meath. "Your gracious Majesty cannot ask us to consider a foe so contemptible and pernicious," added Colonel Lloyd.

"I came into Ireland, too much depending on such views, sir," answered William, sullenly and bitterly, "for the which I was indebted to you, and those of your mind. But it were well we all brought ourselves to regard, more calmly and truly, the enemy we seek to understand, as well as subdue. Listen, then. Upon the first attempt for my crown, in Ireland, this contemptible foe beat you—you, the Protestant strength of Ireland—in a few weeks, out of eight northern counties. Beat you, in four battles, one at Dromore, one at Hillsborough, one on the banks of the Bann, and one at Clady Ford. Reduced you to a confused remnant, and shut you up between the four walls of Derry. There you starved, truly; more because you dreaded the consequences, than dared the principle of a surrender. Until at last, upon the very threshold of a treaty with Hamilton, you were saved—not by yourself, or aught you could do—but by a few English regiments. Against this contemptible foe I then sent twenty thousand English and foreigners, headed by a great general; you gave them and him your help. I will say little of his gratitude for your alliance, or his testimony of your character. Enough, that between you all, you were out-manœuvred, cowed, and consigned to destruction by this contemptible foe; and that your campaign terminated without a battle, yet with the loss of half my army. Mark, still—I came among you, in person, to retrieve the disgraces of my cause and my arms. The first battle with this insignificant foe was twice nearly lost. Once, Colonel Enniskillener, by *your* corps deserting me, in the second charge at Sheephouse, and running, merrily, though with your King at your head, from the face of this insignificant foe. Immediately after, a handful of them repulsed, with some loss, ten thousand of my troops at Athlone. This day, they have repulsed my whole army, headed by myself, and greatly seconded by the native zeal of the Enniskilleners. Sirs," he continued, more than usually roused, "you witness the first real defeat, except one in my youth, at Maestricht, which I have ever suffered. As I am a soldier and a king, Limerick has been bravely

lefended. And yet you hear it said, that men who can so lemean themselves, merit not the consideration due to a fair nemy. Hearken to my parting orders. Finish, I repeat, his Irish war upon any terms. Should the future give you a promising advantage, propose then, as well as now, full protection in property, and civil privileges with religious freedom. If the Irish enemy at last fall, offer, to all who will willingly comply, place and rank in my British armies. I should care for such soldiers as they would make. I have done. Farewell!"

"My gracious liege," said the Bishop of Meath, as William turned away, "remember the creed of the rebels you would thus propose to patronize. Deign, sire, tenderly to remember our loyalty, our sufferings, and our lawful expectations of redress. Deign—"

"Bishop of Meath, attend. While holding up my right hand, in the face of heaven and of men, to repeat and swear my coronation oath, a clause was proposed to me that I should 'root out heretics.' At these words, I stopped my Lord of Argyle, who administered the oath, and declared I did not mean to oblige myself to become a persecutor. The commissioner explained that such, surely, was not the meaning of the oath; and then I bid him note that in such a sense only I took it. The same, Bishop of Meath, do I now desire you to note. And so, an end. Let the siege be raised, and the army retire on Clonmel. Solmes and Ginkle, remember my orders, and give them all effect."

"We promise to do so," they answered, equally indifferent, with William, to the petty Irish divisions, upon which alone Irishmen could contemplate a great struggle.

"Be it so," whispered Dr. Dopping to Colonel Lloyd, who smiled at the allusion that followed; "we may yet have our own audience, and our own day for it."

## CHAPTER XL.

EVELYN remained in Limerick, after the retreat of William's army, most anxious for the interview with James M'Donnell, which their last recounter led him every moment to expect. But weeks and months passed on without any appearance of this young man. Becoming impatient, Evelyn applied to Sarsfield for permission to go seek him or Carolan, pledging his parole for a punctual return to the city. He was informed by the General that such a step would, in all probability, now prove useless. Inasmuch as Edmund M'Donnell, or Yamen-ac-knuck, was known to have changed his ground of operations, from Munster and Connaught, into Leinster, in consequence of the deadly hostility directed against him by the whole of the invading army, of which the greater portion were now formed into imitative bands of freebooters, hunting down their prototypes, or plundering, in common with them, the unprotected and miserable population.

Edmund's brother must necessarily have followed the wanderings of his senior and commander, into whatever unknown district was, at present, the scene of their exertions or concealment. Sarsfield added that, apart from the difficulty of discovering their retreat, extreme peril would be incurred even in the attempt; because, of all Irish Rapparees then abroad, none had given so much cause as Yamen-ac-knuck for the determined warfare directed against him. Influenced by the whole of this reasoning, Evelyn gave up his intention of leaving Limerick.

Time wore away. Another campaign was opened against the Irish army; Ginkle being now head general of the force of their enemies. Before the affair of Limerick, Lauzan had accomplished his plan of re-embarking for France, himself and his men. Tyrconnel, previously assuming, in his stead, the chief command of James's Irish soldiers, sailed with him, in order to negotiate, at St. Germains, a supply of arms, clothes, provisions, and, if possible, money. While he was yet in France, a deputation from the Irish army, composed of some gallant officers, reached James, conveyed the first intel-

ligence of the siege of Limerick, and of Sarsfield's previous exploit; remonstrating against being commanded by a man so old and undistinguished as Tyrconnel; praying the appointment of a native Irish general of character and experience in the field; and strongly, though indirectly, manifesting their willingness that Sarsfield should be that general. James wavered; and was about to concede to their wishes, when Tyrconnel, now aware of the object of the deputation, wrote to him from the coast, whither he had advanced on his way home, a letter that, in pique and dotage, inveighed against the Irish officers, sneered at Sarsfield, and altogether urged his master to pay no attention to the remonstrance. The exiled King, unable to resist the appeal of his oldest servant, but worst enemy, became, as was usual with him in cases of difficulty, fretted and undecided; and at last took a middle course, that he thought would calm, if it did not satisfy, all parties of his Irish friends; but that proved, in fact, the ruin of his last hope of empire. Untaught by the disastrous effects he had himself seen flow from the natural jealousy of brave and devoted men to be commanded in their native land by a foreigner, and regardless of their present lively wish, as expressed in their remonstrance, he named St. Ruth to be their general, leaving Sarsfield and Tyrconnel, about equal in rank and authority, under him. To the former Irish officer he forwarded, through the hands of the latter, a patent of nobility, creating him Earl of Lucan, which he deemed would go a good way in soothing the disappointment of Sarsfield's friends, and Sarsfield's self, at his rejection of their prayer, and the again subjecting them to the arrogance of a French commander. But, though the patent was accepted, it failed in its expected good effects. The national jealousy, kept up with, it would seem, a studious care, deprived King James of the energies and services of his Irish army, and now his only one; deprived him of his throne; and deprived them of a country.

Under the baneful influence of this jealousy, the battle of Aughrim was fought between Ginkle and the Irish army, who had advanced from Limerick to meet him. St. Ruth and Sarsfield quarrelled on the field, the very night before the struggle; the overweening hauteur of the one justly provoking the sturdy manliness of the other. Although now acting as confidential colleagues, the rash and insolent, yet

brave and experienced Frenchman, carried to such a criminal pitch his petty dudgeon, as to withhold from Sarsfield all advice of his plans for the engagement, his disposition of the forces, or, in case of his own fall, what was to be done, consistently with previous movements and final calculations, to insure a victory.

To the battle he went in sullen mystery. Yet he took up his ground well, and like a good general; and, directed by his skill, his Irish soldiers well seconded him. All historians acknowledge this. Again and again they repulsed with great loss the brave veterans who attacked them, remaining unshaken in their own positions. Evening drew on, and Ginkle was about to retire. Yet would he try a last effort; and he was again beaten back; his whole army shook. St. Ruth, well able to watch his time, was about to head the charge that must have decided, for the present, the fate of three kingdoms.

"Now," he cried, "will I drive them to the walls of Dublin." But even as he spoke, a cannon shot struck him dead; his troops paused, first in consternation, then in uncertainty; Sarsfield was called on to take his place, and carry into effect the movements he had intended. But here burst the thunderbolt of divided councils. The Irish general, unaware, as has been shown, of the plans of St. Ruth, required some minutes to cast his eye abroad, and arrange, according to his unexpected situation, a plan of his own. While he paused, his soldiers, checked in the ardour of a charge, and affected by the sudden loss of their first general, cooled, doubted, wavered. Ginkle took instant advantage of their confusion: the field of Aughrim was lost—lost, in the very moment it had been won. The fall of a brave man, no matter what may be his faults, must ever be a subject of regret. But those most interested in the event we glance at, may be excused for having felt, at the moment, how slightly did the fate of St. Ruth expiate the vast misfortune into which his silly self-conceit thus plunged thousands of men as brave as he.

It was not necessary for Evelyn to ask any question of the fortune of the battle, when, soon after its close, Sarsfield, dispirited and dejected, re-entered Limerick, at the head of his still formidable army. But, in a few hours, the general cheered up; resumed his self-possession and energies; and gave orders to prepare for a second siege. He was cheerfully seconded

No heart but the impetuous and unenduring one of Tyrconnel, refused to respond to his yet lively hopes. And that heart broke in puerile despair; the victim of its own re-acting impatience, and of the uncalculating violence of temperament that always grasped at much, but could never take one sedate step to accomplish even a little.

Sarsfield felt himself entitled to just grounds of hope for ultimate success. His army was still formidable, and, at last under his command, more effective than ever. They prepared to meet in Limerick the same foe they had before driven from its walls. William's affairs went on but indifferently on the Continent. He had gone over to direct them, in person, but returned to England without fresh laurels. His domestic enemies, in England, were still watchful and inveterate. He could not spare another regiment to Ireland. French fleets rode triumphantly in the British seas. Lastly, Louis, rejecting the statements of Lauzan, and judging for himself, by the late instances of native Irish character, had promised to send a considerable number of ships, bearing money, provisions, arms, and men, to the very walls of Limerick. With these views and prospects to stand upon, Sarsfield did not fear the approach of Ginkle. Nor, perhaps, from similar calculations, did that general seem very sanguine of success. At all events, acting upon the last instructions of his master, he now offered to the Irish garrison the most honorable and advantageous terms of surrender. They were refused. He sat down before Limerick, and carried on, without effect, a vigorous siege. The city was, in all directions, fired by his shells, or battered by his cannon. The people fled from their ruined houses, into a part of King's Island, on which no buildings stood. He made a breach near Ball's-bridge: still without good results. His batteries grew silent. He turned away from the breach he had effected; removed his train and army; invested the town from another point, at the county Clare side; crossed the Shannon; surprised an Irish outpost, who retired in confusion over Thomond-bridge, their French major shutting hundreds of them out to the mercy of the pursuers, from whom they got none. But, even yet, Limerick and its garrison were safe, and, as much as ever, beyond his reach. Feeling this, Ginkle again proposed the same favourable terms he had before more than once sent in. He dreaded the approach of the promised French fleet.

But while he dreaded, his enemies despaired of his ap-

proach. Months had passed away since the time they had been led to expect it; but it came not. James's Irish subjects despaired of his zeal, sympathy, and exertions in their behalf. They argued that he had at last wholly deserted his own cause and them. They were in much want of all that the fleet was to have brought them. They began to turn an eye to Ginkle's proposals. They said, since we are thus left to ourselves, we will make terms for ourselves; and here, apart from the claim of James, here are terms fully as favourable as those we could have expected even from him. Sarsfield heard them with impatience, and urged perseverance to the last. They were still willing to listen to him; still willing to persevere. But now comes in a rather important fact, for which James himself, and his reverend amanuensis, are authority. The clergy (as their predecessors before had done in earlier periods of Irish history, when Fitzstephens was before Wexford, and Henry II. before Dublin, for instance) interfered, recommending a treaty with Ginkle. This advice could not be resisted. Even Sarsfield gave up opposition to the general impression it at once made; and, after some preliminaries, went out to Ginkle's camp, accompanied by an eminent Irish lawyer, Sir Tobias Butler, Viscount Galmoy, and three colonels, to dine with their new friend, and, at the leisure of all, discuss and sign a treaty.

After their departure from the city, Evelyn stood on a part of the walls that faced the country uninvested by Ginkle's army. His thoughts and his heart were as dreary as the October day, through whose drizzling mist he looked vacantly over the desert landscape. Three figures, on horseback, caught his eye, advancing rapidly to John's-gate. At a first glance, he perceived that one was a female, riding between two men. They drew nearer; the lady appeared to be youthful; her companions, a young man, sitting very erect and stiff in his saddle, and an old man, bent almost double to his horse's neck. The steeds of all seemed jaded and soiled, as if after a long and painful journey. Evelyn's bosom beat quick; imagination already identified the three travellers; although they were yet too distant, and the misty medium too thick, to warrant him in making any certain conclusions.

While he still gazed on them, a hasty step approached the place where he stood; and, turning round, Evelyn saw James M'Donnell by his side. At the same moment, two women,

wrapped close in the common Irish mantle, emerged, at some distance, from the steps that led to the top of the wall, and there stopped, as if stealthily observing him and Evelyn.

"You are found at last, sir?" said the young man, angrily.

"Say, rather, you are come at last," replied Evelyn; "I awaited you, here, since our meeting in the hills."

"Well; perchance that, at least, is true. But you will excuse my absence, sir; the chances of the service in which I am engaged, deprived me of all opportunity, with due regard to the safety of a beloved brother, to enter Limerick sooner than this morning. Now we are met, however; and—"

"Pardon me in turn. Before we speak further, how is that brother?"

"Oh, sir," with a scoffing tone, "well; and, for the first time during this campaign, near us, in Clare, yonder. Near those, too, who, as we speak, perhaps, have again felt the hand they often felt before."

"Does he know of your business in Limerick?"

"No, sir. And your own knowledge of the cause of his personal forbearance towards you, might have spared that question; might have informed you that I would not, by making my elder brother aware of my business, run the risk of his commands against it."

"Well, sir, I have done questioning. Proceed, and briefly, for I am called hence," resumed Evelyn, looking off the walls, and assuring himself, just as a turn in the road hid them from his view, that the three travellers were Eva, Carolan, and Priest M'Donnell.

"You have basely wronged my sister," cried the youth.

"Never; in act, word, or thought."

"Have a care, Master Evelyn; add not renewed falsity to great wrong."

"The warning is as vain as it is idle. But, no; there cannot—shall not be a quarrel between us. Tell me why you charge me thus, and listen to my disproof. That must be the only course at present."

"First, then"—scarce able to curb his impatience—"when she was assailed by the blackest villain alive, amid the ruins of her father's house, in Glenarriff, you abandoned her, like a coward and a recreant, leaving an insolent message to be delivered to her by your minion of the hour."

Evelyn smiled bitterly, and asked: "Who told you this?"

The two women, who had been slowly advancing, were Onagh and Moya; they now stood close to the disputants. Onagh, holding Moya's hand in one of her's, and pointing at her with the other, anticipated James M'Donnell's answer, by saying:

"This colleen told him."

The youth started, turned round, and exclaimed:

"Yes, by Heaven! that is our informant. Come hither, I care not how, at a needful moment. Speak, woman! was not such your story?"

"Such was her lying story," interposed Onagh, "which she is now here to gainsay."

"What!" cried James M'Donnell; "have we been practised on, indeed, by a creature like you? Were they false tales you told us?"

"Answer, Moya Laherty," resumed Onagh, while the Rapparee girl hung her head, in silence, the hood of her cloak half-hiding her features, but not disguising the mortified or repentant tears that wetted her altered cheek, "answer, I say," Onagh went on—"speak up, as you spoke to me, and for the reasons that made you promise to tell the truth to others. Remember your hopes of him are past; remember the woe and heartbreak your stories have brought on all; remember your sorrow for the sin; and, above all, remember the punishment and the troubles I have shown you I could bring down on your young head, if you go back from the truth, and rebel against me. Say it out boldly, Moya Laherty. Did you tell lies of this Sassenach gentleman?"

"I did," at last replied Moya, chiefly wrought upon, perhaps, by the threat of supernatural horrors, with which Onagh had principally won her to her present humour.

"He did not fly, then, from the Strip of Burne, nor bid you tell Eva M'Donnell that he was weary of the love between them?"

"Nien. But while the house wos clear, an' the last o' the Rapparees huntin' the red-coats down the glin, an', one way or another, no one left on the flure but mysef an' the wounded Sassenach, I pulled him out o' sight, over the thatch an' stones, into the corner. An' when Yamen M'Daniel come back, I tould him what ye know."

"And when I recovered from my wound you also gave me *false* accounts of them?" asked Evelyn.

"Ochown, Sassenach! I did, I did," said Moya, sobbing and weeping plentifully.

"Wretched creature!" exclaimed James M'Donnell. "The second message you brought to my brother and sister from Schomberg's camp, was that false too?"

Moya yielded an afflicted assent.

"But how came you by the ring and other tokens, which you said Master Evelyn had sent back by you?"

"I think I can answer that," said Evelyn. "She came dishonestly by them, while attending me in the disguise of an Enniskillener—in the same way that enabled her to pin the letter from Eva in the cover of my travelling valise."

"Och, yes, yes!" sobbed Moya. "But you never knew me, Sassenach, a-chorra?"

"No, nor scarce suspected you until the last night we met in O'Haggerty's camp. Then, however, your voice, undisguised in passion, fully discovered you, and also showed me your motive, Moya, for the part you were playing. But, another question. Was the appearance of Master James M'Donnell in the hut, after the men brought in lights, a matter arranged between you and him?"

While the youth seemed impatient to answer, Moya hastily said—"I never thought, till the present moment I hear you say it, that you saw him there. I only knew that, while I slipped out, an' your back to the door, some one stepped in against me."

"Of her or you, Master Evelyn, I then had heard nothing," added James M'Donnell. "I was, by chance, a sojourner for the night in the little encampment, on my way from England, to seek the surviving members of my family. I heard this woman's screams in your hut, and stepped in to ascertain the cause. That is all."

"You visited Kensington Palace during your travel through England from Spain, sir," observed Evelyn.

The young man started, stared, and frowned.

"Fear me not," drawing him aside, "although I saw you sitting in the lonely seat, when you took out and kissed your dagger; and twice after—once, when you would have pushed through the Dutch guards into the court, where William was mounting for the hunt; and again, in the audience chamber, where—"

"Hush, sir! Enough. Did you—or rather, how did you know me?"

"I knew you not, though, in agony and despair, I thought I did. Your great likeness to your sister—assisted by accounts of her conduct, which yon girl told me, but which, along with all her other stories, I am, thank Heaven, now able to disbelieve—led me into a horrible mistake of your person then and afterwards. At Essex-gate, when the tidings of William's landing reached Dublin; in the battle of the Boyne; and lastly, in your island bower in Tipperary."

Scarcely attending to Evelyn's last words, the young man bent his eyes a moment on the ground; then hastily resumed, with a flashing glance—

"You guessed my business, too?"

"Perchance I did," answered Evelyn.

"If not, learn it now, sir," the youth continued fiercely. "Chance tidings of the ruin of my family reached me abroad, where I was supposed to have died, but where I only awaited the end of a bad illness to return to my native country. My blood could not choose but boil with rage and revenge. I looked round for a victim. My eye fixed on him who was the head and cause of all. I sailed for England, devised plans to reach him, sought him out, had him almost within arm's length, and—curses!—missed him. Make your own account of the story."

"You surely cannot suppose me inclined to turn it to any account injurious to you," said Evelyn, "especially after the explanation that has here fallen out between us? Are we not friends? Are you not assured I never harboured a thought of wronging your sister? Nay, let me add, that Eva could not have suffered as I did; that the deepest misery was mine. And that no earthly prospect is so bright with happiness to me as the hope, after one other question, of again placing on her finger this little bond of our love and eternal union." He drew from his bosom the marriage ring that Eva had returned, and that, ever since, he had worn suspended round his neck.

"Another question!" echoed James M'Donnell. "What is it? Does it shape a doubt of my sister?"

"No; but its answer—if possible from her own lips—would make me the happiest of living men."

"Your method of solution proposes an impossibility," said the youth. "My sister has been in France since the retreat of James from Dublin—she sailed with him."

"But she is not in France, now," said Onagh.

"Where then?" asked James M'Donnell.

"On the road to meet us all, in this place," replied Onagh. "So came the word this morning to me; the word that made me come to Limerick with Moya Laherty by the hand."

"Who sent it?"

"The friend of her and you—Carolan."

"But *I* know she is not on the road," cried Evelyn, "because she is this moment within the walls we stand on —I heard the gate open to let her in."

"He speaks true," said Onagh; "look there."

Eva, supported by Carolan and old Father M'Donnell, appeared coming up the steps of the wall. With a cry of joy, James M'Donnell sprang to his sister. Evelyn was following, when Onagh caught him back, saying, "Not yet." The distant group conversed rapidly and energetically together; Eva holding her eyes down, as she attentively listened to Carolan and her brother. At last she lifted them up. They fixed, floating in tears, on Evelyn; she stretched out her arms; and, in a moment, was clasped to his heart.

"I hear your murmurings of joy," said Carolan, standing erect and proud, while tears ran down his own cheeks, "and 'tis joy to me, because I have made it. I told you it was my duty to see you righted, Mr. Evelyn; I gave you a promise that I would. I gathered, as I said I would, the true story from Onagh, and the wicked Moya, herself. I bore it over the wide sea; I walked with it, alone, over the face of a wide and strange country, God and an honest heart giving me help and guidance on the road. I found out her whose happiness it concerned. I told it to her; and she is here, at home, happy again."

"Noble Carolan!" said Eva. "All is, indeed, as you hear, dear Evelyn; many hundreds of miles, through France, did the poor harper walk to see me. He who guides the peace-heralding dove on her airy course, who feeds the raven in the desert, and smoothes the path for the pilgrim, can alone say how. Never appeared vision of sleep more doubtful to my waking senses, than the vision of his face at my convent grate. And well may he stand erect there witnessing the happiness he has conferred; for there be reasons, which you do not guess, that make his act a virtue truly."

"Eva, Eva," said Carolan, "I am proud, indeed; but you will praise me too much. I have done what I have done, to make myself blessed, as well as you."

"Much sooner should my reverend guardian and myself have obeyed his summons home, Evelyn, but that we waited safe convoy across the seas, which at length we found—but more of that anon. Now, let me ask one necessary question" —advancing to Onagh and Moya—"let me demand what could have been the cause of the wicked and cruel practices which have so long brought misery on us all. Tell me, poor maiden, what could have set you on?"

"Tell *me* what has brought *you*, over say an' land, to get one fond glance from his eye, one kiss from his mouth!" answered Moya, fiercely, her impetuous nature aroused into madness, notwithstanding her late penitence, at sight of the true love she had so often tried to cross. "He was my heart's wish—I doated on the villain Sassenach. Sowl an' body, here, an' to come, I'd have laid down—as, more than onct I ventured life—to make him love poor Moya."

"For life, indeed, I have twice been Moya's debtor," said Evelyn to Eva, "and never shall forget it, however selfish might have been—"

"Yes, grand colleen," broke in Moya—"for him I done more—dared more—than you ever did—than you can ever do. For him I gave up kith an' kin—cause an' counthry—kind words for the voices o' sthrangers—my woman's mantle for a man's battle-coat. I watched him—followed him—I laid my head on the could earth, at his feet—look here!"—tearing open her bosom, upon which was the mark of the scar she had received at the Strip of Burne—"the pike that entered here was aimed at his heart. An' now—an' now he laves me alone for ever. Cead mille curses!" clasping her hands, and looking up—"may all—But no"—suddenly changed by one of the gusts of better feeling that alternated with her uncurbed passions and unprincipled habits—"no, grand colleen, Moya will never pray a curse on his head—nor on yours—since he loves and likes you; she has no right. 'Twas all a wild dhrame she was in, an' maybe, as ye say, a wicked one. You desarve the Sassenach-dhass, an' she does *not*; she, the poor Rapparee's child, that hasn't a home or a counthry even in the counthry they call their own. An' so

love him, an' keep by his side. Only love him as well as Moya Laherty—be as willin' to do as much for him—to give up all—to see the heart's blood run loose for him—to die contented for him—love him, that way, an' Moya will thry to pray good, instead of bad, for you, the last black day she lives—God be wid ye."

She turned down the steps.

"Truly," said Eva, recovering from much astonishment, "my poor rival but tells me my duty, Evelyn. Her faults, and the pain she has given us, must be forgotten now, and her future comforts attended to. I have but one other explanation to seek. Onagh, look upon me. I am not ignorant of the late good services you have done me and mine; but I cannot forget your former unprovoked hostility. Nay, its recollection only makes as unaccountable as itself that late kindness. You owe me a faithful account of the reasons that urged you to cross the happiness of my brother. Give it, faithfully and plainly; for I am told you can now speak more plainly than you used to do."

"I can, Eva M'Donnell. But you ask me for reasons—and reasons I cannot give. As well may you ask the sea why it crushes the ribs of the strong ship against the rock; or the wind why it tears up the stately tree; or the fire why it burns; or the water why it drowns. My mind was then without a reason for anything, most of all for that; it dashed like the sea; roared like the wind; burned like the fire; all with that upon it. Why I have brought sorrow to you, I don't know. Or if I told you how I thought I had a right to do it, you would not know my meaning. I do not know it myself, now, in the calm hours that are restored to me. Yet, listen to all I can tell.

"You had a brother Donald, comely as the day, light of heart as the breeze; but as false, too. He came to this southern country in his youth, to take care of some grounds belonging to your family. He was formed to make women love him; and to make all that loved him rue it sorely. From the highest to the lowest, among those equal to him and below him, he smiled, and had smiles in return. With the rest, he courted young Grace Nowlan—you heard of her?"

"I did," answered Eva. "I heard she was the handsomest maiden in her country, of his own rank in life; and Donald's father was glad when it was thought he would wed her."

"Well. Grace Nowlan loved him better than her own life—better than her own honour. The hour of her shame drew on; she came weeping to Donald M'Donnell, to ask him to do her justice: he only laughed, kissed, and left her. Grace had brothers. They suspected her state; they gathered round her, and asked her, with terrible threats, to tell them the truth. She was obliged to confess all. They went away, whispering together. In a little time, she was a mother. Soon after she received a message from Donald, inviting her to give him another sinful meeting. Her brothers came and told her they knew of the message, and commanded her to comply with it so far as to make the signal at Donald's window, and meet him as he came out. She feared in her heart to do as they bid her; but they frightened her into it. So she went; alone, as she thought.

"That night, light-hearted Donald M'Donnell had a brave company of youngsters, like himself, drinking and singing in his house. In the middle of the night, Grace's signal was heard by him and them, at the window. It was the throwing of three pebbles at the glass. He said he should leave them for a space. They laughed and bantered him; bidding him go, and that they would stay to drink him success.

"He went down stairs. They heard him open and shut the door. They drank bumpers to his success, as they said they would. They waited an hour or so, patiently, for his return. Then another, not so patiently. Then another and another, until the dawn of the winter's morning. But no Donald M'Donnell came back to them."

"Nor has ever since been heard of," said Eva: "from that hour, my poor brother was lost to us."

"From that hour!" echoed Onagh. "Did you never hear of any little things, afterwards, that might give you a guess as to his fate?"

"Never," answered Eva; "although every possible inquiry and search were made in the country."

"But I did," continued Onagh. "In a little time, some people began to whisper that a great clamp of turf had been seen blazing, the same night, in a black bog near his house. And when the curious neighbours went to scrape among the ashes of the turf, they found two buttons of a man's coat, half melted away. That was all."

"Woman!" cried Eva, "what horrid thing would you insinuate? Who are you?"

"Woman, yourself!" retorted Onagh, bursting, in returning insanity, from her calm, "what right have you to speak thus to me? But I—I—didn't I see it all? When he met me at the window, and walked me, a field or two, away—when my dark brothers came up to us, one carrying the child in his arms, and asked him to do it and their sister justice—when I went on my knees, begging the same thing, for now I feared the worst—what think you he answered? in cruelty and hardness of heart, what think you? That he would rather die than wed—these were Donald M'Donnell's words—than wed his own strumpet—the mother of his base bastard! When all this was done and spoken, didn't I first see them trample him down, till the sense left him—and then tie him, and his and my child together—and when the clamp was roaring, pitch them like a faggot into it? Didn't they tie me, too, to the stake, near it, and leave me alone by the great blaze, while, over all its roaring, I heard the little cries of my child, the hissing of flesh, and the crackling of bones, until my hoarse shrieks died away in madness. Hell—real and eternal hell was round me, and I thought it was my doom and punishment to see, and hear, and suffer, without a tear or groan? What know I of the rest? Of all that followed, until the madness sent me, alone and by stealth, to the north, and made believe I was bid to cross, to my life's ending, the first love of any brother of his blood, whose hardheartedness had withered up my heart, like the blasted meadow of ripe corn, when the reapers come down to cut the standing crop, but find it already low. Reasons I give you none; I have none to give. But often, when, in terrible shapes came the biddings of unnatural revenge—when I started from my lone bed—a knife in my hand—to seek my dark brothers—often, I thought a good and great voice plainly whispered me to a better and less sinful one—whispered me to save, from the blight that came over me through the M'Donnell's false blood, whatever maiden any brother of their house might try to undo—to save her, even by her life's death, from her honour's death. And along with such whispers was a promise of gifts, above mere human gifts and power, to guide me in my course, and lead me to my end; the gift to foresee, and foretell, and prevent. And had I not the gift and the power,

proud Eva M'Donnell? Did I not foresee and foretell? Did I not—but hush, hush—let me not go on in this boasting now? There is a good God, who will give me rest and quiet, and a clearer view of the past. Forgive me, Eva; forgive me, and pray for my peace, and the soul of your eldest brother."

With such words, Onagh left them.

After a sorrowful pause—

"Dearest Eva," said Evelyn, "what misery you prepared for me upon the day, when, sitting over the Grey Man's Path, you committed the unhappy mistake of reporting, as dead, this youth, your younger brother, James."

"He has told me of some of the strange results, to your mind, of that story," said Eva. "But how could words, or even appearances, no matter how convincing, make you believe me capable of any act unworthy of you, Evelyn? Need I account for my situation, from the moment we were parted at Glenarriff? If so, here is my grey-headed guardian to tell you, that then, separating from poor Edmund, also, I became immediately attached to my Lady Tyrconnel's court, up to the hour of King James's retiring to France—"

"When my child, Eva, and I, left Ireland with him," added the old priest.

"No, dear Eva, this explanation was not necessary; at least not for my present assurance, however it might have been afterwards sought. Alas!" he continued, "it was upon the day already spoken of you also mentioned to me, for the first time, the name of the elder brother, whose sad fate we have just heard accounted for."

"It was," said Eva. "And upon that very day, too, and while we held the discourse you so well remember, our poor Edmund first was invited to join the wild and desperate people his subsequent mortifications and despair drove him to associate with. You remember the appearance of the man, in the mist, down the path, and Edmund's leaving us to follow him?"

"I do. When we afterwards got on board the smuggling galliot, I suspected whom he might have been."

"Doubtless. A scattered band of Rapparees at that moment were in the vessel; discontented, I believe, with their nominal leader, Hogan. They had heard of Edmund's difficulties, as brought on by the persecution of our noble cousin, and were on the look out for him, round the coast, at the very moment he thus met, by chance, one of their emissaries.

Edmund has since informed me, by letter, of these facts. And he has written me more pleasing advice, dear Evelyn. For a long time, his calmed and reflective spirit has spurned the courses and habits upon which his despair and impetuosity served to throw him, and our brother but looks for an opportunity to re-assume the rank and bearing more worthy of his nature and name—of him and us. These times tempt a man to much error and madness, but at last teach him much experience. James can vouch all this to you."

"I can," replied the youth, anxiously looking from the walls; "but here is something important to us or him—a rider who has just got under shelter of the walls, and whom I know well, makes impatient and troubled signs to me. Hark! he enters at the gate."

In a few seconds, the Rapparee ran up the steps of the wall, and whispered the young man.

"Say you so, by Heaven! Get our men, who are in the town, ready, then. Haste, and let us have a trial for it. Sister, farewell! I go to free our brother. He is in the hands of this Ginkle, who, a hundred times, has sworn his ruin—farewell, farewell!"

He disappeared; Eva, shrieking in terror, and Evelyn, foreseeing the uselessness, or worse, of violence, in such a case, vainly urging him to remain.

"No, let him go—and let us follow!" cried Eva. "Have we no friends near, to intercede with this merciless man? Where is Sarsfield?"

"In the camp, with Ginkle," answered Evelyn.

"In the camp? what camp? What does he there?"

"He has gone out to sign a treaty for the surrender of Limerick."

"Surrender!" screamed Eva, starting up; "misery upon misery! private and public ruin together! Come, Evelyn, protect me to this camp; now there is a double cause why we should be there—to save a brother, and a country! Come, I have arguments to try for both. Surrender? Why?"

"The disappointment of the fleet from France—"

"Disappointment of the fleet? Come away. Disappointment! I have news to match that—your arm, Evelyn. Oh, dearest Evelyn! God grant there arise here no new and eternal cause for our separation, indeed. But should injury come on Edmund—injury in life or prospects—what can a

wretched sister do but for ever mourn over it, or dedicate herself for ever to sooth it! Be a friend to us, heaven!" she cried, as, with Evelyn, she hastened down the wall, waving her hand to old Priest M'Donnell to stay by Carolan's side, whose troubled features told the torture with which he heard the announcement of the new misfortune.

While the conversation we have detailed occurred on the walls of Limerick, Sarsfield and his colleagues sat down, in Ginkle's tent, to a dinner as dainty as the situation and all circumstances would allow. He found, in the Dutch general, a pleasing specimen of his country; blunt, and matter-of-fact, indeed, but more courteous and animated than any of the same nation he had before seen. A portly, full-breasted, middle-aged man, holding himself very erect and bluff, and his broad face, and wide, though not disagreeable features, wearing a constant smile, that almost approached to a smirk. At his side were other Dutch, English, and French officers, and William's justices; together with Dr. Dopping and Colonel Lloyd.

The repast proceeded in good humour, and mutual and a sincere show of that respect and good-will which fair foes always entertain for each other. It was done; bumpers were filled, healths toasted, and hands clasped in fellowship, whose duty it had a moment before been to point the sword at one another's hearts. Then, General Ginkle proceeded to business. He led the whole party from his tent to a spot, at the county Clare side of Thomond-bridge, almost, it might be said, in sight of both armies. There, pausing near a huge stone, he drew out a fair copy of the treaty of surrender, which had before been discussed and agreed to. Having conned it over, he handed it to the justices, and when they had done reading it, to Sarsfield, saying, that he believed Lord Lucan would find it sufficient for honorable men at any time to accept, and especially calculated to give security in property, immunity for the past, freedom in religion, eligibility to political place and rank. In a word, quiet and liberty to the Catholics of Ireland.

Sarsfield, having attentively perused the document, said that its provisions appeared to him so calculated; and he passed it to his legal adviser, Sir Toby Butler. The barrister gave it a renewed approval, and handed it round.

"We cannot be certain," added Sir Toby, "that with such unusual despatch, and amid so much warm discussion, we shall be able to frame to the very letter, an instrument in which some ingenious knave may not pick a hole. But we understand that the spirit of this treaty shall be kept with us."

"And so should all understand," replied Ginkle. "The paper but keeps the promises I before held out, and for which I have often received the commands of my royal master."

"And you, General Ginkle, engage for King William, that he will speedily ratify it," resumed the lawyer.

"His Majesty empowers me to do so," answered Ginkle.

"Come, then," cried Sarsfield, checking a stifled sigh; "let us sign, in the name of God and of our country—in the name of honesty and good faith."

"I sign, in that pledge," said Ginkle, laying the paper on the adjacent stone, and, as he knelt, the better to speed his task, attaching his signature thereto. As he motioned his other generals to draw near for the same purpose, a great uproar was heard towards the camp. They severally took the pen, however; and Sarsfield at last rose, while the tumult increased, also approached the stone, and knelt; remarking it was, by accident, a good position for the act. He was beginning to write, when Eva M'Donnell, haggard and agitated, ran up, crying, "Hold your hand, my Lord of Lucan, and hark a word from me."

"A mad woman," said Dr. Dopping; "let her be put aside;" though, while he spoke, he looked, in significant alarm, at Colonel Lloyd. Sarsfield had glanced up; but resumed his writing, and hastily finished his signature.

"Not so mad, either, as he who will not forbear, at my request," cried Eva.

"What now? what now?" asked Sarsfield, advancing to her, as the other Irish officers subscribed their names.

"Perhaps you do not know me, my lord; yet might you have seen Eva M'Donnell in the Castle of Dublin."

"Miss M'Donnell! I do indeed remember. Can I do you a service?"

"My lord, you can; but first—although a brother's life nearly hangs on it—serve your country, my Lord of Lucan! Suffer not the full signatures to be put to this treaty, for," she added, in a close and hissing whisper, "Chateau Renault

this moment sails with a brave fleet from Dingle Bay to Limerick. I crossed to Ireland with him, and my private need not brooking delay when he touched on the coast, rode hither since yesterday."

"Let no other man sign!" cried Sarsfield, turning round to the officers.

"Praises to the Lord!" said Dr. Dopping, clapping his hand on the document, "the last name is written, hereon."

"Mighty God!" exclaimed Sarsfield, stamping, as he instinctively grasped his sword, "is all lost, then, and the game in our very hand? Hither, gentlemen! hither!"

The Irish officers gathered round him; and, in vehement whispers, he told the news.

"Let us back to the town," said John Grace.

"Yes," said another, "the gates are still shut, and we can hold them so, as we have done."

Ginkle and his officers also drew aside, and whispered with each other.

"You would break this treaty, even in the same hour you sign it, my Lord Lucan," said Col. Lloyd.

"As perfidious Papists ever did," added the Bishop of Meath.

The Irish officers returned angry and ominous scowls for these home charges—all but Sarsfield. He stood aloof from them, his eyes buried in the earth. He looked around, as if to take an inspiring view of that country, the question of whose subjection or independence tugged at the foundations of his sense of private honour. He panted; he sighed, quickly and laboriously; his forehead grew moist; his cheek alternately red and pale; while, with the point of his scabbard, he unconsciously dug at the sod on which he stood. The remarks of Ginkle's party growing louder, he started, suddenly; listened a moment; held himself more erect; smiled bitterly; and turning on his heel to them, said—

"Nay, gentlemen, be not so quick, nor so hard with us. You, Colonel Lloyd, be merciful, in particular; for though your city of Derry sent a shot in King James's face, when it was expected to keep a treaty with him, yet shall this treaty stand. Though an ally's fleet, bearing us help enough to hold all Ireland in our hands, be now entering the mouth of the Shannon, yet shall it stand. Though our country be lost to us—though we bid farewell to her for ever—though she

exist for us, but in our recollections and our sorrows;"—a manly tear glazed his eye—"yet shall it stand. And so, fare you well, gentlemen. We cannot save even our country at the price of our honour—of that honour, which, along with our love and efforts for her, alone makes us worthy of being called her children. Farewell, I say. Keep ye your part of this covenant as well as we keep ours, and there needs no ill-blood between us. Come, brother-soldiers—yet, forgive me, if I stumble on a doubt. They who suspect much of others, can scarce ever promise much for themselves. Come, Miss M'Donnell—General Ginkle, I mean not you, whose fair-dealing is evident through all this matter—but Ireland is governed at home, sir, when her masters turn their backs. Adieu, sir—follow gentlemen—Miss M'Donnell, with you—God of nations! God of freedom!" he added, as they turned away, "what a sore chance is this!" and he wept convulsively.

"General Sarsfield," cried Eva, as the tumult, before heard, and afterwards gone off, was renewed—"since you can no longer raise an arm for your country, aid me, oh, aid me, to save my brother! my brothers!" Sarsfield started in much interest. Eva rapidly explained that Edmund, having fallen into the hands of Ginkle's soldiers, had been ordered to be shot; that James M'Donnell, rashly and madly trying to rescue him, had of course but shared his fate; that Evelyn, passing with her from Limerick, had flown on to the outpost, to gain, if possible, a moment's delay, while she, recognising Sarsfield, remained to crave his intercession with Ginkle. Sarsfield, having heard her story, darted back to Ginkle—Eva onward.

She gained, wild with terror, yet not bereft of hope, the spot on which her brothers stood. Edmund and James M'Donnell, the former supported by Evelyn, were in motion towards a clear space of ground; a rank of soldiers standing behind them. Evelyn, as he passed his hand round Edmund's waist, smote his forehead with the other, and often looked back. Eva, unchecked by the officer, ran in through the soldiers, and clasped her arms round her brothers: "Hope, hope!" she cried—"you must—you shall be saved! this can never be! One moment, officer! only one moment, till my Lord of Lucan—"

While she spoke, Ginkle and Sarsfield rode up. The general had pleaded, as if for the lives of two sons. They

were instantly pardoned. The ensuing scene must be imagined.

One condition accompanied, however, the grace to the brothers, namely, that they should transport themselves out of Ireland. When Eva heard this, from the lips of Evelyn, her brow fell towards him—she was silent. Then she brightened up, and vowed, as she had before intimated, to join herself to her brother's wanderings, and own no other care or duty. Evelyn heard her in despair.

Sarsfield soothed Edmund, promising to take the same vessel with him, and give him a command when his Lucan regiment should be re-incorporated on the Continent. All was now nearly over. Limerick opened its gates to King William; and the next day the French fleet entered the river—the fleet only doomed to transport the defenders of Ireland to a foreign shore, though it had come to restore them to their country. The whole Irish army was reviewed by William's generals and justices, and solicited to pass into his service, the officers retaining their rank. About a thousand did so; many thousands more marched to embark for France at Cork: the rest sailed from Limerick. It was a sad scene, that strange embarkation. No adieus were exchanged with remaining friends, by the emigrants—with brothers, sisters, or wives. Friends, of every sex and age, exiled themselves together. They had only to stand on the decks of their vessels, and look a long adieu to their country.

Our friends experienced the sole struggle that day seen. Sarsfield, and some brother-officers, Edmund and James M'Donnell, Eva, Evelyn, and Carolan, all walked together to the river's edge. One after the other they stepped into the boat, until it came to Eva's turn.

"And do you, indeed, leave me, with but this mocking symbol of an eternal fate, once solemnly sworn at the altar?" asked Evelyn, catching her arm, as, blinded in tears, she also put her foot on the boat, and he showed her marriage ring.

"Have you considered well, Eva?" asked Edmund. "God knows, your presence would be the only joy of our exile. But, if you love your husband, stay by his side; I should not be a brother or a Christian to say you otherwise. Examine your heart—call upon your God; and if a great duty

prompts—why, then, Eva, ask Him to bless us—and so, fare you well, Eva—sister—orphan sister—fare you well !"

For the day before, Eva had evidently been shaken in her stern resolve, as well by the pleadings of Evelyn as by her own reflections. Now she hesitated, her foot still on the boat. The rowers spoke of putting off. Her husband grasped her hand, and replaced, unseen by any, the ring on her finger. Her brothers, not displeased, nor, on her account, sorry, saw which way God and woman's nature at last swayed her. They embraced their sister; she clung, sobbing, and almost shrieking, to them. The boat was about to move; her husband caught her in his arms. The boat put off; and now she clung to him.

"Farewell, Eva—farewell, Evelyn—farewell, Carolan—farewell, Ireland !" cried the brothers, as the rowers pulled hard. Carolan was on the bank; all hands had before been clasped with his. Now he struck his little harp. It was an extemporaneous and touching air he played.

"Farewell, the ashes of my first and only love !" Edmund M'Donnell was heard to add; and they were his last words parting from his country.

"Farewell, Mr. Evelyn," said Sarsfield, grasping his hand. "To you, and such as you, we look for the observance of this treaty of Limerick, which, if observed, will give her exiles the consolation of knowing that Ireland, though not a free, is a peaceful country, and may grow to be a happy one."

"It will be observed, my Lord Lucan," answered Evelyn.

IT WAS NOT.

Years wore away without any direct communication from the exiles to their friends in Ireland, the political distraction between England and the Continent not favouring such. At last came epistles from Edmund to his sister and her husband. Of the latter the following is an extract:—

"Evelyn, I am shaken with a sudden and terrible grief; but of that anon. What do I hear, Evelyn? Is it true what I hear? That treaty, on the faith of which brave and determined men—often victorious, and, at its signing, well supported—cast down their arms, content to spare their country's blood in giving her peace; that treaty, upon the faith of which a whole army became aliens from their country, when they might have been conquerors on her bosom. If, indeed, *the rumour that has* reached us speak truly, answer me,

Evelyn. On what pretence has it not been kept? Give me every information. Who are they that have failed to keep it? Has William refused? Did he not engage, through Ginkle, to ratify it? Let me know who are the false knaves, that their names may be accursed in the mouths of the gallant men, by whose side I have been sent to gather, in a strange land, the laurels denied to me in my own. Let us know them, that, though far from Ireland, and from all hope of serving her, we may soothe our tears of wrath and shame by the burning hatred we will swear to keep for Ireland's betrayers.

"And not only the treaty has not been kept, as still I hear—not only Irishmen are not continued in the political rights and the security as to religion and lands, which it promised, but additional persecution has been levelled against them—pains, and penalties, and proscriptions, that the blood boils but to think of. Answer me, Evelyn. I will not believe these things till you authorise me so to do.

"But, even though you gainsay my fears, what matters it now to me? Oh, I am torn with a sorrow that makes me indifferent to your tidings while I ask for them, or only prepares me to meet them with raving execration. Ireland's noblest son, Sarsfield, is dead. I was by his side when he fell, victorious, with his Irish brigade, in the midst of a defeated army. 'Ireland, this is not for you,' he said, and died. And the ball that pierced his heart shattered a heart already broken. The rumours about which I now write to you, had previously struck him down with rage, shame, remorse, and despair. He called himself the destroyer of his country—her destroyer for having, with the sword in his hand, trusted her peace and happiness to that treaty. I have heard him pray that, now she was degraded and wretched, and he unable to assist her, he might no longer live. The night before the battle in which he fell, he asked, with tears and groans, to lie dead upon its field. Answer me, Evelyn.

"Ed. M'D."

Part of Evelyn's answer ran thus:

"No, dear Edmund, it has not been kept. It is equally true, that additional wrong has been added to its violation. William was not the faithbreaker. He ratified the treaty, as his general had promised for him, a few months after your departure; and more he could not do against a Parliament

that has ever been wrangling with him,* and against the violence of those persons who, here in Ireland, urged that Parliament to disallow the solemn act of their Sovereign. In shame and regret that, as an Irish Protestant, I must naturally feel, it is my duty to answer you more particularly. You had scarce sailed, when the most of your Protestant countrymen cried out against the treaty, as too honorable and favourable to your party. Declaring that you merited to lose your properties, instead of having them secured to you, and that they, meantime, merited to possess them. Denouncing the toleration of your religion. Slandering your bravery. Denying your successes. Even condescending to censure the arrangement that, at the capitulation, allowed you to march out of Limerick with the honours of war. And I blush particularly to recount, that the spiritual guides amongst us, whose voices, if ever raised on such subjects, ought to be raised for peace, good-will, and good-faith, have been the loudest and most effective in promoting the sectarian rancour, dishonourable views, and bad policy, that furnishes you with just ground of complaint. It was my painful, and—I will add—degraded lot, to hear, the other day, a sermon in Christ's Church, Dublin, preached by Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Meath, against your treaty, and the fulfilment of your treaty. To hear the doctrine plainly laid down, under the assumed and blasphemed authority of God, that faith was not to be kept towards you. Such is the spirit, that operating upon Parliament, has produced a result unjust and perfidious to you, Edmund, and inglorious and afflicting to me.

"But let us not despair. Other times will naturally create another spirit; when, if only to redeem the memory of their fathers, the children of my erring friends will repair this fault. From the present hour, Ireland must become a united country, fairly and nobly rivalling England in all that makes England truly great, or remain, for ages, a province of England, poor, shattered, narrow-minded, contemptible, and, party with party as she stands, contemned by the world, and by England, too. A little time will teach this lesson. When it is taught, the union indispensable to avoid the evil will be

* A Parliament, whose opposition to every measure recommended by William, is said, even by Smollett, to have "savoured more of clownish obstinacy than of patriotism."—*Note by* A. O'H.

endeavoured by a recantation of old slanders, and a concession of old rights. Man cannot always be unjust to man. Even for his own relative character and happiness, he will love and do all befitting and merited honour to his brother. At least I believe and hope the principle is in his nature.

"In the great country of England, there must also arise a feeling to right the present wrong to which it has just lent itself. For, without her affirmation, the wrong could not have been committed. The descendants of the men who have sanctioned, and by that means caused the deliberate breach of their own treaty, made in the field, will awake to vindicate, as far as in them lies, the name of their ancestors. A son, jealous of his father's honour, pays his father's debts, even to a common creditor. Englishmen will yet pay their fathers' debt of faith to Ireland. The treaty of Limerick will yet be kept.

"Farewell, dear Edmund. Eva writes for herself. I try to make her happy; but she thinks—shall I say too often?—of you and James, and of the degradation of her country, and I do not always succeed. The death of that brave man has given her a terrible shock; but she will tell you her own feelings. Farewell. A little Edmund Evelyn can already hear us talk about you, his namesake. There is also, dear Edmund, a little Esther, who, poor Eva thinks, is like her you loved so truly. And a little James, who—but I have done, for I have a conscience. God bless you.

"ROBERT EVELYN."

# NOTES TO THE BOYNE WATER.

NOTE—TO CLOSE THE BOYNE WATER.

This tale of the "Boyne Water" being from my brother's pen, and the action being placed, for the most part, on ground with which I am personally unacquainted, the notes are therefore limited; and a few extracts from letters of the writer of the tale, written while it progressed under his hands, may not be uninteresting. They will serve to illustrate the manner in which he and I co-operated on this, as well as on other occasions. The letters from which I quote, refer as well to domestic concerns as to the tale. The portions alluding to the tale I transcribe.

"London, 24th August, 1825.

"MY DEAR MICHAEL,— . . . . . To-morrow morning I leave for France, to convey Ellen home to England. I will jog her to Paris to make her laugh and rub her eyes, and, indeed, to get a little recreation for myself, as I have been absolutely fagged since I saw you.

"I, as well as you, have broken the ice with my new venture; and if you make boast of your three chapters, I hereby intimate a volume of 360 pages entirely written, other two volumes planned out—the tackle in the loom ready for the shuttle. So, doing this along with other things, I trust you will not call me an idler.

"Do you know I think I shall write one of your volumes after all. A thing connected with R. Emmet's insurrection. A story, and capital characters and situations for it, have come into my noddle. Will you let me? When do you hope to be done with two vols.? Answer me that question as distinctly as you can. When you get this you will have returned from Limerick, and a letter from you will, I expect, meet me when I come back from France. I am sure you have done all I could wish as well if not better than myself. "JOHN BANIM."

"London, November, 6, 1835.

"MY DEAR MICHAEL,—When you read the letter that Nicholas Buckley takes you, separate from this, you will see I am not really the defaulter you must have long ago supposed me to be. Upon the day of its date he had that letter from me, solemnly assuring me (even Nicholas's jokes are solemn) he was to leave London the next morning. Of course I comforted myself with the idea that you had heard from me some time since, when, yesterday, to my utter astonishment, I saw the gentleman—where, and how employed think you?—sitting on the steps of St. Paul's Church, surrounded by the din and deafening clamour of perhaps the most clamorous spot in all London, unconscious, apparently, of the noise and turmoil around him, intent on the perusal of a newspaper of no recent date.

"You are not, I suppose, ignorant that our townsman, Nicholas, came to London ostensibly to realize whatever he might be entitled to out of his late brother's property. Up to this, I believe, his receipts have been very little; whatever they have been, I think they have been spent, not on the dissipations or amusements of London, but in carrying out a plan most originally conceived, and executed industriously and determinately. He resolved to become intimately acquainted with every inch of this *vast city. Not only* with the most prominent and most attractive *features, but with every* court, and lane, and alley, the most out of

public view, and with every phase of life, going as high as he could reach, and as low as he could descend. The more effectually to prosecute this his purpose, he proceeded thus: he tenanted a cheap lodging in one locality, employed a week or more prowling everywhere in the neighbourhood, within a day's leisurely-walking distance of his head-quarters; and when his circuit of examination had been thoroughly examined, he shifted his residence to another neighbourhood, and went on as before, not dwelling more than a week in one place.

"His small funds have been at length so exhausted, that he assures me he has been subsisting for the last fortnight on some faranaceous preparation he calls 'breakfast powder' and dry bread, his average daily expenditure for food being threepence! I verily believe he knows more about London than many born Londoners residing all their lives within the bills of mortality.

"It appears that after he had left me, with the conviction on my mind that he was to depart for home the next day, he recollected that his knowledge of some particular locality was not to his satisfaction, so he took lodgings in a central point, and subsisting ascetically on his 'breakfast powder and bread,' prosecuted his researches; my letter, which I supposed to be in your hands, in his pocket all the while. He now pledges his conscience that he is to be off direct for Kilkenny to-morrow, and I again trust him.

"I have altered my mind about sending you the novel in its entire state. Herewith you have one volume. I am obliged to be thus inconsistent with the resolution expressed in the accompanying letter, because I must go to press a month from this day. So read it immediately, my dear Michael, and promptly return it. Moreover, do me the favour to make notes on separate slips of paper, paged in reference to the MS. page, and placed loose in the leaves. Whenever you see, or rather feel, an opening, write over a sentence or phrase in your own idiom, or add a touch of your humour, or substitute yours for mine.

"In your criticisms be very blunt and plain, but short—a hint is enough on any point, because we understand each other so perfectly.

"Write me back with the volume a letter, in your own character, anticipatory of the objections likely to be made by partymen on either side, saying anything that strikes you; and when this comes to hand, I shall work an introduction out of it. All this, my dear Michael, is to be effected within a fortnight after the volume reaches you. You will not fail to tell me candidly your general opinion of this volume. It is only right that I should know myself; and do not you, at least, through a false delicacy, allow me to lead myself astray.

"And observe, Mr. Abel O'Hara, the letter in answer to this is penned by you two days after you got the MS., and have given it the first reading. I shall be most anxious for your letter; and do not disappoint me.

"JOHN BANIM."

"London, January 11, 1826.

"——,—Still go on with your criticisms in the tone hitherto adopted. Do not fall to work to give me praise through a brotherly feeling; do not spare me: the more severe, the more friendly will you *be*. You cannot disguise your sentiments so as to escape detection: and the moment I perceive a want of sincerity, there is an end of our confidence. No, no, I say again; do even as you have done; for my sake, for my dearest interest sake, ever do so with me; otherwise, I

cannot again have the advantage of your advice and help, and should go on, not seeing or knowing myself. Proceed now in the name of God, and like a brother and a man act your part.

"Thank God you were so happy at Christmas, the father so fatherly, and the poor mother able to sit up and be with you. We, too, drank your healths at home on that day. "JOHN BANIM."

"London, March 13, 1826.

"——,—I hope your favourable thoughts of the Third Volume are not kindly meant as a salvo to make up for your previous hard knocks. However this may be, I am convinced you are wrong in one particular, namely, as to your conception of Sarsfield. Your own words condemn you. You say: 'Without veritable grounds for my conception of him, I had imagined him almost a hero of romance, and expected his acts and words to fit that character.'

"This could not be, my dear Michael; he was a plain, matter-of-fact man, devoted, soul and body, and unflinchingly, to his cause, brave, enterprising, vigorous; nothing beyond this. Have you ever seen his portrait. Very unlike in feature and in bearing to a 'hero of romance.' You told me on a former occasion you liked my description of him at Johnstown. In that description I wished to give such a person as I afterwards strove to delineate more in detail. I was desirous to give Sarsfield without fictitious or imaginative decoration.

"Will you, like a good fellow, work somewhat quicker? The press is at a standstill, and we must not, unnecessarily, lose a moment.

"You mistake about the Third Volume being hastily written. I gave it thrice as much time as any of the others. "JOHN BANIM."

NOTE—INTRODUCTORY LETTER, PAGE X.

My brother here alludes to cases of close resemblance, known to both of us. There were, in Kilkenny, when we were lads, two remarkable instances of this, as it may be called separate identity.

Paris and Louis An—n, twin brothers, were so alike, that during their infancy their own father was unable to distinguish between them; constantly mistaking the one for the other, and, as their elder brother assured me, occasionally punishing Louis for the misdeeds of Paris, and trouncing Paris for the backslidings of Louis. At night, when the two boys were abed, Roger An—n frequently required his wife's attendance, directing her to point out the child called Paris, and then the child called Louis. After stooping anxiously over them, and comparing them and studying them, while they quietly slept, he invariably went away, his doubts still strong on him, pronouncing his wife a witch, and declaring his inability, after the closest scrutiny, to say "which was which." The dissatisfied, testy man making no allowance for the maternal instinct that bestowed a supernatural clearsightedness on the matter.

Paris and Louis grew up, even to their manhood, fac-similes of each other, so much so, that if an intimate of theirs met Paris and accosted him, and at some paces farther encountered Louis, he would have been as puzzled as was their father. During their period of wooing, it was said that they took a pleasure in perplexing their respective mistresses, and people went so far as to aver, that even after marriage it was some time *before the wives* were actually certain as to ownership.

*Contemporaneous with* Paris and Louis An—n, were Ned and Billy

Gladwell. These were twin brothers too. Paris and Louis An—n were tall, shapely, remarkably handsome fellows, and one might suppose that nature, pleased with her handiwork in the one case, had cast the second in the same mould as the first. But no such inducement could be imagined for forming Ned and Billy Gladwell in duplicate. Ned Gladwell did not much exceed five feet in height; and were Billy Gladwell placed back to back with his brother Ned, half the breadth of a hair's difference in stature could not be detected. They were both of them bullet-headed, with almost circular faces and little pug noses, anxious looking, but manifestly stupid little creatures they were, with the same muddy, leaden look from the eyes of both, and the same droop in the under lip.

If Ned and Billy Gladwell were dwarfish, they were rotund of shape; and were a measuring tape to circumscribe them at any or every point, at the chest, round their little paunches, or at the hips, the girth of Ned and Billy would be found to agree accurately. The one moved with a peculiar waddling gait, as if infirm of limb; so did the other. Both squeaked out their words as they spoke, intoned to the same piping pitch, whether in colloquy, or merriment, or vexation. Each of the brothers Gladwell may have been conscious of his own identity, but beyond yea or nay the certainty was confined to themselves, all the rest of the world dubious.

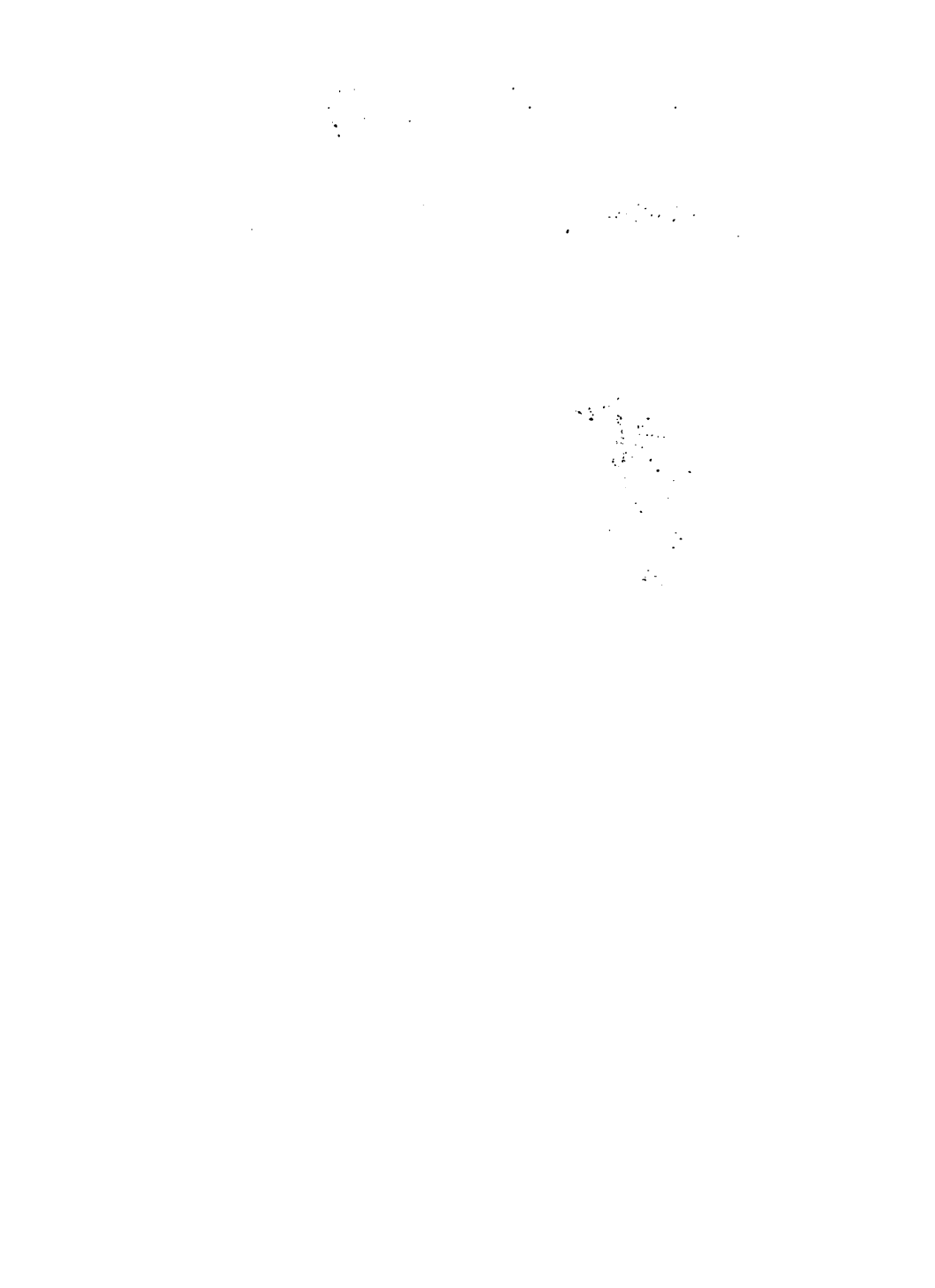
Ned and Billy Gladwell were both of them waiters at the same time, and at the same inn—the Sheaf Inn it was called, then the principal place of entertainment in our city; and they owed the permanency of their employment to their singular and remarkable identity. I could learn that the guests at the "Sheaf" were often at fault, from the impossibility of distinguishing Ned from Billy, or Billy from Ned; the orders given to Ned ignored by Billy, and the gratuity placed in the palm of Billy ignored by Ned. Billy and Ned were a source of never-ending amusement, in fact. As such they were an attraction; they drew customers to "The Sheaf Inn;" and people came out of their way to look at them, and be puzzled by them; and so they were retained as waiters there as long as the establishment existed.

One of the Gladwells, whether Billy or Ned I will not undertake to certify—he might take whichever of the names he pleased without fear of detection as a personator—one of the Gladwells was alive a few years since. At his death he was the inmate of a charitable asylum, where servants past their labour end their days in peace.

### Note—Chapter V., Page 63.

As a fact bearing on a disputed question, which has to some extent occupied the literary world, I think I am called on to state here, that the Ossianic remnant embodied in the tale is the literal translation of a poem recited in the Irish tongue for my brother, while he travelled through the county Antrim. And the transcriber assured me, that numerous relics of the same character could be obtained in the same locality.

THE END.



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